

H Ingen
MATRIMONY,

A
NOVEL;

CONTAINING A
SERIES
OF

Interesting Adventures.

— *tædæ quoque jure coissent,*
Sed vetuere patres : quod non potuere vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo. Ovid.

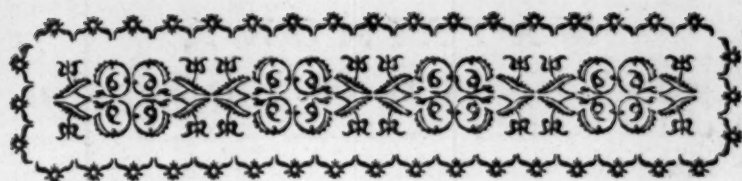
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MATRIMONY,

A
N O V E L.



C H A P. XLIII.

A very natural, and yet a very unlucky Consequence. A Letter from Mr. Hearty. Eliza arrives at Mr. Thoroughgood's. The true Use of Female Friendship.

T last the Moment came, which gave Tokens to *Fanny*, that she had conceived from this stolen Embrace. She told Mr. *Hearty* this in a Letter, which he answered; and which, of all those he wrote her from *London*, one excepted, we intend giving to our Readers.

“ *My dearest Fanny,*

“ I KNOW not whether the Pains I feel on
“ your Account exceed the Joy which I
“ perceive on my own. My Soul, keep
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MATRIMONY,

“ yourself superior to the little Prejudices
“ of the World ; and, believe me, the Mo-
“ ment that you think fit to let your Parents
“ know in what Condition you are, I will
“ be present, and, clasping thee in my Arms,
“ declare thee my dearest Wife. From this
“ no Father shall deter me. I have it now
“ in my Power to shew how disinterestedly
“ I love you, dearer to me than before : I
“ long to be present with thee, to soothe
“ thy melancholy Hours, and prattle out
“ whole Days of Tenderness and Truth
“ with thee, thou lovely Partner of my Soul.

“ THOUGH the Laws have denied all
“ Power of uniting our Hands, they cannot
“ take off that of our Hearts : I am thy
“ Husband more firmly than ten thousand
“ Nuptial Ceremonies can make me, by the
“ truest, tenderest, strongest Tie, thy adored
“ Embrace.

“ TELL me when I shall be present to
“ declare this to your Father, and I will be
“ instantly with you. But, my charming
“ Fanny, let me implore you by yourself,
“ the dearest Thing on Earth, suffer no
“ Dejection to take hold of your Mind ; be
“ as gay as possible, till the Hours bring
“ me to thy Arms, the Arms of my dearest
“ Wife.

“ *I am Thine most affectionately,*

“ *and for ever,*

“ OLIVER HEARTY.”

THIS Letter imparted to her Soul all the Tranquillity she possibly could receive; yet she was still under great Dread how this fatal Secret should be disclosed to her Father. At this time arrived the lovely *Eliza*, whom, the Reader may remember, we left on the Road to *Exeter*; to which Place being come, she hired a double Horse, and went to the House of Mr. *Thoroughgood*. Nothing can express the Amazement which her Presence threw the Family into; each received her with Tokens of the greatest Joy and Welcome; and yet there appeared to them something inexplicable in her Manner of coming; and which, as the Reader knows it already, we shall only say that *Eliza* told it to the Family.

MR. *Thoroughgood* said, "He did not disapprove of her flying from marrying the Man she must detest: But, says he, my dear *Eliza*, we must let your Pappa know where you are, or it may have an ill Appearance, that I keep you here contrary to his Knowledge." To which she answered, "Sir, I will do that myself."

ELIZA being much fatigued with her Journey, *Fanny* proposed to her to retire to Rest early that Evening: "My Dear, says she, you will sleep with me." "Without doubt, says *Eliza*; whom should I sleep with, but the loveliest Friend I have on Earth?"

AFTER many mutual Endearments on both Sides, Sleep seized on the Eyelids of *Eliza*, her Mind tasted a Repose which it had not

known during the Journey: Like a Bird of Passage tired with Flight, she rejoiced in being arrived at a Place of Rest. Whilst *Fanny* lay sleepless, debating whether she should declare her unhappy Situation to this tender Friend, the Morning came, and the pearly Tear ran down the Cheek of the unhappy Maid: She wept in Silence, yet not so secretly, but that *Eliza* waking, discovered her dearest Friend in Tears. “My Friend, “my dearest *Fanny*, tell me the Cause of “this Affliction: Tell me, says *Eliza*; I “must know.” “What Affliction? answered *Fanny*; what is gotten into your “Imagination?” “Deny it not, my lovely “Friend, says she; you have been secretly “weeping; I have perceived it some Time.” In vain she tried to escape from the Inquisition of *Eliza*; she urged her so strenuously, mixed with so much Tenderness, that she could not refuse. “Is there, says she, a “Thing on Earth that *Fanny* can conceal “from me? Is there a Suffering which “*Eliza* would not drive from the Heart of “*Fanny*? or Danger, which I would not “willingly engage in, to serve my dearest “Friend?---It is inhuman in you: Lessen “my Apprehensions of I know not what “Evil which is befallen you; make me “acquainted with the Truth, participate “your Grief with me, and render your own “Sorrows less afflicting by dividing them.”

URGED by these persuasive Words, she at length disclosed the whole Secret from her Bosom,

Bosom, intermixed with Floods of Tears, and Sighs without Number. "Will *Eliza* "pardon her fallen Friend? she cried: Will "she have pity on her poor deluded *Fanny*? "And yet, my dear Maid, says she, there "was no villainous Intent which urged him "to my Undoing: He loves me still, calls "me his Wife, and vows eternal Truth. "Yet I am ruined! my Fame is for ever "gone! I must eternally hide this guilty "Head in Shades! Oh! fatal Hour, in "which I suffered him to enter into my "Chamber! Was every Power that waits "on Virtue sleeping? Oh! lost---lost--- "undone---thy *Fanny* is undone!"

"You are not undone, nor lost, cries "*Eliza*; the Crime is nothing; it only "proves the preposterous Attempt of preventing those from being legally married, "whose Souls are too strongly attracted by "each other to resist the Powers of Love; "the Crime is theirs. Can Passion be restrained by Law, and Human Hearts be "governed like Watches turned to go faster "or slower, as the Bearer pleases? Believe "me, *Fanny*, Mankind will pair like Turtles, if this Violence continues; nor wait "the Marriage-Rite, which is to unite them "with what they detest."

"I FEEL this Moment, says she, that I "had been guilty of the same Offence, if "this can be named Guilt, had I been in "your Circumstances: Let me intreat you

“ to cheer your drooping Soul, and drive
 “ this ill-founded Sorrow from your Heart.”

THIS gave some Relief to the weeping
 Fair-one: She then cried, “ But how shall
 “ I disclose this fatal Secret to my Parents?
 “ How will that best of Men sustain the
 “ Discovery? Oh! *Eliza*, says she, I
 “ tremble for his Life; and surely my poor
 “ Mamma will sink beneath the Woe.”

“ LET me undertake this Task, says *Eliza*;
 “ some Way shall be found out to convey
 “ it to him, so as the Pain shall be almost
 “ taken off. The Powers which guard
 “ the Virtuous, of which Number surely
 “ thou art one, (taking *Fanny* into her
 “ Arms) will assist me in this Undertaking.
 “ It shall be soon disclosed, that we may
 “ retire together, and prevent the Discovery.
 “ I will be thy Companion in thy Retirement,
 “ soothe every Care, soften every
 “ Pain; nay, Mr. *Hearty* himself shall be
 “ with us, and yield thee every Comfort:
 “ He cannot be false, who continues to
 “ write you such tender Letters, expressing
 “ so much Constancy.”

THIS Conversation alleviated the Distress
 of *Fanny*; she felt her Heart more light, the
 afflictive Weight was now supportable, and
 some little Gleam of Hope dawned in upon
 her Bosom; she talked with Ease, and en-
 quired into the Particulars of *Eliza*'s Jour-
 ney. And here, as Matters seem a little
 mending, we close this Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. XLIV.

Mr. William Worthy leaves London, becomes a Baronet by the Death of his Brother. A small Touch of the Author's Philosophy in the old Way. A Fainting Fit. A Marriage. A Discovery. A Duel. A Dream. And, a Miscarriage. With several other Matters, all in one Chapter.

THE Reader must remember that we left Mr. *William Worthy* in the deepest Melancholy, on account of his being utterly unable to find by what Way his loved *Eliza* had escaped, and really believing she had put an end to her Days to fly the detested Arms of Sir *Roger Ramble*. This haunted his Mind with eternal Pain, which, as the corroding Acid of Nitre dissolves the purest Silver, wore down his Soul.

HE therefore determined, since his Health hourly declined, to desire Leave to retire to his native Air, in *Cornwall*; which he obtained in a Week after she had left her Father's House.

THE very Day before he departed, there came a Letter, which brought him News of Sir *Simon Worthy* his Brother's Death on his Travels in *Italy*. This gave him great Pain, and yet it was mixed with some Pleasure; not because his Estate was at pre-

sent Two Thousand a Year, but because it inspired him with Hopes, that, if *Eliza* was yet alive, he might claim her with great Reason, and be happy in Possession of all he loved.

THIS News he communicated to the Family; and desiring Mr. *Barter* to discharge him from farther attending his Business, in suffering him to pay what he should be pleased to ask, he and his Servant set out by gentle Journies to re-visit his native Soil.

Now there belongs another Part to our Philosophy of Love; which is, that certain Emanations, escaping from Souls, are received by others at some Distance, whose Fabrick is composed of the same Quantity and Quality of Materials. This Power, like the Powers of Attraction, acts in some Ratio not yet discovered by Mathematicians, in proportion as those Beings which contain it are more or less distant from each other. From thence, or from some other Cause, it was, that this Gentleman, now Sir *William Worthy*, felt himself more and more influenced with a Belief that *Eliza* was still alive: And when he arrived at *Exeter*, though the House of Mr. *Thoroughgood* was distant from the Road, he was determined to go thither, attracted by the Increase of that emanating Power, and by Approximation to his dear *Eliza*; for he had never seen Mr. *Thoroughgood* but two or three times at Mr. *Barter's* Table;

Table; and yet he felt some insensible Power, which would not suffer him to go on without visiting him.

To this House then he arrived, the Moment the Family was seated at Table; at which Time a Domestick entering with a Message that a Gentleman and his Servant were asking for him, he bid the Servant ask him in to dine: "Tell him, says he, (be " who he will) that we are at Table, and " shall be very glad of his Company."

THE Door being opened, who should *Eliza* behold but Sir *William Worthy*, and he her! He shrieked out, "*Eliza!* is my "*Eliza* living?" and then fell motionless on the Floor; whilst she fainted into the Arms of *Fanny*, who sat next to her. This alarmed the Family, till both recovering, Sir *William* asked ten thousand Pardons of the Company, and approaching *Eliza* with a Look of inexpressible Tendernefs, he took her Hand, longing to kiss her Lips: "Are " you still alive? Do I behold thee yet " living, after all the Pangs my Soul has " felt for thee?"

THIS *Eliza* heard with thrilling Joy, drooping her blushing Head in much Confusion. "Hah, hah, says Mr. *Thorough-* " *good*, this is not the Gentleman surely " from which you fled to avoid Matrimony? " This Part of your Story was concealed, " it seems." He then desired Sir *William Worthy* to sit down, which he did; and he and *Eliza* dined as well as two Lovers can

possibly do, whose Eyes have been long detained from feeding upon one another, and cannot find Time to satiate other Appetites of less Consideration.

DINNER being finished, he took an Opportunity of telling her he was now Sir *William Worthy*; “Which, says he, has made no other Alteration in me, than that of loving you ten thousand Times better than before: At least, says he, I can now prove it to be disinterested.” After having tarried here several Days, and often laughed at *Eliza*’s Escape and his own Sufferings, he said, “Now, my dearest *Eliza*, I suppose that your Parents will give me their Consent to wed you; especially, says he, as I shall desire no Fortune but those three Linen Gowns which you had made for your Escape: Will you permit me to ask it?” This Mr. *Thoroughgood* persuaded her to grant; and accordingly Sir *William Worthy* wrote a Letter to Mr. *Barter*, requesting his Daughter in Marriage; which was easily granted, as he asked no Fortune: However, the old Man complimented him with Ten Thousand Pounds; and Mr. *Thoroughgood* united them in Marriage, a sincerely happy Couple.

To this Resolution Lady *Worthy* was truly inclined from her own Sensations; notwithstanding which, the Friendship she had for *Fanny* made her hasten the Nuptial Day. “I shall now have, says she, an Abode for my lovely Friend, where to conceal her
“ Hour

“ Hour of Pain from the prying Eye and
“ babbling Tongue of Infamy.”

ONE Day then, as Sir *William* and his lovely *Eliza* were walking Arm in Arm in the little Wood which we have described, she discovered to him poor *Fanny*’s Condition, and took his Advice in what Way to open it to her Father and Mother: “ For,
“ says she, if she should die in her Hour of
“ Peril, how shall we vindicate ourselves
“ from Censure?”

“ POOR *Fanny*! says Sir *William*, how
“ do I pity her! Lovely Girl! continued
“ he, we must, my dear *Eliza*, save her
“ from the Sarcaſm of an inſenſible World.”
They then conſulted on the beſt Way of declaring it to her Parents; which *Eliza* did in the following manner.

ONE Day Sir *William*, Mr. *Thoroughgood*, and ſhe, taking an Evening’s Walk together in the little Wood, *Eliza* began in this way: “ Sir *William*, ſuppoſe you were
“ a Parent, who had the lovelieſt Girl alive
“ for your Daughter, and ſhe was caught
“ in Love to Diſtraction with a Man that
“ was under Age, who loved her as well;
“ and let us imagine that, as being abſo-
“ lutely forbidden to marry by this late
“ Law, they tranſgreſſed the Bounds of the
“ moſt ſevere Virtue, and ſhe proved preg-
“ nant from his Company: Let us imagine
“ alſo, that after this Diſcovery he ſtill
“ loved her better than ever, and continued
“ the moſt faithful Man on Earth: How
“ would

“ would you behave, in such Circumstances,
 “ towards this Daughter, who was guilty
 “ of no Crime but such as you and I might
 “ have committed, loving one another too
 “ well ?”

“ INDEED, my Dear, I can scarce answer
 “ you. What says Mr. *Thoroughgood* ?”
 “ Why indeed, he replied, I should lament
 “ mine and her Misfortune ; yet I would
 “ not withdraw my parental Fondness from
 “ her : There are many Crimes, in my
 “ Opinion, attended with much worse Cir-
 “ cumstances than this, and that Parents
 “ behold it with too scrupulous an Eye, and
 “ punish it with too much Severity.”

ELIZA heard this with Joy, and the next
 Day she disclosed to the good Man (he and
 she only in the Wood, Sir *William* staying
 with *Fanny*) the Circumstance of his dear
 Daughter : He wept and smote his Breast,
 and cried, “ Am I fallen into this Affliction
 “ in my elder Days ? Oh ! *Fanny, Fanny,*
 “ poor deluded Creature ! I did imagine
 “ something hung heavy on thy Heart, by
 “ thy pale dejected Look ; yet whatever my
 “ Sufferings may be, thine must be still
 “ greater : I will not add to thy Afflictions
 “ by my Behaviour towards thee : I will
 “ prepare thy Mother for the Reception of
 “ this fatal Affliction.”

LADY *Worthy* then told him her Design
 of taking *Fanny* into *Cornwall* with her :
 “ No one can suspect the Cause, it is so
 “ natural for young Ladies to go to the Ha-
 “ bitations

“bitations of their new-married Friends :
“There she shall lie-in in private ; and I
“make no doubt of Mr. *Hearty*’s marrying
“her with Raptures, when he is of Age.”

THINGS being settled in this manner, Mr. *Thoroughgood* killed his dear Child at returning home, only letting fall a few Tears, and uttering some deep Sighs, without ever mentioning that which he knew would give her the utmost Pain ; and in the same manner the Mother behaved to her dear afflicted Daughter.

A FEW Days after this, Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, with *Fanny*, departed for his Seat, full of Gratitude for their Reception at this good Man’s ; Sir *William* embracing him, and presenting him with a Bank-Bill of an Hundred Guineas, accompanied with these Words : “My more than Father, says he, “who have given me the most perfect
“Creature upon Earth, my dear *Eliza*.” This he said with Tears of Approbation ; and then they all three mounted into the Coach for *Cornwall*.

THOUGH this best of Men and Women had held their Lips from uttering one single Word which might give *Fanny* Pain, yet it hung heavy on their Hearts : He had several Times an Inclination to discover this Affair to Sir *Oliver Hearty* ; but then he was afraid of his divulging the Secret : He therefore wrote an Account of it to his Son in *Oxford*, and forgetting to explain the Fidelity which Mr. *Hearty* protested in his Letters to his Daughter,

ter, he added, that the Author of this Affliction was in *London*.

THIS Mr. *Thoroughgood*'s Son construed into an infamous Desertion of his Sister, and, without farther Pause, rode Post to *London*. He knew him when he studied in the University, and therefore did not doubt soon to find him. Within a few Days after his Arrival he discovered his Lodgings, and the next Morning he waited upon him, and found him at home: When he entered the Apartment, young *Hearty* saw something in his Face full of Emotion: He was rising to receive him, when Mr. *Thoroughgood* said, " You know my Errand, Sir, I suppose?" " Not I, indeed, Sir," says Mr. *Hearty*. " Villain! says *Thoroughgood*, do you think to go unpunished for having seduced the loveliest Woman that ever breathed? You have ruined my Sister's Fame for ever: I am determined to have Satisfaction."

" SIR, says the young Gentleman, the Moment I am of Age, I will wed her. Believe me, my Soul suffers more than her's on this Occasion: No Return shall be wanting on my Side to atone for this Indiscretion, and to make her happy."

" INDISCRETION! Villain, says he; this is the Cant of all such perjured Rascals: Your Baseness first prompts you to swear and to deceive, and your Cowardice to extenuate the Crime, and to keep from Danger: You shall give me Satisfaction for this heinous Injustice."

" SIR,

“ SIR, says the young Gentleman, no other
“ Man on Earth durst say this to me : But I
“ own, you are the Brother of my lovely
“ *Fanny*. It may appear to you that I have
“ injured her ; I can see some apparent Reason
“ for your Resentment : But, believe me,
“ Sir, void of all Baseness or Timidity, she
“ shall be my Wife, without one Moment’s
“ Delay, when I am of Age ; which will be
“ in nine Months Time.”

“ NINE Months !---her Reputation will
“ be undone before that Hour. Sir, I see
“ your Artifice ; you think to escape my Vengeance
“ by this pretended Love for her :
“ Therefore, Coward as you are, tell me
“ whether you will behave as a Man, or as a
“ treacherous false Seducer ? Shall I brand
“ your Name with Infamy, with that of
“ Coward ?”

“ SIR, says young *Hearty*, I dare meet any
“ Man but you.”

“ ANY Man but him that opposes you,
“ you timid Wretch !” replies *Thoroughgood*.

“ TO-MORROW Morning then, in the
“ Fields behind *Montague-House*, I will meet
“ you, says young *Hearty*, at Five in the
“ Morning ;”---not being able to bear such
Treatment.

“ You shall find me there,” says *Thoroughgood*, going away.

THE intervening Time young *Hearty* employed in doing several Things, preparing for the Uncertainty of a Duel ; amongst which he wrote a Letter to his lovely *Fanny*.

“ My

“ *My dearest Wife,*

“ **I**T is impossible, my dearest *Fanny*, to
“ say how the coming Morning may dis-
“ pose of thy Husband's Life: Then I am
“ to meet the only Man on Earth I should
“ wish to shun on such an Occasion, and give
“ him Satisfaction for the Injury which he
“ supposes I have done thee; Brother to Bro-
“ ther. I have endeavoured to avoid this,
“ till Human Nature could no longer sustain
“ his Insults. He loves thee to Distraction;
“ yet not as I do: What hard Fate, that the
“ Love of the same Person must prove the
“ Death of one of us, where there is no Ri-
“ valship! I have bequeathed thee, my Soul,
“ all I have in my Power to bestow on thee,
“ Four Thousand Pounds in Money, and
“ my Picture set in Diamonds, which I in-
“ tended to have sent you by some private
“ Hand. If it be my Fate to fall, I pardon
“ from my Soul the Man that is the Cause
“ of it, being persuaded it is only the Love
“ of thee, and the Vindication of thy Ho-
“ nour, which urges him to this rash Deed.
“ Weep over my Resemblance sometimes,
“ and believe me the sincerest and tenderest
“ Lover that ever lived or died for Woman

“ Adieu, my dearest Wife.

“ *Thine eternally,*

“ OLIVER HEARTY.”

THE Morning being come, the two Combatants appeared at the Place appointed; when again young *Hearty* would have expostulated, and disengaged himself from this Duel, but in vain; Mr. *Thoroughgood* conceived it to be all Evasion: And thus, after having made several Passes at each other, young *Hearty* was run thro' the Body, and fell on the Ground.

“ Now, Sir, says the bleeding Youth, I
“ imagine you will believe the last Words
“ of him whom you gave no Credit to before. I call that God to Witness, before
“ whom I may instantly appear, that I love
“ your Sister, my lovely *Fanny*, my dearest
“ Wife, beyond all Power of expressing, and
“ would have married her at the Moment I
“ was of Age. I have given her by my Will
“ all that I have a Power of disposing of,
“ with my Picture set in Diamonds; which
“ I implore her to receive, and remember
“ him that gave it.” And then putting his
Hand into his Bosom, he untied the Knot
which held the Portrait of his lovely *Fanny*
in Miniature, always hanging on his Breast:
“ Here, says he, (almost fainting) restore the
“ Image of that lovely Maid to those chaste
“ Hands which gave it me: Tell her, it
“ has been my constant Companion, and
“ dwelt upon my beating Heart, as her Image
“ has on my Mind, since the Hour she
“ distinguished me with this Present.”

ALL this while *Thoroughgood* stood dumb with Attention; when, taking the Picture of his Sister, sprinkled with the Blood he
had

had drawn, he burst into Tears and cried out,
 " Have I then slain the Man I might call
 " Brother ? Would you have married my
 " Sister ? Do you love her yet ? Miser-
 " able Wretch that I am !" This he said,
 stooping to embrace him.---" I will expire
 " by thy Side ;" shortening the Sword to
 stab himself.

" STAY your rash Hand ; upbraid not
 " yourself ; you believed me another Man
 " than I am : I forgive you : May you live,
 " and enjoy eternal Peace ! Fly, or it may
 " be fatal to you : Death shall draw no Dis-
 " covery from my Lips," says Mr. *Hearty*.
 At these Words young *Thoroughgood* left him,
 and ran to a Surgeon whom he knew, and
 sent him to the Place where young *Hearty*
 lay weltering in his Blood.

HIS Wounds being dressed upon the Spot
 as well as possibly it could be done, he was
 carried home, and *Thoroughgood* fled directly
 for *Calais*, intending to await the News of
 Mr. *Hearty's* Death or Recovery.

THE Will, Papers, and Letter to *Fanny*,
 which was never sent, all which were left in
 young *Hearty's* Room, were delivered to a
 particular Friend by his Order. Before *Tho-*
roughgood quitted *London*, he wrote his Father
 a Letter, giving him an Account of this
 dreadful Disaster : And Sir *Oliver Hearty* re-
 ceived one, giving him an Account of the
 Duel, and his Son's being wounded, the
 same Post ; on the Receipt of which he set
 out Post for *London*.

THE

THE Night which preceded the Duel was passed in infinite Anxiety by poor *Fanny*. She never closed her Eye, but some terrifying Idea, relating to the Being she loved the best on Earth, was presented to her Imagination. She had received, that very Day, the tenderest Letter which Love and Truth could dictate, informing her of his Health, wishing for nothing on Earth but to be near her, and sincerely promising to be with her at the Hour of Danger whenever that should arrive.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Letter, every Moment she waked from her Slumber she could not refrain from believing, that Mr. *Hearty* was in Danger; and in the Morning, at the very Hour of this fatal Duel and his being run through the Body, she dreamt she saw Mr. *Hearty* all pale and bloody, at her Bed-Side, pronouncing *Fanny, Fanny, Fanny*.

THIS Dream made such Impression on her Spirits, that she told it several Times in the Morning to Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*; with adding, that nothing could convince her, till she received a Letter, but that her dear Mr. *Hearty* was in the utmost Danger.

THEY tried to laugh her out of this superstitious Weakness. She owned that it was indulging a silly Credulity, which might be altogether ill founded. “ But, says she, I
“ find my Heart so unusually afflicted, that
“ nothing can persuade me from giving Credit
“ to this Dream: Surely there is some Evil
“ happened to him: I know my Soul sympathises with his, and nothing can affect
“ him,

“ him, which can pass unnoticed by me.
“ When will a Letter bring me Peace?”

THE Post came, and with it no Letter :
This increased her Anguish ; her Bosom was
eternally heaving with Sighs, and her Eyes
flowing with Tears. “ I know he must be
“ ill, says she : Nothing on Earth could
“ have prevented him from writing to me,
“ (he knows that I live entirely on his Let-
“ ters) nothing could have prevented the
“ most faithful Man that ever loved, from
“ giving me the greatest Pleasure, next to
“ being with him, that I can possess, but
“ some Illness. Alas ! he dies, and I am
“ miserable for ever.”

No Consolation was wanting, which Good
Sense, Good Nature and Friendship could ad-
minister, on the Part of Sir *William* and Lady
Worthy. At length a Letter came from
Mr. *Thoroughgood* to Sir *William*, giving
an Account of the Affair, and desiring him
and his Lady to disclose it to *Fanny* in the
Manner they thought best ; at the same time
acquainting them that Sir *Oliver Hearty*
was gone to *London*, and that he would ac-
quaint them every Post whether Mr. *Hearty*
was like to recover or not. “ Be tender, says
“ he, in disclosing this fatal Accident to my
“ dear *Fanny* ; I fear she will not survive the
“ Hearing it ! Alas ! I shall then be deprived
“ of all my Children ; all lost to me ; not
“ one to yield me Comfort in my helpless
“ Years ! But why do I caution you, who
“ love her with such excessive Friendship ?”

AT

AT the receiving this Letter they told *Fanny*, that Mr. *Hearty* was ill, and that Sir *Oliver* was gone to *London*; but that his Disease was not dangerous. "Is he not dead, says she? Tell me, my dearest Friend, bursting into Tears, tell me truly." "Indeed he is not, my dear *Fanny*, said Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*: I conjure you be at Ease; he is not dead." "Then he must die, says she: Thank Heaven, I shall not long survive."

AT these Words she fainted away, and being carried to Bed, fell immediately into Pains which ended in a Miscarriage, that had like to have proved fatal to her: Nothing could exceed the Tendernefs and Care of Lady *Worthy*; she performed the Office of Mother, Friend, and Nurse; and whenever *Fanny* asked if Mr. *Hearty* was dead, she answered, No; that he really grew better. "Why do I not hear from him then, says she? Has he deserted his *Fanny*? Is Sir *Oliver* gone to see him wedded to another?"

"No, by all my Friendship for you, says Lady *Worthy*, he has not deserted you; he is as truly your's as ever." This Affelevation, though it took off all Suspicion of his being false to her, filled her Heart with a Million Alarms for his Safety; tho' it annihilated one Pain, it imparted another.

THE unhappy Father and Mother of this Son and Daughter, with Difficulty kept them-

themselves from yielding up to this Calamity. “ My Wife, says he, what has this
 “ World in it, worthy a good or a wife
 “ Man’s Pursuit? Who was happier than
 “ we were once? who are now more wretched?
 “ Come, blissful Hour of our Departure,
 “ come and hide our Sorrows and grey Hairs
 “ in the Grave together! there only Peace
 “ is secure to Man.---How transient are
 “ all sublunary Joys! God of my Salvation,
 “ hear thy imploring Servant, teach me to
 “ bear with unrepining Heart the Sorrows
 “ with which thou deignest to visit us below:
 “ My Son an exiled Assassin! my
 “ Daughter deflowered! and he that could
 “ alone restore her Fame, perhaps lies
 “ murdered by her Brother’s Hands! Is
 “ it not Murder? Is not this beyond all
 “ human Bearing?”

IN this Manner he complained in broken unconnected Sentences, praying, with his Wife, for the Hour of their Dissolution. And now Sir *Oliver* being arrived at *London*, found his Son yet living, and some Hopes of his surviving his Wounds; this Intelligence he sent his Daughters. At the same Time Mr. *Thoroughgood* received a Letter that Mr. *Hearty* was like to recover, which restored his Peace of Mind greatly. Young *Thoroughgood* had desired his Father, in his Letter, not to say that Mr. *Hearty* fell by his Hands; so that no one knew by whom he was wounded.

AND

AND now Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy* assured *Fanny* that Mr. *Hearty* was out of Danger, that he would soon write her a Letter: Her Father also having sent her an Epistle, declaring the same Thing, she became more easy. Soon after, Mr. and Mrs. *Thoroughgood* came to Sir *William Worthy's*, to see their Daughter; where the Father assured her, that Mr. *Hearty* was quite recovered, reading a Letter which he had received from *London* to that Purpose. This quieted her Mind, and she recovered; no Person of the Family, but an old Nurse as secret as a Confessor, Sir *William*, and his Lady, having the least Suspicion of what was the Cause of *Fanny's* illness.

We must now leave poor *Fanny*, leaving her in good Hands; and cast our Eyes on what was passing in *London*; and thus conclude this Chapter.

Mr. Hearty's Recovery. An Overture of his, which answers the Design. Sir Oliver's Sentiments different from his Son's. Young Thoroughgood's Distress, and Reconciliation with Mr. Hearty. A joyful Meeting of all together.

SIR Oliver Hearty finding his Son grew better every Day, the Surgeon giving him great Hopes of his Recovery, pressed him to declare with whom and on what Account the Duel was fought. "Sir, says the Son, it was through my Fault; I was the Cause of it; it would be cruel to put the Life of the Man whom I incited to this Action in risque of being taken away by an ignominious Death." To which the old Baronet replied, "Ods-heart, ods-heart! why, he ran thee thro' the Body, did he not? Be sure, I wou'd have hang'd him for't, if thou had'ft died." "Sir, says the Son, I imagined you would; and for that Reason I must conceal his Name, till I am thoroughly recovered." He then asked after his Friends in the Country, particularly Mr. Thoroughgood and Mrs. Thoroughgood. "And not Fanny? Ods-heart! not Fanny?" says the old Baronet, winking and smiling.

"POOR Fanny! says the young Man, fighting softly; how is she?" "Pretty well, I believe; she is gone to Sir Wil-
" liam

“ *liam Worthby's*, answer'd the Father ; what,
“ you have not forgot your old Love yet, I
“ find ?” “ No, Sir, says he ; nor ever
“ shall. You must pardon me ; you will ;
“ but no Time can efface her Image from
“ my Heart. 'Tis in vain I recover from
“ this Wound, unless I am permitted to be
“ happy in her Arms. Life will be only a
“ Chain, that, like a Gally-Slave, I must
“ drag along ; the constant Clinking of
“ which will for ever remind me of my
“ wretched Condition. Sir, will you permit
“ me to make her my Wife ? There are, be-
“ sides my Love for her, ten thousand Rea-
“ sons why I ought to marry her alone.”

“ ODS-HEART, ods-heart ! what, marry
“ a Parson's Daughter ! Sir *Oliver Hearty's*
“ Son marry a Parson's Daughter ! Can't
“ be, can't be ; what will the World say ?”
says the old Gentleman.

“ BELIEVE me, Sir, replied the Son, I
“ cannot live on other Terms : These
“ Wounds may close, perhaps ; but there
“ are others, thro' which Life must flow out,
“ unless I am indulged in this reasonable De-
“ sire. What can oppose uniting all that is
“ virtuous, all that is beautiful, all that is
“ good, to your Family ? Can Riches com-
“ municate this Heart-felt Joy to a Mind
“ truly formed for Happiness ? Let me im-
“ plore you, Sir, yield to this Request : For
“ believe me, he added, the Hour I am of
“ Age, if I can live so long, makes me her
“ Husband : There are Reasons why I should

“ break all Duty to you the best of Fathers,
 “ to wed this loveliest of Women.”

SIR *Oliver* knew not what to reply : He was unwilling to oppose his Son's Request, lest by disturbing his Mind he might again throw him into a Fever, and risque his Life ; nor was he willing to grant it him : “ To-morrow, To-morrow, we'll discourse of this again To-morrow.”

“ SIR, says the young Gentleman, with flowing Tears, let me implore you to grant me my Request ; it is impossible you should conceive what Happiness this will impart to your Son, and one who is dearer to him than he is to himself.”

THE Baronet cried, “ Well, well, odds-heart, odds-heart ! if it must be so, it must be so ; th' hast a caught me at an unlucky Time, I can't deny thee any thing now.”

No Joy ever equalled that which this Answer communicated to the Heart of Sir *Oliver's* Son ; forgetting his Wound and every other Pain, he started up in his Bed, and demanded Pen, Ink, and Paper, to write to his lovely *Fanny* ; “ Now she will be completely blest,” he cried. But this Action had like to have cost him dear ; the Anguish of his Wound was made so great by it, he could not continue a Moment without lying down again, and therefore desired his Father to signify his Consent by a Letter to Mr. *Thoroughgood* ; which Sir *Oliver* did, in the following Terms ;

“ *Parson*

“ *Parson Thoroughgood,*

“ **A**T my Boy's Desire I must tell you
 “ that I have given my Consent, that
 “ he shall marry your Daughter. I could
 “ not refuse him any thing in his Condition;
 “ though, thank Heaven! he mends every
 “ Day; so you may tell Miss *Fanny* of it, as
 “ soon as you will.

“ HE hath not yet told me with whom he
 “ fought; when he doth, I will let you
 “ know. My Service to your Wife and
 “ Daughter.

“ *Your humble Servant,*

“ OLIVER HEARTY.”

THIS Letter gave inexpressible Joy to the Heart of Mr. and Mrs. *Thoroughgood*; the good Man sent it immediately express to Sir *William Worthy's*, where it gave them as much Joy. And now it was, that *Fanny* first knew the true Cause of Mr. *Hearty's* Silence: Poor Creature! she wept and kissed the Letter a Million Times, and was with much Difficulty persuaded to keep herself from going to *London*. She said, “ she was
 “ sure a Post-Chaise was a very safe Vehi-
 “ cle; that she could be of more Use to him
 “ than all the People in the World in his
 “ present Condition; that it was Cruelty
 “ to be absent from the Man who loved
 “ her to such Excess.”

HOWEVER, a Letter from his own Hand, by the next Post, consisting of three Lines only, prevailed upon her to tarry in the Country. In this he said, "That a few
 " Days would restore him well enough to
 " begin his Journey, which would bring him
 " to her Arms, the Abode which his Soul
 " only loved and desired to dwell in."

SIR *Oliver* now insisted on knowing with whom he fought: On which Account his Son first demanded a Pardon for him, be who he would; "Aye, aye, says Sir *Oliver*, ods-heart! I may pardon 'em now he hath not
 " kill'd thee; but I would have hang'd 'em
 " if th' hadst died, if there had been any Law
 " in *Christendom*."

THE young Gentleman then explained to his Father the Cause of their Quarrel, and who it was. "Ods-heart, ods-heart! says the Baronet: What! kill one who loved his Sister so well! Why, th' toldest
 " 'em that th' lovest her, did'st not? A
 " bloody-minded Fellow! hope I shall ne'er
 " set sight o'n: Ods-heart, ods-heart, a desperate Fellow!"

"SIR, you mistake the Affair, says the Son: He imagined me the Deceiver, not the Lover of his Sister: It was to vindicate
 " her Honour that this was done: He could
 " not suffer the Idea of his Sister's Pollution
 " to enter into his Head unrevenged: I
 " ought to love him the more for this Instance of loving her so well. Young Ladies are so frequently deluded by dishonour-
 " able

“able Villains, that it is no Wonder he
 “imagined me the Ruiner of his Sister.
 “There must be infinite Quarrels of this
 “Kind if the *British* Spirit has not entirely
 “left the Nation, or Brothers and Relations
 “can tamely behold their Sisters and Cousins
 “ruined and betrayed, without being warmed
 “to demand Justice for the Injuries which
 “must fall upon them. You see, Sir, it was
 “in Justice to the Character of her I love,
 “that he proceeded to this Quarrel. Don’t
 “you imagine, that I ought to esteem him
 “ten times more on this Account? Is not
 “he something more than Brother?” “Ods-
 “heart, ods-heart! can’t see that for the
 “Life o’me: A Man that would murder one,
 “more than a Brother! A bloody-minded
 “Fellow! Hope I shall ne’er set sight o’en;
 “cruel, bloody-minded Fellow! Well,
 “well, the Danger’s over now.”

SIR *Oliver*, however, could never reconcile
 how young *Thoroughgood* could be esteemed
 by his Son, who had attempted to kill him in
 a Duel: He never penetrated to the Principle
 of this Action: He was astonished, who was
 cool from all Sense of Injury being offered to
 him, why he would not take his Son’s Word,
 when he promised to marry his Sister; and
 could not divest himself from thinking, that
 he was a cruel, bloody-minded Fellow.

AT this Time the young Baronet being at
 Ease, his Wounds healed apace: Having
 learnt also from the Surgeon, where young
Thoroughgood was fled for Safety, he wrote

him a Letter, acquainting him with what had passed between his Father and himself with respect to his having obtained Consent to marry his Sister; and assuring him, that he thought him more worthy of the Alliance with his Family now, than before he had taken a Resolution to risque his Life in vindicating his Sister's Honour. He requested him to hasten to *London*, and accompany him and his Father into the Country, to meet his venerable Parents and amiable Sister, and be present at the Nuptial Rite.

AT the Reception of this Epistle young *Thoroughgood* felt a Sense of Joy spread over his Heart, which dissipated that eternal Gloominess which had hung upon him since the Duel: Not one Moment's Tranquillity had dwelt in his Body since his Escape: The Thought of having killed a Fellow Creature in Heat of Passion was a Sentiment which he would have given the World to have fled from; and that, added to the other, of having slain a Man who dying pronounced himself his Brother, imbibed the former Reflection to such a Degree, that Life was a Load he could not find Powers to support: There were Moments in which he had resolved to finish his Horrors by the same Sword which had proved fatal to young *Hearty*.---

“ Good Heavens! he often exclaimed, what
 “ is the feeble Reason of Man! and what its
 “ boasted Philosophy! The Globe does not
 “ now contain a single Spot, on which to
 “ place my Foot in Security and internal
 “ Peace;

" Peace: All flies before me; all is Deceit;
 " Reason a fallacious, visionary Dream!---
 " Come, God of my Salvation! deign to
 " assist a despairing Sinner; pour on my
 " wounded Soul the Balm of thy all-righteous
 " Dictates: Had I pursued thy Command-
 " ments, I had been blessed." This Letter
 then dispelling all this dusky Horror of the
 Soul, his Mind returned to a Pleasure some-
 thing resembling that which Wretches con-
 demned to Dungeon Darkness conceive at
 their emerging into Day-light and Warmth
 of the genial Sun-Beam; a Sense of Joy,
 which, though exquisite beyond all Power of
 Speech to declare, we sincerely wish that no
 Human Creature may ever tread the darksome
 terrifick Path which leads to it.---Yet much
 we fear the Consequence of this New Law;
 it may bring numerous Scenes of this Nature
 into Light, unless it shall be timely repealed,
 and where no Consolation can follow the ir-
 revocable Deed.

THE first Vessel, young *Thoroughgood* em-
 barked from *Calais*, and landing at *Dover*
 with a prosperous Gale and swift Passage, the
 Winds being willing to waft him to his Bro-
 ther's Arms, as he now conceived him, he
 immediately took Post, and arrived at the
 Lodgings of Sir *Oliver Hearty*.

THE Servant bringing up his Name, the
 young Baronet bid him shew him up; at
 which Expression the old Gentleman cried
 out, " Ods-heart, ods-heart! let me be gone;
 " I can't bear the Sight of 'en: Let me be

“ gone, let me be gone.” However, before he could withdraw into the adjoining Chamber, young *Thoroughgood* had entered the Apartment; at which Instant the two young Men ran into each other’s Arms, young *Thoroughgood* crying out, “ Do I grasp thee in these Arms in Health? Is that Bliss granted me? Can my *Hearty* pardon the Violence of Passion? the---the---what I cannot mention.”

“ PARDON thee, my Brother! says the young Baronet: I love you for the noble Deed of vindicating my *Fanny’s* Honour. Can a Man entertain Anger against him who prefers the Fame of his Brother’s Wife to his own Existence? Yes, my *Thoroughgood*, I conceive you as my own Twin-Brother: Love and Friendship shall be now the only Passions that shall possess our Souls.”

DURING this Time *Sir Oliver* stood like *Atlas*, King of *Mauritania*, turned into Stone by the petrefying Virtue of *Medusa’s* Head: He was dumb, and could not find any Method of reconciling in himself, how two Men, who had been endeavouring to kill each other a few Days since, could now be running into each other’s Arms in all the Raptures of Friendship.

AT length young *Hearty* recovering a little from this Ecstasy, said to young *Thoroughgood*, “ *Sir Oliver Hearty*, Sir,” presenting him to his Father. At this Moment young *Thoroughgood* said, “ Sir, perhaps you may behold
“ with

“ with Amazement the Man who a few Days
“ since thirsted to kill your Son, at this In-
“ stant running into his Arms with all the
“ Fondness of a Lover : Yet I call Heaven
“ to witness, that at this Moment I would
“ with Readiness risque my Life to preserve
“ his.”

“ ODS-HEART, ods-heart ! it may be so,
“ it may be so ; can’t say the contrary.”

“ INDEED, Sir *Oliver*, it is true. To de-
“ fend my Sister’s Name from Infamy”----

At which Words young *Hearty*, suspecting what was to follow, making some Tokens to young *Thoroughgood*, stopped him from proceeding, and dexterously turned the Conversation. The Son was not willing that the Father should know that his *Fanny* was actually pregnant till they were married ; nor did he know what had happened to her : He was under Apprehensions that such a Discovery might stagger the old Baronet’s former Promise, and impart some unfavourable Idea of his lovely *Fanny*.

THE Baronet, in a Day or two, seeing his Son and young *Thoroughgood* so excessively friendly and inseparable, began to be reconciled to *Thoroughgood*, and conversed with him freely enough, especially as this young Gentleman used every Art and Politeness to win on the Resentment which the Baronet had entertained against him.

THE Health of young *Hearty* being perfectly re-established, they proposed setting out for *Devonshire*. However, before they left

London, the Baronet's Son wrote his lovely *Fanny* a Letter, desiring her to meet him at her Father's, where she came attended by Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*.

AND now the Hearts of Mr. and Mrs. *Thoroughgood* were returned to their former Tranquillity: That Anguish which had so long possessed them having been some Time in wearing off, the Sense of their Affliction continued after the Cause was removed; as the Waves of the Sea remain in Agitation after the Cessation of the tempestuous Winds which first put them into Motion.

THE Day was arrived on Wings of Joy, which was to give him his whole Family; one of which he had considered as an Exile from his native Land; the other dead in Reputation, stained, contaminated, lost: His *Fanny* was already at his House, when, lo! in the Evening the three Strangers arrived together.

THE young Baronet ran into his *Fanny's* Arms, and she into his, all Reserve being lost on this Occasion; when she cried out, "Art thou yet alive? Do I feel thee, and clasp thee to my throbbing Bosom?" "I am, I am, my dearest *Fanny*, said he, and for thee alone." At which Words the Exertion of their animal Faculties was so great, that it was with much Difficulty they were preserved from fainting, their very Souls seeming to escape from them for the sake of a nearer Embrace. Young *Thoroughgood* then embraced his Father and Mother, whilst the Tears
ran

ran down their venerable Cheeks ; the old Gentleman crying out, “ Enough, enough, “ good Heaven ! Oh ! take me hence, ere “ I relapse to feel the Pangs of Human Nature : It is too exquisite a Joy !”

SAYING this, he embraced the young Baronet ; at which Instant Mr. *Hearty* kneeled, and begged him to give him his Daughter, which the old Gentleman granted, the Tears running apace from his Eyes. “ May you “ be blessed as you deserve ! says he : I fear “ to live beyond this Hour : I feel myself so “ happy, methinks I dread the Chance of “ losing it.” Then *Fanny* and her Brother embraced each other : Yet she has since confessed that her Heart thrilled with Reluctance, the Thought of his having so nearly killed her Lover coming into her Mind at that Instant ; so much she loved young *Hearty* better than all the World.

ALL this while Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy* stood in silent Admiration, the Tears of Joy stealing from their Eyes ; Sir *Oliver*, being sensibly touched at the Sight also, joining his Tears of Approbation, crying out at the End, “ Ods-heart, ods-heart ! I could “ not have thought they loved one another “ so well ; if I had, they should not have “ been parted so long : Desperate Love, desperate Love ! God bless ’em, God bless “ ’em !”

THE Company being all made known to one another, an universal Joy appeared on every Face ; Nothing was ever so happy before :

fore: They sat down to an elegant and chearful Meal, and spent such an Evening, that I verily believe, if a Man was to pick out all the Joys, Delights, Friendships, Amours, and clever Things, of all the Routs in all the Town, and put them together amongst an equal Number of the finest Company in London, in the most splendid Apartment of the Duke of -----'s House, they could not produce a thousandth Part of the Soul-felt Felicity which this Company knew this Evening at a Country Parson's little Habitation. And thus having brought them well together, we follow the Landlords Custom of wishing their Honours a good Night, and conclude this Chapter.

C H A P.

CHAP. XLVI.

The two Misses Hearty arrive at Mr. Thoroughgood's. The Ignorance of these young Ladies. Bath the fittest University for making an accomplished Woman. Another Marriage. Joy on all Sides. Young Thoroughgood's Speech, and Sir Oliver's Approbation.

THE next Morning the two Misses Hearty came to see their Brother: These young Ladies loved him as their Life; they kissed him a thousand times, and strove who should give him the longest and most frequent Expression of their Love by their tender Embrace; they then ran to their Father and welcomed him home; then to Fanny, whom they loved as a Sister, and in whose Favour they had said a Million good-natured Things to their Father. So silly are these poor Country Girls, who have never seen *London*, and tasted the Joys which it can produce, they really imagine that Virtue, Good Nature, Good Sense and Beauty, confined to the Possession and Praise of one Man, is true Happiness. They wonder what Joy there can be in being mobbed in the Park; gazed, not out of Countenance, at an Opera; envied at a Rout; talked Nonsense to by Prigs in Embroidery; in fine Coaches, Equipages, and Entertainments, which divide them from the Man they love: Such Ignorance attends a Country Breeding. Where-

Wherefore I would advise every Country Gentleman who marries a young Lady, that has not been blessed with a Town Education, and is very pretty, to carry her to *Bath*, the School of the Universe, where a Woman of Beauty may the soonest be completed, two Seasons generally finishing the Work, and be led into the fashionable Accomplishments of despising her Husband, over-rating her Beauty, lamenting her being married to a Country Put, and in a very fair Way of figuring at all the modish Places of Resort, acquiring the polite Airs and Behaviour of those Dames who are blessed with breathing the purer Air of *St. James's*, and flying from the best of Husbands with a Gallant to *Paris*, who will wish her to the Devil, and probably desert her in six Weeks: This Aggregate makes the Character of a modern accomplished Woman, and whom a Husband need not be ashamed to acknowledge for his Wife in the best Company.

THIS Morning Mr. *Thoroughgood* united in Marriage the Hands of those two Lovers, whose Hearts had been long joined beyond all Power of Separation: Sir *Oliver* himself being well pleased to see and hear his Son at the End of the Ceremony turning to his *Fanny*, and in pressing her to his Bosom, cry out in Raptures, “Behold the
“happiest Man on Earth! Sir, you have
“made me now the happiest Man on
“Earth,” to Mr. *Thoroughgood*. “And
“you, Sir, says the good Man, have made
“me

“ me the happiest Parent.” “ My Father,
“ says he to Sir *Oliver*, how gratefully do
“ I acknowledge this parental Goodness,
“ in permitting me to wed this lovely
“ Creature !” This he said, and taking
Fanny by the Hand, they both dropped on
their Knees ; when Sir *Oliver*, being much
moved at this Expression and Behaviour,
weeping with Joy, cried out, “ God bless
“ you, God bless you ! I’ll make you hap-
“ py, I’ll give you all in my Power to make
“ you happy. Ods-heart, ods-heart, how
“ they love one another ! It puts me in
“ Mind of being married to my Wife ; we
“ loved one another just so.” Then the Ba-
ronet stooped and lifting up *Fanny*, kissed her,
saying, “ God bless thee, my dear Child ; I
“ think I shall love thee as well as my Son
“ does, ods-heart, ods-heart.”

THIS being past, the two young Ladies
rushed into *Fanny*’s Arms, kissed and em-
braced her, and welcomed her into the Fa-
mily, calling her their dear Sister. Then
Lady *Worthy* pressed her to her Bosom, in
Friendship and Tears ; as did Sir *William*.
“ Now, my dearest Friend, said Lady *Wor-*
“ *thy*, did not I tell you that you would
“ not pass unregarded by that Power which
“ makes Virtue its peculiar Care ?” “ In-
“ deed, says *Fanny*, I now am happy ; hap-
“ py in Husband, Parents, Brother, Sisters,
“ Friends : Can human Felicity receive any
“ Addition to that which my Soul enjoys
“ this Instant ?”

THE

THE Hours before Dinner were passed in walking and admiring the Taste of Mr. *Thoroughgood's* Garden, and little Wood ; where every thing was elegant. “ Yes, “ says the good old Man, every Thing now “ appears in that View ; it is even a Paradise at this Instant : Yet only Heaven “ knows, and my own Heart can conceive, “ how gloomy all appeared but a little while “ past, and what trying Moments I have “ passed in this Retirement. God of my “ Salvation ! he emphatically pronounced, it “ is owing to thy peculiar Care and inspiring “ Power that my Days had not been some “ Time since terminated in that mossy Cell, “ so great was my Distress. Let me ever be “ mindful of thy Mercies ; and let Mortals “ learn from me and my Story, never to entertain Despair, nor ever to depend on perfect Happiness below. To this happy Revolution I will erect a Temple of ever- “ during Flint, sacred to returning Peace ; “ in which shall be inserted on a Marble “ Stone the Cause of its being built ; and “ this I hope will prove a Lesson of Instruction to Men who may possess this Living “ when I am beyond the Reach of human “ Joys or Misery.”

THE Dinner being served, Sir *Oliver* was the gayest Man in the Company ; the Bridegroom and Bride sitting by the Side of each other, the old Gentleman observed, “ Ods- “ heart, ods-heart ! what, dine with the Bride “ the first Day ! A fine Bridegroom, a fine “ Bride-

“ Bridegroom ! It was the Fashion, when I
“ was married, to stand behind the Bride’s
“ Chair with a Napkin, and serve her :
“ Serve her To-day, she’ll serve you always
“ after,” says the Baronet winking, and
striking Sir *William*, who sat next him, with
his Elbow. Pleased at these Words, his Son
rose and took a Napkin to wait on his lovely
Fanny, Sir *Oliver* and the Company smiling ;
but she could not permit it, and begged Sir
Oliver to excuse her Husband, “ Or, says
“ she, I cannot taste a Morsel with Delight.
“ I will serve him all my Life without this
“ Ceremony ; indeed, Sir *Oliver*, I will,
“ with great Joy.”

WHICH Request being complied with, Sir
Oliver cried out, “ A fly Baggage, a fly
“ Baggage ; ods-heart ! a fly Baggage.” And
then whispered to Sir *William Worthy*, “ I
“ believe I shall love her as my own Child ;
“ I fancy she loves my Son desperately.”
The Truth of which Sir *William* assuring him
of also, “ Well, says he, ods-heart ! a For-
“ tune in a Wife is better than a Fortune
“ with a Wife : This new Law had almost
“ a-scat the whole Matter.”

WHICH Word *a-scat*, as perhaps this
History may not have a Glossary printed at
the End of it, we must acquaint our Read-
ers, signifies frustrated, and is taken from
the Image of an Egg broken by throwing it
against a Wall, which is called *a-scat* in the
Language of the *Damnonii*.

“ SIR

“ SIR *Oliver*, says young Mr. *Thorough-*
 “ *good*, I consider a late Bill as the most per-
 “ nicious that has ever passed in any Coun-
 “ try; and the most severe that ever was
 “ enacted against those who are destined
 “ to the Office of Religion, held sacred
 “ through the World.”

“ SIR, continued he, the Immorality
 “ which may be the Consequence of it is
 “ inconceivable, in a Nation where the
 “ young Ladies are educated in the Manner
 “ in which they are in *England*; where the
 “ Youth of both Sexes are so often in Com-
 “ pany together; shutting up the Way
 “ which lead to Matrimony, opens that
 “ which tends to Fornication. Will the
 “ fond Desire, the heaving Bosom be con-
 “ trouled by Laws? Because Youth is for-
 “ bidden to marry, can it be imagined that
 “ it can be prevented from loving? Will
 “ glowing Hearts stay whole Years, to wait
 “ the Nuptial Ceremony? To imagine this,
 “ is to know nothing of Human Nature;
 “ The Powers of Seduction are strengthened:
 “ Brothers, Friends, and Relations will rush
 “ on each other's Sword, to take Vengeance
 “ on the Destroyers of Female Honour, un-
 “ less we should become a dastard Race
 “ of Slaves and Cowards. Thus this Bill
 “ may become the Parent of Duels, Death
 “ and ruined Virgins.”

“ ODS-HEART, ods-heart! and so it may;
 “ I did not see it in this Way: A bad
 “ Amend-

"Amendment may do more Harm than
"Good."

"Nor does it terminate here, Sir *Oliver* ;
"Adultery must be the Consequence, univer-
"sal Adultery." "Ods-heart, ods-heart !
"Adultery too! How so? how so? Can't see
"that for the Life of me," says Sir *Oliver*.

"I'll tell you, Sir, says he, in *France*
"this Law has long taken place ; and here
"we can argue from Experience, an Argu-
"ment which brings the most convincing
"Proof of Truth along with it that can be
"found in the Affairs of Life. It is not, I
"think, an absurd Imagination to fancy,
"that Human Nature is much the same in
"that Nation and this.

"In *France* a Law to prevent clandestine
"Marriage has long prevailed ; let us seewhat
"Consequence it has had in that Country,
"and we may thence infer what it may pro-
"bably produce in our own. Young Ladies
"in that Nation are prevented from disposing
"of themselves till they are Twenty-five ;
"and during their growing up are edu-
"cated in Convents, secluded from the
"Company of Men. This prevents their
"being seduced in a great Measure ; but
"then they scarce ever refuse marrying
"the Man which is proposed to them,
"be he ugly or old, deformed in Body
"or Mind. A Husband is the Angel which
"opens their Prison-gates, and sets them
"free. The Consequence of which is,
"that it being impossible for them to conceive
"any

“ any Passion for this Man, I mean tender
“ Passion, every young Lady falls in love
“ with some one of equal Age and good Per-
“ son, which is agreeable to them in all Re-
“ spects ; these two engage by Love ; this
“ Man has her Heart, the other the cold re-
“ luctant Hand.

“ THUS there is almost an universal Adul-
“ tery prevails in *France*. Indeed Husbands
“ themselves, knowing on what Terms they
“ receive their Wives, scarce oppose the In-
“ clination of Gallantry in them.

“ WILL not the Effect be the same here,
“ when Daughters are compelled to marry
“ their Parents Choice, or, which is the
“ same Thing, permitted to marry no others,
“ and prevented from their own ?

“ IT is said that the Giddiness of Youth is
“ apt to make them chuse extremely wrong,
“ and fly away with Men of low Birth and
“ inferior Condition. This may sometimes
“ happen indeed : But then will not the two
“ ruling Passions of Old Age, Pride and
“ Avarice, compel the Rich to unite their
“ Children with the Rich or Noble, void of
“ all other Consideration ? What Happi-
“ ness can follow such an Union ? the very
“ Idea of being compelled to take any thing
“ ever rendering it odious. Thus Thou-
“ sands will be united to what they detest ;
“ and by making a Law which prevents the
“ pretended ill Effects of Rashness in young
“ People with respect to Marriages, where
“ the greatest Happiness often attends, you
“ enact

“ enact that which ties them to what must
“ be for ever hateful, the Bane of Nuptial
“ Blifs.

“ THEN tell me what Woman, who is
“ condemned to what she loathes, will hesi-
“ tate to violate the Marriage-Bed; or what
“ Man, that marries for Money, cares Three
“ Farthings for the Person who comes along
“ with it?

“ WHAT Injury is done to this Constitu-
“ tion when People marry unequally? A
“ Fortune on one Side is sufficient for both;
“ the Division of Property renders us freer
“ and safer in the Continuation of our Li-
“ berty. Knowledge, Learning, Person,
“ Virtue, and other Qualifications which
“ adorn Humanity, ought to weigh in the
“ Scale of Love and Marriage; which Attri-
“ butes, as Things are estimated at present
“ in this Island, are of too little Considera-
“ tion, and will never be regarded as Objects
“ of Value by old, avaricious, proud, and
“ mercenary Eyes. We need no Law to de-
“ press the Worth of these Qualifications in
“ this Kingdom, but rather some one which
“ might encourage their Propagation. How-
“ ever it may be falsely imagined to the con-
“ trary, Riches cannot conduct Mankind to
“ Happiness, nor oppose the Arms of our
“ Enemies, without some Understandings of
“ superior Merit to give them its Direction.

“ IT has been smartly said, that Inequality
“ in the Persons who marry is not a Proof of
“ Love being the Motive. Of one Side it
“ may

“ may not : If the Man marries a great For-
 “ tune, he may be induced by the Views of
 “ that alone : But the Woman, in this In-
 “ stance, must be said to be influenced by that
 “ Passion ; one Party loves, though the other
 “ may not. This is still better than where
 “ Parents dispose of their Children, and
 “ every View is Interest or Title ; where
 “ Love is omitted from the Consideration,
 “ that Passion on one Side is better than none
 “ in either Party, it may probably beget its
 “ Likeness ; whereas Love can scarce spring
 “ from Indifference, that Beginning gene-
 “ rally terminates in Aversion.

“ THUS then Adultery and Fornication
 “ are the probable Consequences of such
 “ Marriages ; and this was plainly foreseen
 “ by one noble Duke, who, like something
 “ more than Human, as Men appear at pre-
 “ sent, protested he would rather see his
 “ Daughter married to a Man of the meanest
 “ Birth and Fortune, than a Law be passed
 “ to the Enslaving the Youth of *England*.
 “ This Name ought to be dear to every *British*
 “ Virgin, the generous Defender of their free
 “ Choice, the Protector of their Virtues, the
 “ Vindicator of their Rights.”

AT which Words Sir *Oliver* cried out,
 “ Ods-heart, ods-heart ! who is he, who is
 “ he ? ” “ The noble Duke of B-----,”
 says young *Thoroughgood*. At which Word
 the Baronet filled a Bumper of Claret, and
 cried out, “ To the Health of the noble
 “ Duke of B-----, (slapping Sir *William* on
 “ the

“ the Back with his other Hand) ods-heart!
 “ to the noble Duke of B----.” Which was
 pledged by Sir *William Worthy*, Mr. *Thorough-*
good, and the Ladies, with the Style of “ The
 “ Protector of *British* Youth and Beauty.”

“ ONE Bishop too, says young *Thorough-*
 “ *good*, united in the same generous Cause.”

“ A Bishop! ods-heart, a Bishop! a good
 “ Man, a good Man; tell me his Name.”

Which being answered, “ The Bishop of
 “ *W----*,” the Baronet filled another Bumper,
 and saw himself well pledged to his Health
 also.

“ BESIDES this, the first Commoner of
 “ *England* spoke with great Power and great
 “ Reasoning, in Defence of Beauty, Virtue,
 “ Innocence and Liberty. This does Ho-
 “ nour to every Cause: His Heart can con-
 “ ceive nothing but Truth, and his Lips can
 “ speak nothing but that Language: The
 “ first Commoner is first in every Virtue.”

“ Ods-heart, ods-heart! a Bumper to him
 “ too, says Sir *Oliver*; here's the *Sp----*
 “ for ever!”

“ THEN, says *Thoroughgood*, the Cham-
 “ pion of the Cause of Female Freedom, the
 “ truly great Mr. *F--*, in the House of Com-
 “ mons, behaved in so distinguished a Man-
 “ ner, with such becoming Warmth, with
 “ such Force of Reasoning, with such Sin-
 “ cerity of Behaviour, and genuine Elocu-
 “ tion, for the Cause of Female Virtue,
 “ Beauty, Innocence and Liberty, that even
 “ that Action alone will be sufficient to ren-
 “ der

“ der him dear to all *British* Females and
 “ Lovers of their Country.”

“ A BUMPER to him too; ods-heart! a
 “ Bumper to him too, said Sir *Oliver*: Here’s
 “ *F---* for ever! because he defends the
 “ Cause of the Girls: Ods-heart! he wa’n’t
 “ forsake his Country’s Liberty, who pleads
 “ the Cause of the Girls.”

“ THERE is another Gentleman, whose
 “ Fortune, though immense, is not, by a
 “ Thousand Degrees, equal to his Love of
 “ his Country: He supported the same Cause
 “ with Spirit: The Kingdom can never be
 “ undone whilst we have such Defenders;
 “ and the City of *London*, the Support of
 “ *England*, has done Justice to itself and
 “ him by their Choice of this Man, whom
 “ neither Titles nor Riches can seduce from
 “ the Protection of Liberty and his Country.
 “ Probity with Understanding, Truth with
 “ Zeal, distinguish him, and must save the
 “ Nation.”

“ ODS-HEART, ods-heart! a Bumper to
 “ him too: Here’s *B-----d* for ever! I know
 “ his Character,” says the Baronet.

“ THE POURTRAITS of these Men should
 “ be stamped on every Female’s Handkerchief,
 “ painted on every Fan, and engraved on
 “ every Heart, says *Thoroughgood*; and their
 “ Pictures hung by the Bed-sides of all Vir-
 “ gins, as Catholics do those of their Patron
 “ Saints.”

AT which Sir *William Worth* observed,
 that Mr. *Thoroughgood* deserved some Distinc-
 tion

tion from the Ladies, who had so generously spoken in the Favour of *British* Beauty ; which the married Ladies agreed to, and one of the young Miss *Heartys* approved with a Blush that spread upon her Cheeks, and spoke more emphatically than Words what she thought ; Sir *Oliver* crying out, “ So he doth : Ods-heart, how he talketh ! Canst say no more upon the Subject ? Ods-heart ! I could hear ’em talk all the Day long. Do, *Thoroughgood*, discourse a little more upon the Subject. Ods-heart, how he talketh ! he is a cruel Fellow for Discourse.”

“ *Sir Oliver*, says he, it may probably put an end to *British* Liberty, by uniting hereafter the great Fortunes of the Kingdom, who, seizing on the venal Disposition of Electors in paultry Boroughs, will purchase Seats in Parliament for themselves and Dependants, who will no longer be Representatives of their Country, but your Masters ; the Regal Prerogative and People’s Rights may sink together, and Riches be the Ruling Power of the Land, united with the Nobility.

“ How far this was intended, I cannot pretend to discover ; but certain it is, that no two Understandings on Earth are more different than a Judicial and Legislative : Many Men enjoy the first, who have not the least Emanation of the second.

“ WHEN we consider what Degree of Talents is necessary for deciding between two Things which can be compared together, where all is urged in Favour of each Side,

“ there requires no Superiority of Faculties to
 “ distinguish Truth from Falshood ; we de-
 “ cide of the Facts alone, and Right and
 “ Justice spring from the comparing the Evi-
 “ dence on one Side with that on the other.

“ BUT when a Law is to be founded like
 “ the Marriage Law, which depends on the
 “ first Principles in Human Nature, there
 “ Genius only can effectuate any Discovery
 “ of Truth : No Comparison assists us ; the
 “ Mind must dart forward into Futurity from
 “ the Principles which it knows in Human
 “ Nature ; it should weigh the Force and Im-
 “ petuosity of the Passions, the Powers of
 “ Imagination, Influence of Belief and Ha-
 “ bit, Controul of Reason, and Prevalency
 “ of the Senses amongst Human Creatures ;
 “ a Genius of quite a different Kind from
 “ that of distinguishing between Right and
 “ Wrong, the Just and Unjust, in any single
 “ Case.

“ THE first only can form the Legislator,
 “ and plan Laws of Utility and publick
 “ Good ; the latter, decide of the Conse-
 “ quences of them when they are made :
 “ One sees the good and pernicious Effect
 “ which will follow the instituting a new
 “ Law, before it is enacted ; the other has
 “ no Object but that of preventing present
 “ Evils, by a Law which brings greater Mis-
 “ chiefs along with it, though imperceptible
 “ to him. The one Capacity is the most
 “ rare, most excellent and beneficial Blessing
 “ the Gods can send to Man ; the other to be
 “ found in almost all Mankind, or attainable
 “ by

“ by Habit; yet useful when confined to its
“ proper Sphere of Action, and not permitted to rove with the Imaginations of the
“ superior Few amongst the Regions of exalted Genius.

“ Yet such is the State of superlative Understanding, it meets Opposition from those
“ whose limited Capacities cannot reach the
“ Extent of its Conception. It is the fatal
“ Arrogance of Man, to believe there is no
“ other Person has the Power of perceiving
“ what he cannot see himself, and to fix the
“ Pillars of all Human Intellect on the Spot
“ to which his bounded Understanding can
“ only travel; it conceives no farther Space
“ in Nature for the Progress of intellectual
“ Faculties.

“ THIS Defect has caused that endless
“ Generation of useless, ill-conceived, or
“ pernicious Laws, ever to be mended; their
“ destructive Tendency not being visible to
“ those who preferred them.

“ BUT let us, says *Thoroughgood*, decline
“ this Conversation, and talk of something
“ becoming the Occasion.”

“ ODS-HEART, ods-heart! fine Words,
“ fine Words! though I don't well understand the last Part; 'tis too high for me.
“ Come, here's your Health, *Thoroughgood*,
“ says the Baronet: Come, let's be merry:
“ Canst give us a Song?” To which answering in the Affirmative, he took a Glass
to whet his Whistle: And we take occasion
to close this Chapter.

C H A P. XLVII.

The good old Custom of throwing the Stocking over-ruled. Sir Oliver's Kindness to his Son. His Son's Duty, and filial Affection. Sir William and Lady Worthy return to Worthy-Hall.

YOUNG *Thoroughgood*, at the Baronet's Entreaty, sung a Song, which pleased the old Gentleman, and the whole Company : The Ladies sung in their Turns, and all was Mirth and Good-Nature ; the Baronet, between every Song, continually toasting the Duke, the Bishop and the Commoners, in Bumpers for ever.

THE Evening being come, *Sir Oliver*, who now began to wax gay with Claret, proposed throwing the Stocking ; which was over-ruled by Mr. *Thoroughgood*, at the Desire of *Fanny* and *Sir Oliver's Son*. “ Ods-heart, “ ods-heart ! a good old Custom despised ! “ I love old Customs : Well then, if you “ will n't suffer the Stocking to be thrown, “ then here's the noble Duke for ever, the “ Bishop for ever, the Sp---- for ever, and “ F--- and B---- for ever ! brave Hearts ! “ *Old England* for ever ! Ods-heart ! a Half- “ Dozen such Men in each House would “ bring us good Times again, and drive “ Corruption and Bribery out of the Nation ; “ ods-heart ! *Old England* for ever !”

SIR

SIR *William* and Lady *Worthy* withdrew, and the rest of the Company; the Baronet still continuing to toast the five Personages, whose Love for *British* Liberty, and Protection of Beauty, will render them for ever dear to the Ladies of *Great-Britain*.

THE next Morning Sir *Oliver*, being come into the Parlour in most excessive good Spirits, was inclining to be a little waggish in his Way with his Son, upon the Nuptial Night; but Mr. *Thoroughgood* prevented that, and saved the Cheeks of the Females from burning with some Confusion. He then asked his Son how he intended to live: "For, says he, th' hast
" but Four Thousand Pounds in the World,
" and that we'n't bring thee a great Income,
" I believe:" At the same Time winking upon Sir *William* and the Company. "Sir,
" says the young Gentleman, I will live on
" that small Sum of Money, and an infinite
" Quantity of Love, till you are pleased to
" give me more; and never repine, or wish
" for the Hour of your Death."

"ODS-HEART, ods-heart! hath overcome
" me: I'll yield 'en up all, and only reserve
" Four Hundred a Year, hand-paid me:
" Take all, take all." "No, Sir, says the
" young Gentleman; your Goodness in con-
" senting to my marrying this lovely Wo-
" man, and this last more than parental Af-
" fection, shall not make me deprive you of
" One Shilling Income: Your Estate shall
" remain in your own Disposal: You have
" lived Master of it, and in that Capacity

“ you shall die ; though may it be long and
“ long before the Hour arrives which must
“ deprive us of you.”

“ ODS-HEART, ods-heart ! says the Ba-
“ ronet, this Goodness draws Tears from my
“ Eyes : Then we will have but one Purse ;
“ it shall be so.”

“ As you please in that Light, answered
“ the Son ; but I would chuse to part my
“ Time between my *Fanny*’s Parents and you,
“ Sir ; thus all three will be pleased.” “ And
“ will you give us none of your Company ?”
said Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*. “ Can
“ my dearest Friends imagine that possible ?”
says Mrs. *Hearty*. “ No, indeed, replied
“ Lady *Worthy*, I cannot.”

THUS Things were settled in this manner,
and a Fortnight passed between the Baronet’s
and Mr. *Thoroughgood*’s Houses, when Sir
William and Lady *Worthy* returned to their
Seat, leaving the whole Company with Re-
gret, especially their lovely Friend ; yet not
unmixed with great Pleasure, that she was so
happily united to all she loved. And here we
take Leave, for the present, of this Part of
the Story, and return to my Lord and Lady
Sapplin, whom we had left at the Seat of the
Wormeatons.

C H A P. XLVIII.

A Return to Nobility and fashionable Life. The Difference in Nuptial Nights. The Situation of Lady Sapplin's Mind the next Morning. A Philosophical Account of the Progress of Aversion in Money Matches. Lord Sapplin's Delicacy, in not waking his Lady the first Morning. A Revocation of an old Acquaintance. A Quarrel in one Place, and an Intrigue in another.

LORD and Lady Sapplin being arrived at Wormeaton Castle, the Earl having talked extremely pompous of the Honour and Antiquity of his Family, the Hour drew near which Lady Sapplin wished was already at hand, and my Lord wished could be put off, with the Day of paying Debts and Death, to all Eternity. By this means whatever Velocity the Lady's Wishes might add to the winged Minutes to increase their Speed, my Lord, by wishing in direct Opposition, retarded: And thus it happened, that the Hours moved just in the same Manner, as if one had not wished for their Arrival, or the other against it.

HOWEVER, the Time at last was come when the Lady retired to her Bridal Bed, where being laid, my Lord mounted the Stair-Case, as a Felon mounts the Ladder at a certain Edifice near *Paddington*, the same Kind of Passion strongly operating in his Breast.

WE may be here allowed to observe, that the true Stoick Principles are frequently most eminently exhibited by our young Men of Quality, on such Occasions as marrying a Wife for Money: And I verily believe, that not one of all the celebrated Sages of that ancient Sect ever went to Bed to a Wife with more real Apathy after seven Years Marriage, not *Epicætetus* himself, than did this noble Lord the very Nuptial Night, to the great Honour of our young Men of Quality.

THIS, I think, manifests a most shining Instance of the innate or acquired Philosophy which governs their Actions, who, despising all Joys arising from Appetites in common with Humanity and Brutes, can abstain with so little Reluctance from gratifying those Passions which prompt them to be sated.

BEING now on the Carpet, ready prepared for getting into Bed, he look'd and look'd again, void of all Sense of Joy, his Philosophy still prevailing; just as a Novice stands shivering on the Brink of a cold Bath, and dreads the Meeting of the chilling Water. At length he plunged into Bed, when the Curtains being immediately drawn, we make no Pretensions to discover what passed, as Eye hath not seen; and, though many Ears have certainly heard since that Time, we know our Duty too well to blab the little Stories of a Family, and expose the Secrets of the Marriage-Bed; only that we have Reason to believe, that the Stoick Principle prevailed, with much Coldness and Reserve, all that Night,

Night, on the Part of my Lord *Sapplin*: A happy Circumstance for a Nation, where its Noble Youth are so truly Masters of their own Passions, and pursue the Dictates of true Reason.

THOUGH much may be said in Praise of this Apathy and Coolness of our young Men of Rank, when they marry great Fortunes; yet we are sorry that we cannot with equal Truth boast of this great Power of contemning vulgar Desires in the Female Part.

PARTICULARLY in this Case, where Lady *Sapplin*, having had the Misfortune of a City Education, had never received any Lessons upon this Subject; and consequently, being actuated by Nature, and not Philosophy, had no more of the Stoick in her than *Messalina*, or the *Ephesian* Matron; and was, in fact, formed on the Principles of the *decies repetita* of *Horace*.

THIS Kind of Character is the contrary of Lord *Sapplin's*; it is as glowing hot, as the other is freezing cold; and yet it is a Heat of a different Nature from the common, not easily imparted to the Body which is in Contact with it. By this Difference it came to pass, that the Lady, when she waked the next Morning, resembled *Nell* in *The Devil to pay*; and was much put to it to know whether she was a Lady or not; for she scarce found a Metamorphosis in any Part, so little was she altered.

AND here, as Enquirers into the Phænomena of Nature, let us explain what we have

often remarked to have happened between several Pairs, where the Match has been made for Money on one Side, and a Thing beginning with an *L---* on the other.

WHICH is, that notwithstanding the Fire of one Party could never be communicated to the other, yet the Coolness of one Side has been imparted to the burning Person, with the Help of some little Time and Disappointment, very effectually; and thus there has been settled some Medium of Warmth between the two, called Indifference, like Fire and Ice mixed together, settling in the Heat of the Atmosphere, which, after some Time, sunk into Aversion. And this, we imagine, may explain the Reason of that Behaviour which so generally follows such Marriages, and which this new Law may increase, by preparing the Indifference on both Sides to their Hands, the Will of the Parents excluding all other Considerations in most Instances. By this Subtlety of Contrivance, Aversion will be the first Thing which takes place after Matrimony, and thus the whole Road through Indifference be saved.

IN the Morning, earlier than usual, Lord *Sapplin* rose, and left his Lady's Bed with the least possible Disturbance; for, though he was much of the Philosopher, he was much of the Polite Man also; a rare Union in one Person: He would by no means disquiet his Lady's Rest in the Morning, (Hours which many People think the sweetest) but stole off as quietly as the Beau in *Hogarth's Harlot's Progress*.

Progress. And this Complaisance of not disturbing the Repose of their Consorts, is a Politeness which very much prevails in this Nation at present, and which, amongst innumerable good Customs, is one of the best we have adopted from the *French*. Indeed, it bids fairer for being a stable Mode, than a Whim of Novelty, which, like our modern Tragedies, or *Fanny M---y's* Hats, have a Nine-Days Visibility, and never enter into the Play-House Stock, or the Wardrobe; a Kind of Flower which Gardeners suffer to blow once to know its Qualities, and then root it out of their Collection, because it wants all the Excellencies of the Species.

LADY *Sapplin*, being habited in her Morning-Apparel, descended to Breakfast with the Earl, who received her with much Pomp and distant Politeness. My Lord *Sapplin* talking to her with as much Ease and Affability in Company, as if nothing had happened all the last Night, which Kind of Behaviour was by no means the Consequence of the Education of Lady *Sapplin*, she did not understand it; she was astonished at his talking to her in such a free Manner in the Morning, who had been so reserved in the Night; and began to feel a Kind of a something like an Aversion for him.

Now, to strengthen this growing Plant, Aversion, which naturally thrives very well in all Soils without the Assistance of a Hot-Bed, there was, in the House of Lord *Worm-eaton*, a Servant who was Valet de Chambre to Lord *Sapplin*: This Man, when he was something

something younger, had served in a Livery at Mr. *Barter's*: He was of a comely Countenance, of a good Person, and much the Favourite of Lady *Sapplin*, when she was Miss *Barter*; insomuch that, on account of his being a little indulged by her with some innocent Freedoms, such as kissing in private, and playing with her Bosom, he had been discharged from that Service by her Mamma, who did not relish that which her Daughter seemed much to delight in.

BEING discharged therefore from the Service of Mr. *Barter*, he got into the Service of a single Gentleman, who, travelling to *Paris*, took this Servant along with him. In this City, the University of the Universe for curling of Hair, making Perukes, and cutting Clothes, he applied himself so closely to his Studies, that few *Parisians* could decorate or dress out a Head like Mr. *Samuel Waitwell*.

HAPPY would it be if all Travellers passed their Time so well! He knew what Kind of Frissure became different Faces, from the short Phyz of the *Spectator* to that of *Johnny F---son* at *Bath*; that is, from six Inches to Half an Ell: He knew how to adapt every Curl to the best Advantage, and gave the genteelst Air to the whole Countenance. Indeed he understood the Ladies Head-dressing, as well as the Gentlemens. Added to this, he was deeply gone in the Knowledge of Gallantry: He wheedled with as much Art as many Ministers of State; and was indeed an accomplished Gentleman, having several
times

times at *Paris*, when he dressed with his Sword, been honoured with the Appellation of "My Lord."

AT his Return from his Travels, as he was of an ambitious Mind, and capable of advancing himself, he looked out for the important Charge of a Valet de Chambre, and had the Honour of serving Lord *Sapplin*. In this Service he was when his Lordship married.

IT seems, Lady *Sapplin's* Maid not being expert in the great Science of Dressing, this Right Honourable Personage was at much Loss how to supply that Deficiency in the Country. For this Reason my Lord very politely offered her his Servant for that Purpose, which she accepted; and thus, withdrawing to dress, she for the first Time beheld Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* since his Discharge from her Father's Service.

MR. *Samuel* was Mr. *Samuel* still, though vastly improved in all the exterior and interior Man; being really a Person which, at a Distance great enough to hide the Colour of the ignoble Blood which ran in his Veins, might have been taken for a Baronet, if not for a Baron.

AT the first Sight of this ancient Acquaintance, so unexpectedly, Lady *Sapplin* blushed a little; but, as Mr. *Samuel* had learnt Discretion as well as dressing Hair, he never gave the least Hint that he had ever seen her Ladyship before, during the Time my Lady's Woman was in Presence. However, the Moment she withdrew, the Lady herself broke
Silence,

Silence, and asked him if he did not know her; to which Question Mr. *Samuel* most politely reply'd, "That it was impossible for
 "any Man, who had ever been honoured
 "with seeing so much Beauty, to forget it."

THIS Stroke, being much beyond any thing which my Lord had said, tickled the very Heart-Strings of Lady *Sapplin*. "And
 "do you really think me handsome, Mr. *Samuel*? says she, taking up the Glass to see herself. "Your Ladyship is extremely
 "so, replied he: I have not seen any thing
 "equal to your Ladyship in *Paris*. There
 "is such a Delicacy in your Features, such
 "a Brilliancy in your Eyes, such a Gentility in your Shape, that (your Ladyship
 "will pardon me) the two Ladies so much
 "talked of would make a miserable Figure
 "in your Company."

HER Ladyship's Woman, returning at these Words, put an End to this Conversation, my Lady only desiring, that he would be always her Dresser; which Mr. *Samuel*, bowing *a-la-mode de Paris*, said, "he should think the greatest Honour of
 "his Life."

THE second Night was so much like the first, and the third like the second, that we shall not stop to give any more Descriptions of that Kind; only we shall remark, that the Indifference grew stronger on the Side of Lord *Sapplin*, and something took possession of his Lady, which was almost a complete Aversion.

ONE Day after Dinner, talking of many Subjects with great Inclination to contradict each other, a Scene which sometimes happens in Noble as well as Plebeian Families, the Conversation rolling upon Children, the Debate was started, whether it was best for Parents to wish for a fine Person or fine Understanding in the Child which might be born? My Lord was warmly for the Mind, and my Lady for the Body; one for good Sense, and the other for Beauty. The Arguments were supported with more Warmth of Passion than Force of Reasoning, till my Lady (being no close Reasoner) deviated, and dropt something which favoured of his Lordship's Neglect for her; and he, in return, let fall some unpolite Expression, leaning towards a Hint of her Ladyship's Disposition. This being pursued, ended in high Words, and separate Apartments that very Evening.

My Lord *Wormeaton* would have reconciled the Disagreement, but he found it impracticable; neither she, any more than Lord *Sapplin*, being willing to re-commence an Intimacy, which, from the Sample, she had no Reason to like, or covet the Continuation of.

THUS then this noble Pair had not been in the holy Bands of Matrimony more than three Weeks till they were in the blessed State of never feeling for one another's Misfortunes; a Condition to be desired by all People who would live happy in this World,

World, considering how many Calamities Life is subject to, and all this effectuated by the simplest Contrivance in the World, that of changing one Passion for another, and placing Hate in the room of Love.

MR. Samuel continued to dress her Ladyship's Hair, to make Panegyrics on her Beauty, to sigh amorously, and say the most civil Things that ever were breathed from the Lips of an accomplished Valet. He praised *Paris*, and the *French* Manner of Living; then wished her Ladyship would think of visiting that City. All these Things were very pleasing to Lady *Sapplin's* Ears, till at last, by insensible Degrees, he let her Ladyship into the Secret of the *French* Wives always entertaining a Gallant, with an Intimation of his old Love still burning like a *festal* Lamp for her; and then dropping on his Knees, which ended in a Flight of Nonsense of his Determination to stab himself, unless she had Commiseration on the most faithful Swain that ever breathed, he cried, "Hide
" me, ye Groves! drown me, ye Waters!
" Winds, Waves, and Tempests, waft me
" to some distant Shore, where no Footsteps
" mark the beaten Road! I cannot long survive, if Pity dwells not in your harden'd
" Breast: Alas! my Heart, why wilt thou
" flutter thus, and, like a Squirrel, frisk
" about the Cage? Get out, and leap no
" more." This her Ladyship admiring as the most charming Accents which she had ever heard, and being greatly disappointed
where

where she thought to have been well paid, she graciously lifted Mr. *Samuel* from his Knees, who when he was gotten up kissed her, accompanied with a Hug that would have made an Impression on a Marble Statue. It seems he knew his Woman, and, like a brave General, attacked and carried all before him, at the first Assault. No more however passed, than Hugs and Kisses, at this Interview; though a full Determination of more familiar Conversation was resolved on by each Party, which was transacted as will be found in the next or some other Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. XLIX.

Lord Sapplin's happy State. His Letter to Lucy. A Discourse between the Earl and Lady Sapplin. Her Ladyship's Mistakes. Set right on the Point of a very dreadful Discovery. Tit for Tat between my Lord and his Mistress, and my Lady and her Man.

LORD and Lady Sapplin being arrived so speedily to that blessed State of not being in Pain about one another's Sensations, either of Joy or Sorrow ; neither sleeping or waking together, but as little as possible ; she delighting in Mr. Samuel's polite Conversation, and his Lordship sighing for his dear Lucy, were each impatient for the Hour of returning to Town, he to meet his old Companions and his Mistress, she to figure away as a Woman of Quality, enjoy Mr. Samuel, and take place of the City Ladies.

HOWEVER, the Impatience of Lord Sapplin being so violent to be in the Arms of his dear Lucy, he could not refrain from writing the following Epistle.

“ *My dearest Lucy,*

“ **I** F my Lucy knew what I have suffered
 “ to make her happier than I could
 “ otherwise have possibly been capable of
 “ making her, in thus marrying the most
 “ disagreeable Creature that ever came
 “ from the Hands of Nature, she would
 “ adore

“adore me. Whatever there is of Aukward
“in Person, Stupid in Understanding, Hate-
“ful in Temper, she has deprived half the
“World of; she has an exhaustless Mine of
“these three excellent Qualities. Did you
“behold her when she is hung with Dia-
“monds, you would swear she was some
“Country May-Pole decked with Garlands
“of Flowers, being as tall, as small, and
“as wooden.

“BELIEVE me, my dearest Maid, when
“I saw her in her Wedding Sheets, she
“looked like the Monument overfet from
“the Foundation lying in one Piece, only
“more loathsome, because she was alive, and
“not quite so cold in her Constitution.
“Thank Heaven, the Sacrifice is at an End;
“we have quarrelled and parted Beds, which
“no Consideration shall ever make me par-
“ticipate with her again; yet this Wife I
“do not repent to have taken, since it ren-
“ders me more capable of pouring Treasure
“into the Lap of all I love, though I obtain
“it with all I hate.

“ONE Comfort I have, however, in this
“Union; which is, that if there should not
“at any Time remain to me One Shilling,
“yet whilst she lives I shall have it in my
“Power to maintain myself by making a
“Shew of her. She is better worth Six-
“Pence the seeing, than the tall *Saxon*.

“COME then, my charming *Lucy*, to the
“Arms of him that adores thee; *Samuel*
“shall conduct thee hither: Let me riot in
“thy

“ thy Charms, after this Mortification which
 “ I have suffered ; and let us laugh at this
 “ Thing, which is so ambitiously fond of
 “ being a Lady.

“ BELIEVE me, I love thee as much as I
 “ detest her ; which is as much as Human
 “ Nature is capable of conceiving. I am,

“ Thine eternally,

“ S A P P L I N .”

WITH this Letter Mr. *Samuel* had Orders to go directly to *London*, and bring *Lucy* to a Farmer's House adjoining to *Wormeaton* Castle. In the mean while the Earl of *Wormeaton* took an Occasion to talk with Lady *Sapplin* in the following Manner :

“ LADY *Sapplin*, says the Earl, I am sorry
 “ to see that Lord *Sapplin* and your Ladyship
 “ have so soon parted Beds: I hoped it would
 “ have held out a Month, at least: But, no
 “ Matter.” “ No great Matter, indeed,”
 “ says the Lady, as Things were like to go.”
 “ Madam, says the Earl, as your Education
 “ has not been much with People of Con-
 “ dition, permit me to observe to you, that
 “ the Nobility when they marry, especially
 “ with those not descended from noble
 “ Blood, are by no means tied to those ridi-
 “ culous Customs which are thought neces-
 “ sary in the Marriages of common People.

“ It is not to be conceived that we marry
 “ to please one another, but to render each

“ Person

“ Person more capable of pleasing itself :
“ For Example, Lord *Sapplin* can now in-
“ dulse himself in his Pleasures by Means
“ of your Fortune, and you by being exalted
“ to the Rank of a Lady; you are accounta-
“ ble to no Persons upon Earth. These are
“ the Privileges of us the Nobility.

“ IT is not to be imagined, that People
“ of Quality can renounce their former Pur-
“ suits, to dangle after one another, be shut
“ up in the same Coach, confined to one
“ Apartment, or bound to any one Thing :
“ You have your separate Delights, and you
“ have a Right to pursue them : Variety is
“ the Soul of Pleasure ; therefore all that is
“ necessary in the Behaviour of People of
“ Fashion, is, that in Company with one
“ another there appear an Ease of Conver-
“ sation, a Shew of Politeness and Regard,
“ and at the Bottom as much Carelessness as
“ you please. This is all I require : This
“ is all the World requires.

“ IF Carelessness, says the Lady, make a
“ Part of this necessary Politeness, I shall
“ give him enough of that, I believe ; and
“ as to the other, I shall do by him as he
“ does by me : If he provokes my Patience,
“ let him remember that Patience is a Pitcher,
“ which goes often to the Well, and may
“ crack at last ; and then I don't know what
“ may leak out.”

THE Earl begged it as a Favour, that all
Things might be preserved with good external
Appearances. “ And as to what passed
“ within,

“ within, he said, he was not solicitous ; she
 “ might do what she pleased, provided she
 “ preserved Appearances.

THIS Day being passed like the former, Lady *Sapplin* rose the next Morning, and enquired for Mr. *Samuel* to dress her Hair ; when, to her great Surprize, she found that Mr. *Samuel* had been sent to *London* on an Errand, which no one could tell what. This put a Thought into her Head, that Lord *Sapplin* had come to some Intelligence of her Affair, and had discharged him ; which did not a little discompose the Acids of her Ladyship's Disposition.

COMING down then to dine in her Disshabille, the Earl asked her, if she was ill ? She answered, “ No, that my Lord had very
 “ ill-naturedly sent Mr. *Samuel* from his Service, which hindered her from being dressed that Morning : I know the Reason,
 “ says she to her Lord, as well as you do ;
 “ but it shall be to no Purpose, I can assure you ;
 “ Things shall not go as you imagine.” At this the noble Lord began to fear he was discovered in his Amours with *Lucy* ; and said,
 “ My Lady, who has been babbling Nonsense in your Ears to create these Jealousies in your Head ?” “ I jealous ! says she ;
 “ 'tis you that are jealous : Because you knew
 “ that I liked his Manner of dressing my
 “ Hair, you have been mean enough to discharge him from your Service.” These last Words set all to Rights again : He assured her, that *Samuel* was only gone on a par-

particular Occasion to fetch him something from *London*; that he would return again that Evening; and so far was he from endeavouring to deprive her Ladyship of his Service, she might, if she pleased, take him entirely to be about her Person, as a Valet de Chambre. Thus each Party escaped from the Brink of a Discovery which would have been displeasing to both.

It seems his Lordship supposed that this Valet would be a kind of a Spy upon her Conduct, so that, if the Parents should die, he might be able to prove some Actions against her, which would create a Divorce; and was therefore extremely willing, that she should take him into her Service.

THE Heart of Lady *Sapplin* was now more at Ease; she began to think of finding in one Man what she had missed in another, and thus pass her Time tolerably well. She was a Lady by Marriage, and all other Things she had learnt from the Earl she might supply herself with.

NEXT Morning Mr. *Samuel* waited on her Ladyship, and told her, "He was now
"honoured with her Service alone; which
"Intelligence he had received from his
"Master, and thought himself the happiest
"Man on Earth:" His Lady, then expressing her Fears of his being dismissed, asked him on what account he had been at *London*? Which Mr. *Samuel* feigning great Difficulty to discover, whetted her Desire to know; when, after much Solicitation, he at last revealed the Reason of his Journey. At the
same

same Moment taking her in his Arms, and swearing she should find in him what was lost in my Lord; he thus imparted a Consolation to her drooping Spirits, which would otherwise have been difficultly communicated.

He then told her, that *Lucy* was to be conducted to my Lord's Apartment as soon as it was dark, and that he would be with her Ladyship at a certain Hour; which Hour she wished heartily was arrived, lest Lord *Sapplin* should be before-hand with her, being most vehemently determined to give him as good as he brought, and treat him with strict Justice.

If the Candles had not been extinguished, we might now have presented our Readers with a Scene which would make no small Figure in an Author, and give them much Diversion; but as that is impossible, we shall only say his Lordship lay in the Arms of his *Lucy* laughing at Lady *Sapplin*, and her Ladyship in those of her Valet de Chambre laughing at my Lord. And now it was that her Ladyship first conceived the Truth, that Nobility is nothing in the Dark.

THINGS being in this Way, she saw his Lordship with less Pain than before; she had found in the Codicil what was omitted in the Will, and having spliced the Footman to the Lord, had possessed between the two all that her Heart desired. She never wished to see his Lordship, but when she could not avoid it; and if they met at any Place, it was always the greatest Chance in the Universe; like that of two Lawyers meeting in Heaven.

C H A P.

C H A P. L.

The Advantages accruing to a Plebeian Lady marrying a Noble Lord. A true Definition of the Consummation of a Marriage, and the Reasons of its being done in the Country. A Scene of Altercation between the Earl and Lady Sapplin. Hopes of an Heir to this ancient Family. The great Advantage of Physical Irony.

AND here, courteous Reader, we would willingly solace you with a small Observation of the great Advantages which attend a rich Plebeian's Daughter marrying a noble Lord's Son. First, she is taken like Paper and Packthread, which inclose some rich Treasure, and which are generally thrown away, or destined to more ignoble Uses, after the Contents are taken out of them. Next of all, she has Liberty to sleep with the Man, if she cannot with the Master. Thirdly, she is postponed to some little dirty Bunter, who is kept at an excessive Expence, with the Money which she brings for her Fortune. Fourthly, she is despised in the Family, as a Machine made upon other Principles than those of noble Blood; something like a Wheelbarrow compared with an Orrery.

AT present we imagine our Readers begin to smell the true Design, which is so generally

nerally in Practice amongst the Great, of flying to the Country the Moment they are married, to consummate, as it is generally called, their Marriage. Now this Consummation of the Marriage is by no means to be understood in the vulgar Way of Bedding together, but a finishing entirely every thing relating to a Married Life, and settling into some uniform Behaviour to one another, against the Time of their appearing in Town. Wherefore, as this is not likely to be brought about without some small Agitations, Happiness like Wine being produced by Fermentation, the new-married Couple retire from the prying and sarcastic Eye of *London* to the Shades of a Country-House till the first Workings are over, and adjust the System of appearing in Town, without Danger of being discovered.

THE general Observation of Genius is, that it can see more in one Moment than those who have it not can in seven Years: And, in like manner, Lord and Lady *Sapplin*, being Genius's in their Way, had settled in three Weeks what Ministers, Commissaries, or Chargés des Affaires, would have taken twelve Months to adjust; such is the Effect of superior Understanding and good Will in what People chuse to do. Thus this Lord and Lady were prepared to appear in the best Company, without exposing themselves by their ill-understood and aukward Fondness, in less than three Weeks.

Now

Now the Darknefs began to be more agreeable to Lord and Lady *Sapplin* than the brighteft Sun-shine, becaufe their favourite Deeds were in the Dark. He ftole secretly, whenever there was the leaft Opportunity, to riot in the Company of his lovely *Lucy*; and ſhe entertained herſelf with Mr. *Samuel* as often as it was poſſible: He laughed with his Miſtreſs at the Gianteſs being obliged to ſleep alone; and ſhe thought the Exchange which ſhe had made, of the Maſter for the Man, was one of the beſt Bargains of her Life, being a Lady all Day, and ſomething better all Night. Indeed they began to ſmile at the ſeeing one another in the Morning; which Smile, left our Readers ſhould be apt to imagine as proceeding from ſome growing Fondneſs, we take the Liberty to free from that Miſtake, aſſuring them, that it aroſe from each Party's ſmiling at the Conſciouſneſs of having been happier the preceding Night, than the other might poſſibly conceive it.

IN this manner paſſed the Days at *Worm-eaton* Caſtle, and now it was that the Time recalled this noble Family to *London*, where her Ladyſhip received infinite Viſits from my Lord's Friends; all of which beheld her with the greateſt Regard, and at going away ſaid the prettieſt Things in her Favour imaginable. One Lady poſitively ſaid ſhe reſembled a Pantine, and wanted nothing but a Whalebone in her Head to give her a Twirl, and ſtirt her two long Arms into

Motion, which hung by her Sides : “ Only
“ but think, says she, what a Cousin we
“ have! in what manner she behaves! what
“ a Vacancy of Face, and Ignorance of all
“ Deportment! She looks at once as if she
“ was stuffed with the Pride, and yet dying
“ with the Shame, of being a Lady. This
“ seems as if she was conscious of her Mis-
“ take, and yet dared not retract. Poor De-
“ vil! she has an aukward Time of it. I ad-
“ mire, that those Cits are such Fools to
“ marry their Daughters to Noblemen!
“ What a ridiculous Ambition, for the sake
“ of the four Letters in the Word *Lady*, to
“ send the poor Things into Families that
“ despise them, and generally treat them
“ no better than upper Servants; and some-
“ times not so well, if their Woman is
“ handsome!”

THIS Lady was the Topick of all Conver-
sation, for some Time after her coming to
Town. Her fine Chair, her gaudy Town-
Coach, her superb Diamonds, her expensive
Cloaths, her every thing was the Subject of
every Female Tongue, till having been at
the Play, the Opera, Concerts and Routs,
sufficient to shew herself and her Finery,
having been lashed through a dozen Regi-
ments of Female Tongues, and finding that
Ladies are as plenty as Mushrooms, and as
suddenly created at the Court End of the
Town, she began to perceive, that unless
Mr. *Samuel*, her old Flame, had been added
to the Bargain, she would have had a cold
Time, and a poor Pennyworth of it.

AND

AND now it was that the Diameter of Lady *Sapplin* began to increase; which at first did not displease my Lord, till finding that her Time was protracted beyond the eleventh Month, his Lordship, having quitted her Bed at the End of three Weeks, began to suggest something which had not entered into his Head before: He imagined that some Intrigue or other might have given Being to this Child, and more than peradventure it might not be his own; and that, after all this Cunning of marrying a Woman to get Possession of a great Sum of Money, he might possibly leave his Estate to be inherited by a Son that was not the Issue of his Loins.

On this Account the Earl, who knew the Affair perfectly well of his Son's separating Beds, began to talk to her Ladyship in this Manner: "Madam, says he, this appears
" a little strange to me, that your Ladyship
" should not be yet brought to Bed, ten
" Months and more after having slept from
" Lord *Sapplin*; there must be some Reason
" which I cannot penetrate."

"THAT may be very likely, says she;
" I suppose, my Lord, you are no Physician."

"MADAM, says the Earl, there must be
" some Cause, I say."

"To be sure, says she, there is: Why I
" am married, am I not? Is not that the
" Cause? Don't Ladies generally breed after Matrimony?"

THIS Lady, like most others in *England*, when they have lost their Chastity, replace it with something called Assurance in high Life, and Impudence in low.

“ Is not your Son a Man? What Wonder
 “ is it a married Woman should breed?
 “ (laughing in the Face of the Earl.) Pray,
 “ my Lord, says she, has *Lucy Shelton* never
 “ bred, that you think it impossible for my
 “ Lord to have a Child? I think you ought
 “ to admire me for bringing an Heir to so
 “ antient a Family, since it seems a little
 “ suspicious whether you have ever expected
 “ it or not. Do you imagine the Family
 “ worn out? However, my Lord, don’t be
 “ in Pain; if this dies, I make no doubt but
 “ to provide another. We shall keep up the
 “ Breed.”

THIS Kind of Conversation did not please either Father or Son; though neither of them cared Six-pence who enjoyed her Favour, they were both terribly chagrined at the Thoughts of having their Estates inherited by a Child who was not of the Family. It seems it had never entered into their Heads, that a City-bred Woman would so suddenly advance into the Spirit of Intrigue; they imagined that those Transactions had been totally engrossed by the People of Quality, some few excepted; as, when a Merchant marries a Lord’s Daughter, she must be conceived to carry her Education along with her into the City.

LORD

LORD *Sapplin* was determined to know to whom he was indebted for this Favour of giving him an Heir to his Estate. He looked round and round, and during the Time of her being at *Wermeaton* Castle there was no one Man who came to the House, that seemed to be her Favourite more than another: For this Reason, he was much at a Loss how to account for this Phænomenon.

He therefore took Mr. *Samuel* aside one Day, and asked him if he knew of any one who seemed to be particularly favoured by his Lady? “ For, says he, here seems to be something not easily accounted for: You know I have deserted Lady *Sapplin*’s Bed more than ten Months, and she is not yet in the Straw. If you know any thing of this Affair, *Samuel*, says his Lordship, I hope you will acquaint me; it is a terrible Thing to have an Heir to one’s Estate, which is not of one’s own Begetting: You have been much about Lady *Sapplin*’s Person: If you have observed any thing where she has favoured any particular Man, it would please me much to know it; it may prevent future Affairs of that Nature.”

To this Mr. *Samuel* protested he had not the least Reason to suspect any one; that his Lady had never shewn any Preference to one Man above another, as far as he could perceive. “ But, my Lord, says he, as I subscribe to some of the Circulating Libraries, I read the other Day a Pamphlet, which

“ has a *Latin* Title; where it is proved, “ that a Lady may be breeding without the “ Knowledge of Man :” Meaning by this the Pamphlet *Lucina sine Concubitu*, written by the Author of *Pompey the Little*.

“ I WOULD have your Lordship read this “ Pamphlet; it may explain this Affair to “ you; it seems to be well written.” This Advice my Lord observed; which Pamphlet being taken in a serious Sense, he grew a little satisfied: He thought, though this Child might not be his, yet it might be nobody’s else; though in strict Speaking it was not his Heir, yet he could not be said to have suffered the Disgrace of Cuckoldom. This Consideration afforded some Alleviation of the Circumstance, though it created a Doubt and Suspence, which is by no means a pleasing Situation of the Mind, and made him look on his Lady with an Eye that did not bespeak much Good-Will; yet it excused him from the Opprobrium of Cuckoldom.

MATTERS proceeded in this State till Lady *Sapplin* lay in, when the Friends of Lord *Sapplin* wished him Joy of his Heir; which Salutation he received with but a shyish Kind of Reception; his Mind misgave him that it was not his Son, and yet he durst not confess so much to the World.

DURING this Time of Pregnancy Mrs. *Barter* was continually going to see her Ladyship: She was eternally talking of her Daughter Lady *Sapplin*’s big Belly, what a Happiness it would be to have an Heir to
that

that ancient Family, how glad she was that my Lady was so soon breeding, wishing for a Boy, and dinning the Ears of all the World she came near with Accounts of her Daughter Lady *Sapplin's* Breeding. She told every one how many Days she was sick in the Beginning, the Day of the Month she quickened, and gave a minute Account of the Baby-clothes, Blankets, and Pincushion which she herself had stuck with Pins in the Figure of an Earl's Coronet.

AND thus having brought this ancient Family an Heir, and her Ladyship to Bed, we take the Opportunity of resting ourselves, and conclude this Chapter.

CHAP. LI.

Lady Sapplin presents Lord Wormeaton and Lord Sapplin an Heir. No great Harmony in the Marriage. The Difference between the two States, of this Family and that of Sir William Worthy.

MY Lady being quite recovered, Visitings and all past, my Lord having never entered the Chamber during her whole Confinement to ask how she did, she took the Child, which he had never beheld, and carried it into the Parlour, where the Earl and his Son were sitting together. “My Lord, says she to the Earl, I have brought you the Heir to your Estate. Pray look upon him: Is not he a fine Boy? Don’t you think him prodigiously like his Papa?” At these Words Lord Sapplin could with Difficulty contain himself: He bid them carry away the Brat; “I hate such young Things,” says he. “Pray, my Lord, says Lady Sapplin, how does Lucy Shelton do? Is her Boy a finer than this? Does he resemble your Lordship as much? (for it seems Lucy had just lain in) I should be glad to compare them together.”

THESE Questions stopped the Mouths of the Father and Son, and saved her Ladyship from hearing something, which, though she knew it to be true, might not have pleased her

her in the highest Degree: She withdrew with the Child, laughing at the Pain which she had given them, because it gave her Pleasure.

By this time this noble Pair grew intolerable to one another; they never saw each other but when it was impossible to avoid it. She cursed the very Thoughts of Nobility, and he the Idea of a Citizen: For, as he had possessed the Money long enough to forget the Service it afforded him, and she had been a Lady till the Novelty was worn off, the Plague which each was to the other was the only Thing that remained from the Nuptial Ceremony.

How different was the Scene in *Cornwall*, with her Sister *Eliza*! Sir *William Worthy*, during the Time of her Pregnancy, contrived a thousand Amusements to keep her Mind from being too solicitous on the painful Hour. He amused her by Reading, by Company, by Cards, by Airings, and every kind of Device; and during the Pangs which made him happy in an Heir, he felt perhaps greater Affliction than his Lady. He scarce left her an Hour, without asking how she was; and gazed with the fondest Delight on the new-born Babe, smiling on him, and on the lovely Mother which gave it him; saying at the same time, "My
" Dear, this Child has brought with it to
" me a Sense as new and distinct from all
" others, as if I had been born blind, and
" this Moment had given me the Sense of
" Seeing."

“ Seeing.” No Joy was greater, no Man or Woman happier: Love had increased from the Nuptial Hour, and was still likely to augment as far as such Souls could receive additional Bliss.

THESE were the different States of the two Sisters. Lady *Sapplin* returned to the London Life of Visiting, Routing, Carding, Plays, Operas, Concerts, and Mr. *Samuel*: His Lordship followed his Pleasures at *White’s*, *Macklin’s*, and with *Lucy*, till the Money which had been received with his Lady began to grow very scarce: And now it was that their Joys seemed to be at the highest, their Meetings being but one eternal Dispute, she demanding Money, and he with nothing to give her. And notwithstanding that one was a Lord by Birth, and the other a Lady by Marriage, yet such was their Language, that we cannot think fit to stain this Paper with their Expressions, unless we wrote for no other Readers but those who live near the Gun Tavern in the Purlieus of *Billingsgate*. For we really have more than once known a noble Pair fall so much from its Dignity, that perhaps a Lady who deals in the scaly Tribe, and a Gentleman who sweeps with dashing Oars the Silver *Thames*, could not have exceeded them in the pure and essential Spirit of Scolding.

CHAP. LI.

Farther Proofs of Mr. Narrowbottom and Friend Abraham's Morality, and Friendship for the Earl of Wormeaton. A shrewd Remark. The Wormeaton Family distinguished by a Goddess. A Sample of Lord Sapplin's Forethought; and his Lady's Opinion of him. Her Escape, and Landing at Calais: And, several other Matters of great Importance.

IT may be remembered, that during the Time which Mr. *Narrowbottom* was transacting the Marriage, *Abraham Sly* the Quaker had given the Writings, which he had obtained from his Friend *Ishmael*, to a Lawyer to be examined. It seems then, that during this Interval, Mr. *Narrowbottom*, who was so generous and sincere a Friend, (a rare Instance in this corrupt Age) had, for the further Sum of Five Hundred Pounds, and a larger to the Lawyer, obtained exact Copies of the Writings of that Estate, which was mortgaged to *Ishmael*. This, the Earl of *Wormeaton* considered, might be of Use to him on a future Occasion; the pecuniary Possessions of Men frequenting *White's* being ever in a fluctuating State; the very River of Gold, which would float the *Royal Sovereign*, in Half an Hour ebbing so low, that it would leave the Pinnacle a-ground.

THESE he kept as a *Corps de Reserve*; and, as the same Lady, which had always accompanied

panied him and his Son during their former Life, scorned to desert him in his Hours of Affluence, these two Noblemen in her Company, applying like Noblemen, had exiled every Shilling of Lady *Sapplin's* Fortune, and Fifty Thousand Pounds more, which they had borrowed upon these sham Writings: For, in fact, their Debts being paid, and the Mortgage which was on the other Part of their Estate discharged, there remained little but a Power of mortgaging this Estate once more, which was already engaged to *Ishmael*, one Month after the Nuptial Day. In truth, it was on the Credit of the aforesaid Marriage, and the Money raised by the Means just mentioned, with which these noble Personages had figured away since that Time.

It has been remarked, by many a Man of very good Sense, that there is scarce a Person upon Earth, who is not a Favourite of some one or another, the Mind naturally giving the Preference to one Man or Woman above the rest: Even Animals and inanimate Beings find the same Favour. And anciently amongst Heroes, as may be much better seen in the Original than in *Pope's* Translation of *Homer*, the Gods and Goddesses had their Favourites. In like manner it was remarked, that the *Wormeaton* Family had been signally distinguished in all their Engagements by a Divinity, being no less than *Miss Fortune*, the Daughter of *Fortune*, a Goddess among the Ancients: And this, we beg Leave to observe, is the only Instance where Men had rather be honoured with the Mother's Favours than the Daughter's,

Daughter's, and prefer an old Woman to a young.

THE Money being exhausted, Lord *Sapplin* detested the Person who brought it: He bid her, in very unmannerly Terms, go to the old Thief her Father, if she wanted Money: "He has stolen enough from the World; let him supply your Extravagancies." "And your's too, I suppose, says she, at *White's*, and with your -----," a Word beginning with a *W*.

THIS being said, they parted; my Lord to look on at the Hazard-Table, (it seems he did not chuse to play that Evening, for Reasons to be imagined, rather than explained, when we speak of a Lord;) and she to some Rout of Distinction.

AND now there had been for some Time a small Suspicion in Lord *Sapplin's* Head, that this Favourite of his Lady was no less a Gentleman than his old Servant *Samuel Waitwell*. This Thought, it seems, took its Rise from the great Solitude which her Ladyship had shewn for the Life of Mr. *Samuel* when he was a little indisposed.

HIS Lordship, being therefore extremely irritated, was determined to surprize this Couple this Evening in their Loves; and therefore, having charged himself with a Bottle of Champagne extraordinary, he was brought home in his Chair; when, drawing his Sword, he ran immediately up to his Lady's Room, determined to dispatch the Author of his Disgrace: But, as it unluckily happened for him, and very lucky for Mr. *Samuel*
and

and her Ladyship, they were not in Bed ; and for this Reason, because she was not come home from her Company, having tarried later than his Lordship that Night : And this must be allowed to be particularly fortunate for this loving Pair, as it was the only Cause which could have saved them from Discovery and Perdition.

His Lordship however, who had never been much used to weigh Things before-hand, and would have made a very bad Balance-Master of *Europe*, by no means rivalling the God of Blacksmiths, in contriving to catch two Lovers together, had never suspected a Disappointment from her not being at home : He therefore, on opening the Door, cried out, “ Now I have you, you Dog ! ” and, running to the Bed, was surprised to find no body in it.

THIS Disappointment then went to his Heart : He could not bear himself, and therefore was instantly carried to *Lucy Shelton's* Lodgings, where he spent the Night, and recovered the Disappointment.

THIS Affair, however, did not pass unnoticed by Mr. *Samuel* : He perceived what was gotten into his Master's Head, and therefore took occasion to bolt the Door, and acquaint his Lady with the whole Transaction that Night.

“ A JEALOUS Puppy ! says she ; did I ever
“ interrupt him in his Amours with *Lucy*
“ *Shelton* ? Does the Fool imagine that I
“ am to be terrified by his Threats ? I wish
“ I had been here, I would have put him
“ through the Window ; a He-she Thing !
“ a

“ a Disgrace to his Sex ! a Fribble !---Come
“ to my Arms, my dear *Samuel* ! let him ap-
“ proach if he dares ; I’ll defend thee from
“ Injury with my Life.” She then threw
her Arms around his Waist, like a white
Girt round a Pack-Horse.

Mr. *Samuel*, though he knew that his Lord-
ship was not much to be dreaded, did not like
his Intent. Beside this, he had a great mind
to figure away in *France* : He therefore per-
suaded her Ladyship to leave my Lord, and fly
to *Paris*, where they might revel uninterr-
rupted in their Joys, and he might appear as
the reputable Gallant of a Lady of Quality.

ALL Things being concerted for this
Escape, her Diamonds and every thing of
Value packed up, she took the Liberty of
entering into a Post-Chaise with Mr. *Samuel*
Waitwell ; and running to *Dover* as fast as
Post-Horses could carry them, they immedi-
ately hired a Ship, and setting sail for *Calais*,
landed three Hours and a Half after their Em-
barkation, free from all Danger of being
seized.

FROM this Place the Lady wrote a full and
true Account of the whole Life, Conversation
and Behaviour of Lord *Sapplin*, from the
Nuptial Night when he first came to Bed to
her, to that very Night when she first went to
Bed to Mr. *Samuel* : For we are most authenti-
cally assur’d from Mons. *Grandfire*, at the Sign of
the *Silver-Lion* at *Calais*, whose Name we have
Authority to quote on this Occasion, that my
Loord *Waitwell*, (which Appellation he was
honoured with at the Moment of his Land-
ing,

ing, and which shews the Folly of sailing round the World for a Title, when a Man may have it for crossing from *Dover* to *Calais*) was certainly in Bed before his Lady that Night; the Philosophical Causes of which we conceive to be two-fold, the Fear of being caught, which Mr. *Samuel* had undergone during the passing from *London* to *Dover*, having exhausted his delicate Spirits; and the greater Equality, which he knew for the future might be observed between his Lady and himself. And thus, in Imitation of the greatest Historians, we plume ourselves on having given the true History of the Facts, and assigned the Cause which produced them.

HAVING landed this Pair of amorous Fugitives in perfect Safety, we beg Leave to suffer them to pursue their Road to *Paris*, whilst we step back to see in what Manner Mr. and Mrs. *Barter* received the Intelligence of their Daughter's Flight; only first observing, how justly Things are disposed in this World; that, though Men may make Laws to keep young Ladies from marrying, yet they cannot from cuckolding their Husbands when they are married; and though they may be prevented from running away with the Man they like before Matrimony, they cannot be hindered from doing it after they are wedded: Wherefore, taking all Things together, and weighing them well, we presume it will be found, that these Women are but little Sufferers in this new Act; only in one Respect, in some scrupulous Heads, which is the Breach of the Seventh Commandment: And yet

yet this is easily gotten over by reading it according to that Edition of the Bible, in which it was printed, "Thou shalt commit Adultery;" which Command this Act may in its Consequences enforce, which will undoubtedly cause several new Editions of that Book to be printed in that manner. And several Divines, who have written in favour of the *Jews*, to prove, either with or without Points, that, according to the right Reading the *Hebrew*, this is the true Translation and Sense of the Words. And here we take upon us to prophecy, that this Seventh Command, according to the true Reading as above, will be more faithfully observed than all the other Nine, adding the Eleventh to the Bargain; which certainly offers as great Hopes of the glorious Return of Christianity, now almost banished from the Kingdom, as a pious Heart can wish.

THEREFORE with this Prophecy we end this Chapter, the Spirit of Divination suddenly deserting us; and with one Observation, that no Man of Genius should write a Syllable either before or after the immediate Inspiration: Which Observation, strictly adhered to, would spoil the Fortunes of Printers and Booksellers, and bring Men of Talents into Fashion; a Thing which we never expect to behold any more in this Nation; *Fuimus* being the Motto with respect to Understanding, and *Sumus* with respect to Money, the only earthly or heavenly Thing coveted in this Age, which, of all others, ought to be called the Golden.

C H A P.

C H A P. LIII.

A Visit from the Earl of Wormeaton to Mrs. Barter, or rather a Dispute, in which the Female gets the better; and his Lordship walks off with a Flea in his Ear.

MRS. Barter having received this Letter from her Daughter, wherein she had set forth the Manner in which she had been treated by Lord *Sapplin*, not forgetting to magnify his living with Harlots, and deserting her Bed; a Circumstance which she knew her Mother would never forgive, who, being warmed into a most noble Fury against such Treatment, was treating our *English* Nobility with great Freedom, when a Servant brought Word, that the Earl of *Wormeaton* was below. It seems, Mr. Barter was not returned from the *Exchange*. "Bid him come up," says she.

The Noble Earl, having mounted the Stair-Case, entered the Room and bowed, asking very politely after her Health, and whether Mr. Barter was at home or not.

"He is not," answers Mrs. Barter, with a Face as angry and terrifick as the Gorgon's; "but I suppose I know your Errand."

"MADAM, says the Earl, it gives me Pain to speak to a Lady on so tender an Occasion as a Daughter's flying from her Husband with so mean a Fellow as a Servant."

"I WON-

“ I WONDER my Daughter staid so long
“ with him as she did, says Mrs. *Barter* :
“ Here’s her Letter. Is it like a Lord to use
“ a Woman as he did her ? The first Month
“ leave her Bed for a nasty W---- ! Is this
“ like a Man ? I thought Lords had been
“ Men, as well as other Folks ; or I should
“ not have given Seventy Thousand Pounds
“ in Marriage with her to a Thing that is
“ not a Man : If my Husband had served
“ me so, I would have done as she has done.
“ What ! Seventy Thousand Pounds, and
“ not have a Man for that Money ? ”

“ MADAM, says the Earl, we Nobility
“ always think that we have a Right to these
“ Indulgences ; it is granted by Prescription.”

“ AND we Women, says she, think we
“ have a Right to a Man for a Husband, and
“ plead Presumption for that too, (mistaking
“ his Lordship’s last Word) : There’s Pre-
“ sumption for Presumption : What a-dic-
“ kens ! because a Woman marries a Lord,
“ she must have no Husband, must she ?
“ Fine Doings, indeed ! What’s become of
“ the Money which you had with my Daugh-
“ ter ? If you minded your Wives more,
“ and your W---- less, it would be better for
“ you and your Family.”

“ MADAM, says the Earl, raising his
“ Crest, do you know to whom you speak ? ”
“ To whom I speak ! yes, says she, to a beg-
“ garly Lord, that has betrayed my Daughter
“ to marry a Thing that is not a Man, and
“ who would not have had an Inch of Estate
“ remaining,

“ remaining, but for my Daughter’s Fortune. Ah! what do you think that Money is not as good as Title? Can you live upon your Titles? Carry them to the Butcher, Baker, and Brewer, see what they’ll for.”

Now it may be observed in this Place, that a good Education is hardly ever effaced; and that when Children, as *Solomon* observes, are trained up in the Way they should go, when they become old they will not depart from it: Which, being so well supported by Experience in this Instance, will, I hope, prove an Admonition to all Parents to give their Children a becoming Education.

WITHOUT this how could it possibly be imagined, that Mrs. *Barter* could have so cleanly and cleverly talked off a noble Earl, if her Manner of being bred had not furnished her with such Force of Reasoning, such elegant Expression, and such manly Behaviour? for the Benefit of all which, we presume, it is the Custom of Country ‘Squires to let their Children continually learn this useful Part of Knowledge in the Kitchen amongst the Servants, and only keep Company themselves with the Hounds which lie snoring round the Fire in the Parlour.

HIS Lordship, however, seeing that there was no great Probability of being heard, withdrew; assuring her, that Lord *Sapplin* would immediately sue out a Divorce, and get the Marriage dissolved.

“ WILL

“ WILL you give me my Money again,
“ says she? What! now you have spent her
“ Fortune, you think to send my Daughter
“ a packing. Do you think there’s no Law
“ for any but Lords? Go, get you gone
“ home to your Son; bid him go to his
“ W-----.” At which Time his Lordship
took Leave very hastily, and Mrs. *Barter* shut
the Door as hastily after him. Which Oc-
casion we take, in Imitation of our Betters,
to shut this Chapter as hastily.

C H A P. LIV.

Mr. Narrowbottom, towards his latter End, cuts a bad Figure. A Dialogue between him and a Divine. His Discoveries.

WE shall now turn our Views upon Mr. *Narrowbottom*, who had fought the good Fight of Antichrist, without having the least Tincture of Popery in his Composition; having made innumerable Boys Converts to *no* Religion, by his Conversation at a Coffee-House, where he presided for that Purpose, when their Understandings were weak; and re-converted all those to Religion, by the same Manner of talking, whose Intellects grew stronger, the Difference lying entirely in the Abilities of the Hearers, whom Time had taught to see Things in different Lights.

THIS Gentleman, like the great Mr. *Broughton*, conceiving himself to be totally invincible, had, in imitation of that Hero, very modestly chosen for his Motto, *Hic cestus artemq; repono*. Alas! how arrogant is the Pride of Man! another *Slack* attacks this mighty Man of Reason in the Shape of a Disease, which threatened him with a very dangerous Combat, and obtained the Victory. And here we request the Liberty of making a certain Remark, which we have found to be true in several faithful Experiments; which is, That

as Men of too much Superstition are apt to look at Religious Objects through the Spy-Glass with the End which magnifies them too much, so those who have no Religion at all are continually inverting the Perspective, by which all those Objects are lessened and thrown at a great Distance; with this Difference only, that towards the Close of the Scene these last-mentioned Gentlemen are sure to turn the Perspective Glass the other Way, and then the same Objects appear to have an immense Magnitude from their having been always beheld in the former Manner.

THIS Disease then had been the Cause of Mr. *Narrowbottom's* turning his Glass; he began to see Things in quite another Light than usual; there did not appear to be all that Reason, which he had formerly imagined, in his Manner of Thinking. He doubted the Truth of what he thought himself fully convinced of, and wished sincerely that he had not been mistaken in his Reasoning. As his Disease increased, he grew infinitely afraid of dying; he sent for *Ward*, tried Dr. *James's* Powder the same Day, and run from Remedy to Remedy thro' all the Advertisements. "Is there nothing in Medicine, says he, which can save my Life a few Years? Must I die?" At which Words he seemed to sink beneath his own Weight; and now every Transaction of his Life which had long been forgotten recoiled upon his Mind, and urged him with excessive Disquiet: He therefore could not bear the Sight of those Men who were his

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former Companions ; their very Names were grown detestable to his Ears, for which Reason he forbid their coming to see him.

WHEN he was alone, he cried out continually, " What a Wretch I am ! Too late " I find that I have shut the Gates of Heaven against my Prayers. Is there no Pardon for Sins like mine ? Wretch, that I am ! is there no Mercy for me, a Sinner ? " I dare not invoke the Name of that God " which I have so often blasphemed. Is " there no Path to fly from Death ? no " Road that leads from eternal Punishment ? Oh ! Reason, Reason, feeble Guide " to Human Kind ! But why do I exclaim " against Reason ? It was my Madness, my " Folly, or my Wickedness, which is yet a " greater Crime, that has brought this Misery upon me ! "

" OH ! *Betty*, says he to his favourite Servant, let me intreat you, let the Words " of a dying Wretch prevail, fly all the " Crimes which Religion bids you shun, " and you may yet be happy ; it is too late " for me." At these Words she desired him to have a Divine, to talk with upon the Subject. " Can he come secretly ? " says he. " To be sure he can," says she. " Let " him then To-night, as soon as it is dark ; " let it be as soon as it is dark. Oh ! *Betty*, " *Betty*, what Pangs do I endure ! "

As soon as it was dark then, a Divine, whose Life did Honour to Human Nature, came to visit him. " Sir, says he, I have waited " upon

“ upon you at your Request ; and if any
“ thing in my Power can alleviate the
“ Distress which your Servant says you
“ undergo, I shall with Pleasure impart it
“ to you ; the Mercies of Heaven are infi-
“ nite.” “ Are they infinite ? are you sure,
“ Sir, says he, (eagerly seizing the Clergy-
“ man’s Hand) that the Mercies of Heaven
“ are infinite ? Then there may be yet some
“ Hope. Can I obtain Mercy ? Can a
“ Wretch like me obtain Mercy ? Do you
“ think it is possible for so heinous a Sinner
“ as I am, to obtain Mercy ? Oh ! Sir, you
“ know not how abandoned I have been !”
“ Sir, says the Divine, with God all Things
“ are possible.” “ Are they possible ? Teach
“ me to obtain his Pardon : What would
“ my Soul give to obtain that Pardon ! Oh !
“ Sir, you cannot conceive how wretched I
“ have made myself !”

THE Divine then told him, if he had done any thing unjustly, he should endeavour to make Retaliation, and reinstate to their former Manner, as far as it was possible, all Things in which he had done amiss.

HE then informed the Divine of his Transactions between the two Families of *Worm-eaton* and *Barter*, the Manner of obtaining the Writings from *Ishmael* by means of *Abraham Sly*, and the copying them again by the Lawyer for the Earl ; desiring him to reveal the whole Matter to Mr. *Barter* : All which he deposed properly the next Day on Oath.* He then made his Will, and disposed of his Ef-

fects charitably, according to the Divine's Direction: After which he said, "Sir, may Heaven bless you! Are not you afraid of Death?" "Not at all," says the Clergyman. "Had I passed my Life like you, I had been happy, says *Narrowbottom*, sighing and weeping; methinks I feel my Bosom lighter by your Conversation and Company; shall I be favoured with it again To-morrow?" To which he was answered, he should. The Morrow and every Day after, during his Life, he was visited by this good Man, in whose Company alone he was only easy one Minute, continually asking if he thought it was possible he could be saved: "Is it possible?" he cried.

At length he expired in Agonies and Horrors, which no Pen can describe, which are terrible to Human Nature to conceive, and which we shall not attempt, hoping that no Human Creature will ever taste the like Calamity hereafter.

CHAP. LV.

A small Conversation between Mr. Barter and Ishmael the Jew. Another between Ishmael and Abraham. The Advantage of Affirmation in a Quaker. A Divorce; and its Antithesis.

THIS Discovery of the forged Writings was made known by the Clergyman to Mr. Barter, who saw himself in a Situation which he by no means liked; he therefore waited on *Ishmael the Jew*, to know if he had a Mortgage on the Estate of the Earl of *Wormeaton*; which being answered that he had, says *Barter*, “Are not you a very honest Man? Does not your Nation deserve
“very particular Encouragement, and to be
“united with this for their Probity? Did
“not you lend the Writings to *Abraham Sly*,
“who put them into the Hands of a Lawyer?
“Which Lawyer has taken Copies of
“them, by Lord *Wormeaton’s* Order; so
“that it is ten thousand to one but the
“Estate is mortgaged again, and you lose
“your Money: Your Villainy shall come
“out.” This *Ishmael* denied, swearing by the God of *Moses* that it was not true.

HOWEVER, *Barter* told him, that *Narrow-bottom* had confessed and sworn to this upon his Death-Bed: “I shall immediately begin
“a Chancery-Suit with you, and I make no
“doubt

“doubt of obtaining my Suit from the
 “Hands of that Chancellor who decides
 “with so much Equity.”

THIS staggered *Ishmael* not a little ; where-
 fore at *Barter*’s leaving him he hurried to
Abraham Sly’s the Quaker, whom finding at
 home, he acquainted him with what *Barter*
 had said, with respect to *Narrowbottom*.
 “Mr. *Sly*, says *Ishmael*, this is not fair Play ;
 “you promised the Writings should not go
 “out of your Hands.” “I believe Thee
 “art mistaken, Friend *Ishmael*: Was there
 “any one by when I told thee so ?” “No,”
 “says *Ishmael* ; to be sure there was not.”
 “Why then, Friend *Ishmael* ; says he, Thee
 “may’st depend that Thee art mistaken in
 “this Thing, and that I never told Thee
 “so.” At which *Ishmael* being a little warm,
 called him quaking Rascal. “You Dog,
 “says he, you have forfeited your Honour ;
 “and thus probably I shall lose my Mort-
 “gage by your Roguery, you Rascal.”
 “Friend *Ishmael*, says *Abraham* with all the
 “Calmness in the World, Thee shouldst
 “not throw Stones, who hast a Head of
 “Glass thyself : Thee knowest that what-
 “ever may happen in this Affair, Thee
 “canst have no Title to Honesty, who lendest
 “the Writings to deceive Neighbour *Barter*.
 “Therefore Thee canst get nothing by quar-
 “relling with me ; but I may be thy Friend
 “in the Chancery Suit, Thee knowest.”
 Which last Hint pacified *Ishmael* a little,
 and sent him home to consider upon this
 Affair,

Affair, not without some Trepidation for his Money.

DURING this Time Lord *Sapplin* had commenced a Divorce in Doctors Commons against his Lady, and Mr. *Barter* a Chancery-Suit against the Earl of *Wormeaton*, for having settled an Estate on his Daughter, which was mortgaged. During the Course of this Trial, it was necessary that Mr. *Abraham Sly* should be examined as an Evidence before Commissioners in Chancery. It seems there was a Clerk to the Lawyer, who had sworn that he had received some Writings from *Abraham*, to carry to his Master. Wherefore *Abraham* having taken his solemn Affirmation, standing as perpendicular as a Plumb-line, with his Hat fixed upon his Head, was desired to give the Gentlemen present an Account of what he knew relating to these Writings. "Why really, says *Abraham*, "I must tell Thee that I did give some "Writings to that young Man who swore "it; but then they were Writings which "related to quite another Thing as I apprehended, being Writings of an Estate of a "Friend Thee knowest, (I need not tell his "Name, it would not be right in such "Case,) who wanted to mortgage it to me; "therefore I sent them to this Lawyer to be "read." "But did you never receive any "Writings of Lord *Wormeaton's* Estate from "the Hands of *Ishmael*, and then send them "to the Lawyer to be examined?" says the Commissioner. "Not that I know, Friend:

“ As an honest Man, I cannot positively af-
 “ firm that, because I have received Wri-
 “ tings from Friend *Ishmael*’s Hands, which I
 “ never read. Thee knowest, Friend, one
 “ cannot affirm to Things one has never
 “ read, one cannot know Neighbour *Worm-*
 “ *caton*’s Writings by the Outside; there-
 “ fore I do affirm to Thee that I have never
 “ knowingly received such Writings. They
 “ may have been put into my Hands to hold,
 “ when I was transacting Affairs with Friend
 “ *Ishmael* at his House, and he was looking
 “ for other Papers. How can a Man affirm,
 “ says he, that he never received them?
 “ Thee knowest, an honest Man should be
 “ scrupulous in Matters of Affirmation.”

“ BUT, Sir, says a Commissioner, Mr.
 “ *Narrowbottom* on his Death-Bed swore po-
 “ sitively, that you obtained these Writings
 “ from Mr. *Ishmael*, and gave them to Mr.
 “ *Barter*’s Lawyer; and for this you had a
 “ Thousand Pounds.”

“ FRIEND, says *Abraham*, Thee dost not
 “ know, perhaps, that Friend *Narrowbottom*
 “ was delirious for a long while before he
 “ died; his Head ran upon nothing but the
 “ Devil, Hell-Fire, and such Sort of Ob-
 “ jects. Thee knowest, says he, (leering a
 “ little) that these are Marks of a distem-
 “ pered Mind: Thee wouldst not believe a
 “ Man whose Head ran upon these Things.”
 “ Sooner than one whose Head ran upon a
 “ Belief that there were no such Things,
 “ says the Commissioner; because he has at
 “ least

“ least one Curb from doing amiss, which I
 “ apprehend you have not, the Fear of future
 “ Punishment.” This Answer did not please
 Friend *Abraham* a bit.

THE Divine who attended Mr. *Narrow-bottom*, and his Servant, swore he was perfectly in his Senses; and thus, every thing proved, the Chancellor, with that Equity which ever attends his Decisions, ordered that Mr. *Ishmael* should forfeit his Right of Mortgage, and that the Settlement made on Lady *Sapplin* should be valid.

DURING these Transactions the Divorce was brought into *Westminster-Hall*, where several Letters of Lady *Sapplin* were read, to the great Pleasure and Diversion of the young and old Council, the Judges themselves sometimes leering a little behind the great Wig; which Letters, as they do not redound much to the Honour of Lord or Lady *Sapplin*, and are not a very proper Specimen for young Ladies to imitate, though extremely familiar, we have dared to omit inserting even a Sample of in this History. At the End the Divorce was obtained, and this noble Lord and Lady were separated with more Pleasure than they were joined, ten times over.

DURING this Time Lady *Worthy* often expressed great Pity and Compassion for her Parents and Sister: “ I am not surpris’d, says
 “ she, that my Sister fled from the Man she
 “ married: She had never conceived the least
 “ Esteem or Passion for him, the foolish
 “ Vanity of being a Lady overcoming every
 F 5 “ other

“ other Consideration : Who then can wonder, that when, like a Baby, she was tired with her Rattle, she threw it away? In truth, says she, the Nobility conceive, that Citizens Daughters are caught by a Title, as Children are by the Gold upon Gingerbread, to snap at Trash which hurts their Happiness for ever.”

“ WHY, my Life, says Sir *William*, you are satyrick this Morning, (smiling at the same Time :) I see you are not a gall-less Pigeon, though you pass so much Time in seeing and remarking their Loves and Fidelity.” “ My Dear, says she, the Folly of our Sex and the Vanity of the Nobility will, I hope, plead my Excuse for this Sarcastm; it is the last I shall make.” “ No, pray, my Dear, says he, proceed; you succeed very well; let me hear what you have to say against me.” “ Against you! says she; I wish I never had seen your Face.” “ How so, pray, *Betsy*?” “ Why, you are so much superior to all other Men in my Eyes, you have totally unfitted me for the Company of the Sex: Is not this depriving me of great Happiness? says she, smiling and kissing him: Have I not Reason to wish I had never seen you?” “ You Coaxer! (says Sir *William*, smiling with Tears of Joy) you are a downright Coaxer, *Betsy*,” pronouncing it with a Delight which exceeds every other Heart-felt Sensation that Human Nature can conceive.

“ My

“ My Dear, says she, perhaps it would
“ not be amiss if we asked my Father and
“ Mother to pass a little Time with us :
“ Since my Sister’s leaving *London*, and those
“ other Things which have happened to
“ them, I fancy a little Retirement in the
“ Country would not be disagreeable : They
“ are my Parents, my Dear,” says she.

“ AND mine also, my dearest *Betsy*, says
“ he : Surely I must love the Authors of all
“ my Happiness ; they will be most extremely
“ welcome to me. Your Parents, *Betsy*, are
“ equally dear to me as my own would be if
“ they were alive. It is probable, if they
“ had never been, I had not tasted of true
“ Felicity.” She smiled with Sensibility and
Applause, and thanked him with a Kiss.

SHE then wrote a Letter to her Mother,
inviting her into the Country with all the Sin-
cerity and true Politeness which Duty can
dictate ; which Letter being well received,
her Parents determined to see Sir *William*
and Lady *Worthy*, in *Cornwall*.

By this Time there were at *Worthy-Hall*
two fine Boys and one little Girl, as beauti-
ful as the sublimest Idea of a Painter’s *Cupid*,
or the Children of *Fiamingo* : These were the
Delight of the happy Parents, who loved
them to Excess. To see this Man and Wo-
man gazing with excessive Fondness on their
prattling Offspring, lost in Transport and
Delight at their little Sports, the Pleasure
darting from their Eyes whilst she hung at Sir
William’s

William's Arn, smiling in his Face at every pretty Expression which they uttered; the rosy Cheeks, shining Eyes, and laughing Countenances of this little Troop, appearing like a Groupe of Angels round the Mother of the Author of our Salvation, in the Pictures of the finest *Italian* Masters; was an Object on which Heaven itself might look with Pleasure.

NEVER were Man and Woman so happy as this Couple. Sir *William* loved rural Sports moderately; he sometimes hunted, and sometimes amused himself with shooting: At his Return from his Diversions he always found every thing ready for his changing, lest he should catch Cold: It was not his Lady's Hands that placed them where they should be; but her fond and faithful Heart suggested, and her vigilant Eyes saw, that every thing which Sir *William* might have Occasion for should be ready at his Return.

" My Dear, says he, (kissing her) you
 " will make me grow sick of Life; all
 " Things will become insipid to me: You
 " are determined I shall not feel a Moment's
 " Want of any thing: Even this Bliss which
 " I enjoy will become delightless, unless you
 " let me know its Value by sometimes feeling
 " the Absence of it."

" My Dear, says she, the Sufferings of
 " too many others will teach us to taste our
 " blissful State, without seeking Disappoint-
 " ments in our own Lives."

" WHY,

“ Why, you Philosopher in Petticoats, if
“ Women could but take Orders, I would
“ present you with the Living of *Brightley*,
“ says he, which is just going to fall into
“ hand: The good old Incumbent is near
“ his latter End.”

“ WELL then, since I cannot possess, let
“ me present it, says Lady *Worthy*; I shall
“ give it to the Man you would prefer, I am
“ sure.”

“ AH! says he, to young *Thoroughgood*, I
“ suppose? I have given it away already
“ expressly, to prevent your Application
“ there.”

“ THAT is not kind indeed, Sir *Wil-*
“ *liam*,” says she.

“ INDEED it is, my *Betsy*, says he: No
“ Man on Earth deserves it better than him
“ to whom I have presented it.”

“ TELL me then, says she, to whom?”

“ IT is to *Thoroughgood*,” answered he.

“ AH! you Deceiver, says she, you made
“ me uneasy: Why did not you tell me when
“ you gave it him?”

“ ON purpose, says he, to shew you, that
“ I never can be unmindful of doing every
“ thing which can give my *Betsy* Pleasure.”

DURING the Afternoons she played and
sung at her Harpsichord to Sir *William*,
which sounded sweeter in his Ears than the
Musick of the Spheres; such Effect Love has
upon all Things. She sometimes drew little
Landscapes, which he valued more than the
Paintings

Paintings of *Claude Lorain*, or *Salvator Rosa*, and called his Collection: At other Times she worked, whilst Sir *William* read to her. These were their Employments when there was no Company at *Worthy-Hall*; besides playing and walking with the Children, and observing the Loves of the Pigeons, whose Fidelity Lady *Worthy* had always admired from Infancy.

It was, indeed, a true Paradise regain'd; and notwithstanding she knew what Routs, Operas, Plays, gilt Coaches and Chairs truly were, she never uttered one Sigh after these Possessions, fancying, poor Soul! that her Husband was in himself equal to all these supreme Delights; and laughing at those Ladies who placed their Happiness in such Kind of Enjoyments.

INDEED, there was one Thing more, which I omitted in the Catalogue of their Felicity, a Love for each other, which was the sincerest that ever Human Hearts conceived; which gives an essential Bliss to every Possession, and without which Human Life is hardly worth possessing. And with this Assertion we close this Chapter.

C H A P. LVI.

*Mr. and Mrs. Barter arrive at Worthy-Hall.
Mr. Thoroughgood declines. His Death
not like Narrowbottom's. Mr. and Mrs.
Barter's Return to London.*

MR. Barter and his Wife, coming to Sir *William Worthy's*, were greatly pleased with the Happiness which they found at *Worthy-Hall*: Then they perceived how much better the Passion of Love can chuse for itself, than Pride and Avarice in Parents can determine for it. This Couple had never conceived that Human Nature could attain such pure Felicity; their Joys were eternally springing to their Eyes: The Children's Beauty, the Affection of Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, made such an Impression on the Heart of Mr. Barter and his Wife, that he gave by his Will his whole Fortune entirely into the Hands of Sir *William*. Indeed he would have settled it upon his Daughter, and in her Power; but she prevailed upon him to bequeath it to Sir *William*: "It would ruin
" all my Happiness, says she, to have him
" imagine, after you have seen his Affection
" for me, that you thought him unworthy
" of being entrusted with every thing which
" can be mine."

IN this Part of *England* Mr. and Mrs. Barter spent a Summer; sometimes at Mr.

Mr. *Thoroughgood*'s, sometimes at Sir *Oliver Hearty*'s, in a Manner which they had never any Notion of before: All was Ease, Freedom, Good-Humour and Sprightliness.

Now it was that Mr. *Thoroughgood* felt a slow Disease creeping upon him, which gave every one Anxiety but himself: His Wife, his Children, and Friends, asking him how he was, seeing his Languor, the Tears started from their Eyes before his Answer: "My
 " dear Friends, says he, what is the Cause of
 " all this Pain on my Account? Has my
 " Life been passed in such a Manner that
 " you are in Fear for me at my departing
 " Hour? Let me not suffer for what you
 " feel: Indeed I perceive no Pang at the
 " Thoughts of what must soon befall me.
 " Think you I have taught so many to die,
 " and not learnt that Secret myself? Let me
 " see you as chearful as if I was to lay me
 " down to sleep: Consider it is some Happiness for you, that my Name is secured
 " from falling into Disesteem; I trust I have
 " that Happiness."

AT these Words every Eye flowed with Tears, every Bosom sobbed with Sorrow, whilst he alone said, " Indeed, indeed, this
 " is not kind, to make my last Moments
 " filled with Anguish on your Account.
 " What is there to happen, which you have
 " not all known these many, many Years?
 " Besides, you conceive me, perhaps, in a
 " worse Condition than I am: Let us take a
 " little Walk in the Wood together." Thither

ther they accompanied him, and he appeared to be so easy, from the Desire of dissipating their Anxiety, that the whole Company believed him much better.

SAYS Mr. *Barter*, “ Does this Man think
“ so lightly of Death, as he pretends? I
“ can scarce conceive it; ’tis very strange!
“ I believe I shall never be able to think so
“ lightly of it: I wish it appeared to me in
“ that Manner.” Now there is but one Receipt in the World for curing the Fears of Death, and this is the only Disease for which there is no Elixir or Pill advertised in the Daily Papers; nor *Ward’s* Pill, nor *James’s* Powder, have any Effect here; being, in fact, the Consciousness of having passed a virtuous Life, which, it seems, Mr. *Thoroughgood* had done, and Mr. *Barter* had not.

As Mr. *Thoroughgood* grew weaker, he grew more chearful, to disguise his Condition from his Family: At length, finding that Life was going apace, he called his Wife, his Son, and Daughter, about him: His Friends who were at Sir *Oliver’s* came to see him for the last Time; when, sitting in his Chair, he said to Mrs. *Thoroughgood*, “ Give me thy
“ Hand, my dear Wife!” Then, looking up to her Face flowing with Tears, he said,
“ We have passed our Days in a Happiness
“ which few in this World have known;
“ therefore I can better bear the Moment of
“ my own Departure than that of thine.
“ My Children! I need not request you to
“ continue your Duty to this best of Parents:
“ May

“ May your Lives be spent as happily as
 “ ours have been, till you arrive where I am
 “ going, to the Abode of eternal Happiness
 “ and Joy !” Saying this, he closed his Eyes,
 which never opened more, without one Struggle,
 Groan or Sigh. Thus dies Righteousness in Peace.

His poor Wife fell into a Swoon, and was carried away; one Flood of Tears deluged the whole Family: His Parishioners mourned as if they had lost their common Parent; and every Man and Woman wore some Token of their Grief for his Loss. The Gentleman, whose Right the Living was in, no sooner heard of his Death, than he complimented his Son with it, for the Sake of the Father’s Character. Of such Use is the Life of a good Man to the Children which are descended from him.

AND now Mr. *Barter* and his Wife prepared to return to *London*; they would have persuaded their Son and Daughter to accompany them, which Lady *Worthy* begged to be excused from: “ I am, says she, as happy
 “ as I can imagine Human Nature is capable of being; perhaps this is a Deceit
 “ which I have nursed in myself, because I
 “ know no better. I see, Madam, says she,
 “ nothing which I wish for, that I don’t
 “ possess: The Frailty of Women may be
 “ such, that new Scenes may create new
 “ Desires, and *London* spoil all the Happiness of my Life to come. You will
 “ therefore, my dear Parents, excuse this
 “ Journey.

“ Journey. I would not run the risque of
“ losing my present Felicity; and I am con-
“ vinced I cannot receive any additional
“ Pleasure to what I find in the Arms and
“ Conversation of this best of Men,” turn-
ing to Sir *William*.

THEY then took their Leave, and re-
turned to *London*, and left the happiest Pair
on Earth; though sometimes Mr. and Mrs.
Hearty would dispute that Point with them.
And Sir *Oliver* declared, that there never was
such a loving Couple upon Earth: “ Ods-
“ heart, ods-heart! it does me Good to see
“ how they love one another.”

SOON after the Death of Mr. *Thorough-
good*, his Son was married to one of Sir
Oliver's Daughters, that very young Lady
who had applauded his Speech in Favour of
the Sex, with a Blush like the rising Morn;
which we have taken notice of in another
Place. From that Instant she had conceived
a Passion for him, which terminated in Mar-
riage and mutual Happiness.

AND now, having settled Things on this
Side the Water; we beg Leave to follow
Lady *Sapplin* on the other, and see what
became of her in *France*. And, as the Voy-
age will take up some Time, we here close
this Chapter, that we may seem to leave
nothing behind us undone, till we come to
the City of *Paris*.

CHAP. LVII.

Lady Sapplin and Mr. Samuel arrive at Paris. A Faux-Pas of an Irish Taylor. A Gentleman of a particular Occupation waits on my Loord Waitwell. A Blunder of the Taylor: And, an old Acquaintance disowned.

LADY SAPPLIN and Mr. Samuel Waitwell, henceforth to be commonly called my Loord Waitwell, having hired a Servant at Calais, the next Morning after their Arrival departed in a Post-Chaise. In the Road they visited Chantilly, and so proceeded to Paris.

BEING arrived at the Gate of that City, which is called *St. Denis*, there was waiting a whole Troop of Laqueys, ready to be hired by the *My Loords Anglois*, who always enter *Paris* by that Gate, when they come from *Calais*. These Gentlemen, well powdered and curled, followed the Post-Chaise to the *Hôtel d'Antrague* in the *Ruë Tournon*, only calling in at different Milliners, Coach-hirers, Taylors, Peruke-makers, Shoemakers, and Hofiers, to acquaint them that there was an *English* My Loord and My Lady come to *Paris*; who, the Postilion had told them, were to lodge in the *Hôtel d'Antrague*; for which Intelligence there is always a Recompence due to the Informer, from the Tradesman.

Now

Now it seems there was at this time expected at this Hôtel an *English* Traveller, who, returning from his Tour of *Italy*, had dispatched his Servant before him to give Notice of his coming, and to prepare an elegant Entertainment that Evening. Monsieur *Burginion*, who keeps this House, was, for that Reason, in his white Waistcoat and white Cap, exercising himself with a large Bundle of Rods in whipping a common Roasting-Pig into a young Wild Boar; a Thing very commonly done to oblige our *English* Nobility; which is, with respect to Monsieur *Burginion*, a Metamorphosis, not mentioned in *Ovid*, of Three Shillings into Three Guineas.

HOWEVER, he was not so deeply engaged, but that he quitted his Occupation to salute the two Guests; and having found that Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* asked her Ladyship how she did after her Journey, he concluded from that Appellation they were good Guests, and gave the Postilion, who brought them thither, a Louis-d'Or; which Price, we have the Happiness to assure our Readers, is the highest which is given for any Traveller of any Kingdom in *Europe*, and which ought to rejoice the Heart of every free-born and loyal *Englishman*, to find himself thus valued above all the Nations of the Earth.

BEING shewn to an Apartment which they liked, there was in less than ten Minutes half a hundred Laqueys offering their Service, a Dozen Hirers of Coaches, nine Taylors,

as

as many Shoe-makers, Hofiers, Peruke-makers, and all Kinds of Makers that can be conceived, to offer their Service to my Lord *Waitwell*.

AMONGST the Gentlemen destined to adorn the Body with Embroidery, Lace and Velvet, and the most fashionable Cut, there was an *Irishman*, who being called *Duffy* in his own Country, had frenchified it into *Dauphiné* in *Paris*; this Man seeing Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* coming out to tell those Gentlemen in waiting that he should determine on nothing that Evening, ran up to him, and catching him fast about the Neck, gave him a Kiss, with “The Devil burn me, Mr. *Waitwell*, “but I am glad to see you in this Country “again; will you speak to your Master to “get me to be his Taylor?” Now the Company was a little surprized to see a Taylor salute a Man so familiarly, whom they had taken for a My Loord two Minutes before.

“SIR, says Mr. *Samuel*, I suppose you “mistake me.” “How! says the Taylor, “what! and you are not Mr. *Samuel Waitwell*? to whom I used to lend Money, “when you had not a Farthing to eat, when “you were here with Mr. *Boothby*, Esq; the “Devil burn me, but you are going to joke “with me; and I know you as well as he that “made you, and I know too that you’ll get “me your Master’s Business for all that.”

Now this Taylor had a much better Memory than he ought to have had, in this Instance;

Instance ; and had really sent Money to Mr. *Samuel* many Times, during his former Residence at *Paris* : A Thing he never fails doing, though he should not pay his Workmen ; no Man being more inclined to Good-Nature.

“ SIR, says Mr. *Samuel*, I am not the Person you mean ; I am no Servant.” This he spoke in *French*, that the others might hear him ; and then in *English* to the Taylor, “ Come To-morrow Morning, and I shall talk with you ; but remember, that I am not *Samuel Waitwell*, but my Lord.” “ Well, says the Taylor, how the Devil should I know you were a Lord, unless you had told me so ?”

“ WELL, well, I’ll remember you are a Lord for the future.” At which Words he went off, saying to himself, “ By my Shalvashon, but there was like to have been a small Mistake in this Case, of taking a Lord for a Livery-Man ; however, never mind me, I’ll never make another Blunder of that kind, I’ll warrant you.”

THE next Morning Mr. *Waitwell*, (now commonly called my Lord *Waitwell*) hired two different Equipages, and determined on those Persons with whom he should deal in the different Trades ; who were all to pay their Compliments to my Loord that Morning. Of such Importance is an *Englishman* in the City of *Paris*.

AMONGST these was a Person of an Occupation, who had not paid him his Compliments the preceding Evening ; he addressed

dress'd Mr. *Waitwell* with a vast Number of recommendatory Letters, under the Hands of my Lord -----, my Lord -----, Sir *Richard* -----, Sir *William* -----, and a vast Number of other *English* Noblemen and Gentlemen, recommending him as the most honest Fellow in the World in his Profession.

HE then presented a List of the most celebrated Women of the Opera, Comedy, *Italian* Comedy, and others who might be kept. "This is my Catalogue, my Loord," says he; you see I have Recommendations "enough to convince you, that I always behaved myself as a Man of Honor, having had the Honor to be the Procurer of all the Nobility of your Nation; which, you see, they have given me under their Hands. I should have waited upon my Loord last Night, but I did imagine you would not have a great Occasion for me the first Night, after so long a Journey you would be too much fatigued. But I am now devoted to your Lordship's Service; to whom, I hope, I shall have the Honor to render my most humble Devoirs."

THIS Speech Lady *Sapplin* overhearing, spoke to Mr. *Samuel*, telling him, "That she believed he wou'd have no great Occasion to employ that Gentleman;" when he took the Hint, and dismissed Monsieur *Le Maquereau*, telling him, "He should not need his Services." At which Answer the Gentleman withdrew.

THE

THE Taylor next Morning took Measure of Mr. *Samuel*, calling him My Lord every other Word, and of two Servants for Liveries, which were to mount behind his Coach. These Fellows were six Foot high each; for in *France* they pair their Livery-Men as they do their Horses, not letting the Head of one appear above another, like two Steps in a Stair-Case.

Now, though my honest *Irishman* had behaved like an Emperor in calling Mr. *Samuel* My Lord, when he was measuring him; yet the Idea of his having been a Livery-Man ran so strong in his Head when he came to cut out the Clothes, that he made the Liveries for him, and the Velvet Suits for the Footmen. Therefore, when he brought home the Clothes, and tryed on the Velvet upon Mr. *Samuel*, he found that he had mistaken, the Coat reaching down to the Small of his Leg, and enveloping his whole Body like a Night-Gown: "Upon my Shoul, but here's a Mistake, says he, and I have cut the Velvet Suit by your Servant's Measure; but never mind me, I'll cut it less in a Twink." "Well, says Mr. *Samuel*, and so you have cut the Liveries by mine: What will you do with them?" "By my Shoul, I'll cut them longer too."

THIS Mistake had like to have played the Devil with the Taylor; but Mr. *Samuel*, remembering that he was in his Power, suffered him to cut the Clothes less to fit him, but he could not cut the Liveries longer to fit the Footmen; however, he eked them out

with Lace; and though the Coat was somewhat shorter than the *French* Fashion, yet each of the Fellows took it with good Will, the Taylor, being a Wit, telling him, "Perhaps it would be long enough before he had another."

THE Hour of Dressing being come, Mr. *Waitwell* was attended by a Peruke-Maker's Servant, till he could get a Valet de Chambre to his Mind. This young Lad had worked in that Shop where Mr. *Samuel*, when he was at *Paris* before, had learned to dress Hair: For this Reason he surveyed him again and again; he thought it must be his old Friend *Samuel*, but could not reconcile his Being a My Loord: For that Reason he would not accost him with a pretending to know him, but in this manner: "Have not I had the Honor to have dressed my Loord before in *Paris*?" To which Mr. *Samuel* answered, "That he had never been in *Paris* before." The *Peruquier* bowing, desired a thousand Pardons, and yet was not convinced of his Mistake.

THIS Dressing being finished, the *Peruquier* went to the Taylor, and asked him, "If that My Loord at the *Hôtel d'Antrague* was not Monsieur *Samuel*, who had worked with him formerly?"

"ARRAH! says the Taylor, and do you believe, that I'll tell you that, when he has desired me not to spake a Whord of the Mather to any body?" At which the young Fellow went off smiling, and the Taylor valuing himself much for having kept the Secret. And here we close this Chapter.

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CHAP. LVIII.

My Lord Waitwell appears in the Light of a great Connoisseur in Vertu. A small Conversation between two English Travellers.

LADY SAPPLIN and Mr. Samuel, finding that a Hôtel garni, or a Lodging-House, was by no means a genteel Manner of Living, hired a Hôtel in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, and furnished it very elegantly. Now, in *France*, unless a Gentleman keeps a publick Table, there is very little Complaisance paid to his fine Clothes and fine Equipage. This Pair then, having each of them a separate Coach, elegantly carved, gilt and painted, with Horses of the most showy and fashionable Colour, and six Servants in well-fancied and expensive Liveries, kept as polite a Table as any Strangers in that City.

BESIDES this, Mr. Samuel, being determined to possess every Quality of a complete Gentleman, pretended to be a great Connoisseur in Drawings, Pictures, Statues, Gravings, Intaglios, and Camæas, antique Curiosities, and all the Catalogue of Vertu: For that Purpose he was often honoured with the Company of Painters, and Statuaries. Monsieur *Van Lo* and Monsieur *Boucher* sometimes did him the Honour to dine with him, and laugh at him; Messieurs *Bouchardon*

and *Falconet*, Statuaries of the first Rank, had the Condescension to grant him the same Honors.

HE talked much of *Rubens's* correct Drawing, and *Michael Angelo's* inimitable Colouring. " *Raphael*, for the *Clair Obscure*, says he; " and *Rembrandt*, for a happy Choice of Nature: *Correggio* would be admirable, if he " could colour like *Poussin*; and *Le Seur* and " *Carrache* beyond Compare, if they could " tell a Story like *Vandyke*."

" THE Ancients, says he, were immense " in their Statues of Boys, and grouping their " Figures: We Moderns shall never come " near them for that; yet we beat them again " in full-grown Figures, and Power of Expression; the Antics in the *Tuilleries* are a Demonstration of that."

To all which these Gentlemen, with a thorough Contempt of such Pretensions, yet above displeasing him, or making an ill Use of it, answered, " Ouy, my Loord."

" THUS you see, Gentlemen, says he, " each Nation has its Rise and Fall; and " who knows what may happen in this " World? I may be Minister of State, and " France may tremble at my Name;" giving himself great Airs of Importance: To which these Gentlemen assented, internally despising the Vanity and Ignorance of the Man.

IT is impossible for a Man to expose himself in any Country, but sooner or later he will be made the Dupe of his Folly: For that Reason Mr. *Samuel* was frequently surrounded with

with Picture-Dealers and Vértu-Mongers ; he bought a World of valuable antique Gravings in Stone, and Paintings of the best Masters ; and possessed, in truth, a Collection of Pictures, which, if they had been of the Hands which the Dealers sold them for *en conscience*, would indeed have made a pretty Figure ; the contrary of which we cannot take upon us to decide, having never seen either the Copying or Smoaking of the least Piece in the Collection.

No Man frequented the Opera, Comedy, and *Italian* Theatre, more regularly than my Loord *Waitwell* : He made love to Mademoiselle *Lanoy* behind the Scenes at the Opera, rallied with *Camilla* at the *Italian* Comedy, and professed a vast Admiration for *Clairon* at the *French* Theatre.

MANY an *English* Gentleman of the second Quality dined at his Table often. "Faith, says young *F-----* to *Thomas S----*, Esq; this *Waitwell* is a damn'd clever Fellow ; I don't see but he behaves as well as any of us all : He really keeps a damn'd good Table, and does the Honors of it very well : D---m me if I believe he ever was a Footman, says he ; for you know that the World is full of Lies." "And you don't believe he was a Footman, do you ?" says *Thomas S----*, Esq; "No, says *F----*, d-----m me if I do." "I'll lay you Ten Guineas if you dare, and I say Done first, says the 'Squire, that I prove you know he was a Liveryman."

“ Lay with your Grandmother, says *F----* ;
“ how should I know it?” “ Why, says
“ the 'Squire, did not you and I know him
“ when he served *Boothby*? I wonder you
“ keep him Company.” “ Well, well,
“ what of all that? says *F-----* ; he is a
“ d---mn'd honest Fellow now, and deserves
“ Encouragement ; and I love him for that.
“ We'll sup. there To-night, *Tom*, if you
“ will.” “ With all my Heart,” says the
“ Squire ; which was done exactly as it was
agreed upon.

C H A P. LIX.

In which is explained the Manner of getting into good Company at Paris. The Cause of Adultery in France. The History and present Practice of Wives, in consequence of it. A History founded in Truth.

IT has been a Complaint long subsisting amongst the *English*, that nothing is more difficult than to get an Acquaintance amongst the best Company in *Paris*, for a Traveller of this Nation. Therefore, as we profess ourselves entirely devoted to the Instruction of our Fellow Natives of this Island, we imagine that nothing will be more acceptable to them than a Clue, which will conduct them through this difficult Labyrinth that leads to the Company of People in superior Life.

THE Rule then which every *English* Subject, whether Male or Female, should pursue, is that of *Iago's* to *Roderigo*, "Put Money in thy Purse:" For, this single Circumstance omitted, the Process will fail most certainly. You may as well expect to find a Cricket in an Ice-House, or an *Englishman* returned the Representative of a *Scotch* Borough, as to be admitted into good Company without that Ingredient.

THIS then being amply provided, there is at *Paris* a certain Gentleman, born in

England, though his Gentility was created in *France*: He has been the Favourite of Fortune, and, from standing behind a Gentleman's Chair in a party-coloured Dress, has since sat down at the same Table with the Most Christian King, at Hazard, many Times, shaking his Elbows, and laying his Money with great Grace.

THIS Man of Fortune (which Epithet I believe no Man will deny him) is at present in the State of him he formerly served, and in his Turn is served by others in the Dress which he wore at that Time: To his Table every Man is welcome, and every Woman too, if she brings a good Credit upon her Banker, for once at least.

THE necessary Requisite for the Continuation of this happy Acquaintance, besides this of Money, is a great Desire to play; with which if you are truly animated, it is not material whether you understand it or not. This Gentleman has learnt *French* Politeness enough to shew you the Manner, if you will but punt freely at Pharo when he deals. Play at Trente or Quarante, or any Game which he understands better than you, and you may be sure of being introduced to the Company of very reputable Names, *Monsieur le Marquis*, *Madame la Marquise*, *Monsieur le Comte*, *Madame la Comtesse*, *Monsieur le Baron*, *Madame la Barone*; all which People are truly entitled to these Dignities, having a Right to chuse them themselves, which
they

they constantly do ; and the liveliest Persons upon Earth, only granting them one little Indulgence, that of picking your Pockets of all your Money ; which really, considering the Honour they do our *English* Travellers, is, in truth, but a very small Retaliation. In this we speak our Sentiments with great Freedom, void of national Prejudice, notwithstanding we know there are many Anti-Gallicans of a contrary Opinion.

To this Gentleman, Lady *Sapplin* and my Loord *Waitwell* were introduced, where they spent their Time most agreeably to Mr. *H-----s*, who protested he had never seen any Lady or Gentleman, who did so much Honour to their Nation as these two, since he had resided in *France*. They lost their Money with a good Grace, and Mr. *H-----s* won it with as good ; a Thing which will always recommend an *English* Gentleman or Lady to the particular Distinction of this Gentleman. Thus Things went on in an expensive Manner of Living, (good Company makes Time pass pleasantly) old *Barter* supplying her with Money, yet not enough to keep her Ladyship from running in Debt. One Day, being in Company with a certain Lady of her Acquaintance, she was talking about a young Lady who had escaped from her Parents in *England*, to avoid Marriage with a Man she hated :
“ What ! says this Lady, do the *English* Wo-
“ men run away to avoid marrying the Man
“ they do not love ? That seems extremely

“ strange,” says she. “ Madam, says Lady
“ *Sapplin*, is it not a terrible Thing to be
“ tied to what one hates, and what hates
“ you?” “ Yes, says she, if one had no
“ Resource, it would. But in *France* we
“ don’t value whom we marry; we always
“ enjoy the Man we love.” “ And do
“ Husbands suffer this? says Lady *Sapplin*.”
“ Without doubt, says the other: Is it not
“ the same in *England*?” To which being an-
swered No, “ You have not had an Act
“ which has prohibited the young People
“ from marrying the Man they like, surely,
“ but a little while, or that must have hap-
“ pened in *England* as well as in *France*.”
“ You say very true, Madam, says she; it
“ is very lately that we have had that Act
“ in *England*. I am a Sufferer by it; it tied
“ me to the most disagreeable Fellow that
“ ever pretended to be of the Human Spe-
“ cies.” “ And your Ladyship is come
“ hither to avoid the Man you hate? If the
“ Wives of *Paris* were to fly the Men they
“ have an Aversion for, there would not be
“ three married Women remaining within
“ the City. But I imagine, says she, it is,
“ or will be, with you in *England*, as it was
“ with us in *France*, when this Law was first
“ made: My Lady, if you’ll give me Leave,
“ I’ll tell you.” “ With all my Heart,”
says Lady *Sapplin*.

“ WHEN this Law was first enacted, says
“ she, it was, as it is now, the Fashion to
“ educate young Ladies in Convents. In
“ consequence

“ consequence of this Law, the Parents of
“ those young Girls, having lost the Sense
“ of that Passion which first united them
“ and made them happy, in those others
“ which accompany old Age, Pride and
“ Avarice, never admitted their Daughters
“ to chuse for themselves, but married them
“ to those of the best Family, and greatest
“ Riches; void of all Consideration of be-
“ coming Age, Temper, or Person. And the
“ young Gentlemen were prevented from
“ marrying; their Fathers not chusing to
“ give up their Estates to provide for them.

“ By this Proceeding, the unhappy young
“ Ladies, being married with those they de-
“ tested, lived most execrable Lives, and
“ falling in love with others whom they
“ could not enjoy, the Fashion of Gallantry
“ being not then permitted, there sometimes
“ happened Things shocking to Nature.

“ I REMEMBER to have heard there was
“ at that time a Counsellor of Parliament
“ who lived in a House, the Windows of
“ which looked directly into the *Seine*. This
“ Man had married a young Lady of une-
“ qual Age, to whom his Person was vastly
“ disgusting, even to that Degree, that she
“ could not bear the Sight of him.

“ To increase this Dislike, there was at the
“ same time a young Man whom she loved
“ to the greatest Extremity; but as the
“ foolish Fashion of calling every thing
“ Adultery amongst married People, which
“ is attended with Love of another Person,
was

“ was not then effaced, (your Ladyship
“ knows how long Prejudices subsist, and
“ how hardly they are eradicated) this Wo-
“ man dared not yield her Person to her
“ Lover.

“ NOTWITHSTANDING this, the Aversion
“ became so great against her Husband, that
“ he grew intolerable to her Eyes: For that
“ Reason the Servant who always waited on
“ him at Table, and who gave him the
“ Water with which he washed his Mouth
“ after Dinner, in a Balcony that hung over
“ the River, was pitched upon to free her
“ from this inexpressible Bondage.

“ WITH this Intent she pretended great
“ Love for this Lacquey: She feigned such
“ excessive Passion for him, that at length,
“ by Persuasions that she would marry him,
“ he was prevailed upon to determine to
“ throw his Master into the River from the
“ Balcony, when he stood giving him the
“ Water to wash his Teeth.

“ SHE told him she would signify the Day
“ when it should be done. In the mean
“ while she got a Piece of Iron, resembling
“ that which composed the Balcony, turned
“ into a Hook at each End.

“ SHE then told the Servant that the Af-
“ fair might be transacted that Day. Ac-
“ cordingly, whilst he was giving the Water
“ to his Master, she secretly united their
“ Clothes together with this Hook; and
“ thus, when the Servant threw his Master
“ into the River, being linked with him,
“ he

“ he was pulled after, and both falling into
“ the *Seine*, they were drowned together.

“ NOTHING, perhaps, is more different
“ than the Mind of a Person before it has
“ perpetrated an execrable Action, and after
“ it: She that had done this, for the sake of
“ enjoying the Man she loved, could not at
“ present bear his Sight or Name, and became
“ the most miserable of all Human Beings.

“ DOOMED to eternal Disquietude, a State
“ worse than Racks and Tortures, she con-
“ fessed this Crime to her Confessor, who
“ informed the Lieutenant Civil of the hor-
“ rid Action. But what was the Conse-
“ quence of it? According to the Laws of
“ *France*, it is Death for a Confessor to re-
“ veal what is committed to his Know-
“ ledge in Confession: He was therefore
“ publicly executed, and she could not
“ procure the Death she wished, to expiate
“ her Crimes, the Law not suffering her
“ to condemn herself. She therefore re-
“ tired into a Monastery, and past the most
“ deplorable Life which Thought can sug-
“ gest, and died in great Agonies. You
“ must have read of those People who were
“ poisoned in *Paris*, from the Year 1670
“ to 1680: All this was caused by Jealousy
“ and Amours, the Persons who suffered for
“ it being burnt.

“ MANY such kind of Things were com-
“ mitted during that Time; Duels innume-
“ rable fought between Husbands and Gal-
“ lants, Divorces infinite, and all to no
“ purpose:

“ purpose : The Women of *France*, though
“ they marry the Men they do not love,
“ have now all of them found Means to
“ possess the Man they do ; and it is become
“ general : Husbands, finding it in vain to
“ oppose it, have for a long while acquiesced
“ in this Article, and thought fit to indulge
“ their Wives with their Paramours. And
“ now it goes on tolerably well, and thus it
“ must continue.

“ Our present Mode is this, my Lady :
“ Our Mothers take care that the Man whom
“ we marry shall be of a Family and For-
“ tune, though sometimes more than treble
“ our Age ; an old Debauchee, perhaps,
“ whom we never see three times before Mar-
“ riage ; and it would be the same if we
“ never saw him at all, being all of us most
“ dutiful Children, and ready to obey our
“ Parents in this Respect.

“ THE Day of the Nuptial Ceremony
“ being at hand, we prepare for the Wed-
“ ding ; and that being past, we conclude
“ ourselves free Women, being thenceforward
“ Mistresses of ourselves. To our Toilettas
“ come innumerable young Fellows, each
“ of which neglects no Art or Address to
“ render himself agreeable ; and amongst
“ the Number there is always one who
“ pleases, and with him we unite Hearts, as
“ we have our Hands with the former.

“ THE Husband maintains us in Pomp,
“ keeps a handsome Table, separate Equi-
“ page, Servants for our particular Use ;
“ and

“ and the Man we favour dines with us as
“ often as he pleases, the Husband and he
“ being frequently the best Friends.

“ ALL that we are desired to take care of,
“ is to save Appearances, and to stick to one
“ Gallant : For that Reason we scarce ever
“ permit Indecencies in our own Houses, but
“ meet at an elegant little House in the
“ Suburbs of *Paris*, which is hired and fur-
“ nished for that Purpose. Here we indulge
“ ourselves in all the Liberties of Love,
“ wandering in the Garden, in the Shade,
“ on the flowery Turf, and passing the Mo-
“ ments of Delight with great Raptures, se-
“ cluded from every Eye, and all Intrusion.

“ THUS, you see, my Lady, our Mo-
“ thers provide us every thing but one, and
“ that we find for ourselves ; so there seems
“ to be no Harm done by this Act ; and thus
“ it must happen in *England* in the End.
“ Women will have what they like, though
“ a thousand Difficulties and Dangers should
“ lie in the Way : And, if I am rightly in-
“ formed, says she, you *English* Ladies are
“ not the most passive Wives in *Europe*. At
“ first the Name of Cuckold will sound but
“ harshly in your good Men’s Ears, and
“ feel oddly at their Hearts ; they will frisk
“ and fume : To be sure you must expect
“ much Scolding, many Divorces, and ma-
“ ny Duels ; but Time will subdue them
“ to your Inclinations. What Hopes have
“ married Men to succeed in a War carried
“ on against all the Women and all the
“ young

“ young Fellows in a Nation? Your Daughters must be secured and bred as ours are; locked up in something like Convents; or indeed, as these are younger than their Mothers, which is a melancholy Circumstance, they may captivate what you should catch, and thus spoil your Diversions: But this must be guarded against, or something very bad will be the Consequence. A young Lady deflowered is no longer a Maid; a Wife who passes some Moments in Gallantry is a Wife still: The first no Man will marry, though an *Englishman* indeed, I am told, sometimes espouses the Mistress of Half *London*; however, that I suppose but rarely happens: The last needs no Husband, and is safe from being injured by Disreputation, with respect to spoiling her Marriage.

“ THEREFORE confine your Daughters, and laugh at the Laws; take this Custom from *France*, as you have many others, and your Wives of *England* will be no Losers.”

“ PRAY, says my Lady, how does the Husband amuse himself all the while?”
“ As he pleases, my Lady, says the other. Poor Man! the first Month after Marriage we generally sleep in the same Bed, in two separate Beds in the same Room for six Months after that, and in two separate Apartments for the rest of our Lives; which, though they are both in the same House, may be as far asunder as from hence

“ to

“ to the Stars, for any thing we have to say
“ to one another.

“ THUS we live. However, there is one
“ Inconveniency which attends this Way of
“ Life: The great Families have but few
“ Children, many of them but one; for,
“ though we never hesitate about keeping a
“ Gallant, yet we seldom breed after we
“ leave our Husband's Bed, or he ours.
“ Even as it is, there is so much Suspicion
“ in all Husbands, that the Children are
“ not their own, we seldom see any great
“ Tenderneſs between the Father and Son,
“ the first finding no Inclination to provide
“ for a Child which he suspects is not of
“ his begetting, and the Child having but
“ little Reverence for a Man who very pro-
“ bably is not his Father.

“ THESE, my Lady, are the Advantages
“ and Disadvantages of a Marriage-Law
“ in *France*. If you can but secure your
“ Daughters from the young Fellows Eyes,
“ you may do well enough; if not, you
“ will pass the most deplorable Lives, in
“ being tied, by the Avarice and Pride of
“ your Parents, to the most detestable of
“ all Objects, without much Hopes of Al-
“ leviation: If younger and fairer Females
“ are permitted to appear in publick, and
“ spoil your Diversion, you should have
“ another Act to preserve the young Men
“ for married Ladies, as the Game is pre-
“ served in the King's Pleasures here in
“ *France*, for his Amusement only.

“ THERE

“ THERE is one Thing which I would
 “ advise you to do as fast as you can : Get
 “ some Comick Writer to expose the Folly
 “ of Husbands who are uneasy about the
 “ Liberties of their Wives; laugh at the
 “ Word *Cuckold*, exclude that of *Adultery*
 “ from your Language; put *good Men* and
 “ *Gallantry* in their Place, and make all Jea-
 “ lousy the eternal Ridicule of all Compa-
 “ nies, particularly before your Husbands :
 “ These Things will at last make you easy,
 “ though, as the *Britons* are a hardy Race, it
 “ is not impossible but two or three Genera-
 “ tions of Fathers and Mothers may be sacri-
 “ ficed to the Tranquillity of their Progeny;
 “ but all will end well at last, as it has here
 “ in *France*, believe me, my Lady.”

HERE she closed her long Harangue; and
 the Coach waiting at the Door, they rushed
 into it, and flew to the Opera: And here
 ends this Chapter.

C H A P. LX.

The Death of Mr. and Mrs. Barter. Lady Sapplin's Grief, and Lord Sapplin made a Governor. Friendship declines between Mr. H---s and Lady Sapplin, which is reinstated by a Sale of her Jointure. Mr. Samuel flies into Italy. Lady Sapplin turns Catholick.

IN this Scene of Delight passed away the Hours at *Paris* with Lady Sapplin and Mr. Samuel (commonly called my Lord *Waitwell*.) In the mean time Mr. *Barter* drew towards the Close of the Evening of his Days, which by no means resembled that of that excellent Man Mr. *Thoroughgood*, as his last Sun set in Storms and Tempests, which kept him dreadfully anxious on the Ocean of Life; he saw no Port, or at least one which promised little less than Shipwreck; he therefore determined to do all the Good he could whilst he was alive, but always deferring the Day of putting it into Execution, he left this World without ever having accomplished any thing; and in a few Days died Mrs. *Barter* also.

LADY Sapplin, who had been pretty well supplied with Money during their Lives, was now in great Expectations of being left a large Sum; but, contrary to that, she had only an Income of Five Hundred Pounds a Year during her Life. This last
Intelli-

Intelligence made great Impression upon her : As to the parting with Parents, that was not Matter of much Concern ; but being disappointed in her Hopes of Money to squander, was too penetrating a Grief to be trifled with.

BESIDES, she was much in Debt, and had always depended on the Will of her Father, as a sure Resource for paying off her Engagements : As to Lord *Sapplin*, there was no Expectation from him ; he had not only dipped, but even drowned his Estate.

HIS Father being dead, he had been some time since transported as a Governor to one of our Plantations in *America*, to superintend and settle the Affairs of a whole People, being extremely well qualified for that important Trust, by the great Skill he had shewn in managing his own. In this State Things were ; the Creditors at *Paris* were importunate ; her Ladyship had nothing left, but to sell her Right in her Jointure, and the last Annuity which was left by her Father's Will ; which she did accordingly.

THIS paid her Debts, and put some considerable Sum of Money in her Pocket, with which she lived as gay as before ; being perfect Friends with Mr. *H-----s* upon the receiving this Money ; though the Friendship seemed to decline much before that Time, upon the Account of the Father's Will, and one small Incident besides ; being that of desiring this Gentleman to lend her Two Hundred Guineas, after he had won Five Thousand by Play ; which he refused.

IT

It seems, Mr. H----s had suggested to himself that there was now no more Money to be had from that Quarter; and, like a prudent Man, was determined not to risque a Loss where there was nothing to be gotten: He therefore denied himself to that Lady when she came to see him, and began to talk in some Companies, that Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* had been formerly a Footman; “a Circum-
“ stance, says he, which I never knew till
“ Yesterday, (though he had known it from
“ the Beginning) and, indeed, I am apprehensive lest the Nobility of my own Nation may shun my House, through Fear of
“ being obliged to dine with him at my Table, which I should by no means chuse.
“ I am afraid, says he, I shall be obliged to
“ drop this Acquaintance with him and Lady
“ *Sapplin*; indeed I am sorry for it.” Which Resolution would have been most piously put in Execution, if he had not been acquainted with her Ladyship’s selling her Jointure.

THIS Intelligence was no sooner come to his Ears, than he drove directly to Lady *Sapplin*’s Hôtel, and offered her what Money she pleased, with an Asseveration of not having Five Pounds in the House when she was with him before on that Occasion, and asserting upon his Honour, that nothing had ever given him so much Pain as the being obliged to deny her Ladyship that small Request: Says he, “I could not rest
“ upon this Account, it gave me such Torture to think I should seem to deny a
“ Lady

“ Lady who had honour’d me so greatly
 “ with her Friendship; and now, Madam,
 “ I am come with that Sum or any other,
 “ the Moment it was in my Power.” This
 Speech made all Peace again.

LADY *Sapplin* and Mr. *Samuel* were received with the usual Politeness, and had the Honour of losing their Money to the same good Company which we have before mentioned.

DURING this Time of Residence at *Paris*, Mr. *Samuel* had strayed a little from Lady *Sapplin*; having never been in love with her Person, but with the Vanity of having an Intrigue with a Lady of Quality. This, however, wore off by Time and Familiarity; he had for some Time conceived himself her Equal, a Kind of a Husband; and the Ambition of keeping a Mistress had taken Possession of his Heart, being extremely fond of imitating the Great.

To say the Truth, her Ladyship would gladly have dismissed him also, as he began to be very remiss in his Duty, if it had not been for the Reproach of being deserted, which of all others is the most terrible to a *Parisian* Dame.

MR. *Samuel*, being quick-sighted, perceived that Money began to be scarce again; besides, knowing that there was no farther Resource to be expected from Parents, and that peradventure a Jail might be his Fate, if he tarried too long in *Paris*, he therefore communicated his Design of quitting
Paris

Paris to the Girl which he had kept, and persuaded her to fly with him into *Italy*, being tired of Lady *Sapplin's* Jealousy, as he expressed it; to which she consented.

HE went therefore to her Ladyship's Banker, and with some Difficulty obtained a Hundred Pounds; and then taking her Jewels, which were worth about Six Thousand Guineas; he decamped with his Mistress, leaving her Ladyship to condole the Loss of him and her Diamonds.

THIS coming to the Knowledge of the World, her Creditors would have taken her Person, had she not saved herself in the House of the Ambassador of *Great-Britain*; where through Vexation she fell into a Disorder which added new Terrors to her former Disquietude; and, as nothing is more common than for Minds of no Religion to run into the opposite Extreme in Distress, the Spirit of Devotion seized her to a great Degree, and nothing would satisfy her but being converted to the Catholick Faith.

NOTHING was left untried, by his Excellency and his Chaplain, to dissuade her from this Determination. "Madam, said they, what can you propose to find in that Religion, which is not to be found in your own?" "Mine! says she, I have none, I was taught to disbelieve all sacred Revelation from my Youth, to despise all that relates to Religion, as a visionary and and fantastick Trick to deceive the Weak and Vulgar.

" THIS

“ THIS I know to be false, and find
“ that there is no Asylum offered to the Dis-
“ tress of shipwrecked Souls in your Form
“ of Worship. I will therefore renounce
“ the World, and all the flattering fallacious
“ Pomp which it affords, and retire into a
“ Convent, where my Days shall be spent in
“ Expiation of my former Follies.”

THE whole that could be obtained from her was, the Promise of writing Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy* a Letter of her Resolution, which she accordingly did, and which was what follows in the next Chapter.

C H A P. LXI.

Lady Sapplin's Letter to Lady Worthy. Sir William Worthy and his Lady give the Reader an uncommon Conversation for a Man and his Wife. The true Description of an English Nun. Lady Sapplin takes the Veil. A Project of the Author's. The Manner of making a Nun: And, Part of a Sermon.

“ *My dear Sister,*

“ **A**FTER having passed a Life of infinite Folly and Dissipation, having
 “ been eternally pursuing what is the Scandal of Human Nature to follow, and yet
 “ what engrosses the Attention of all that
 “ is called polite in the World; I am, at
 “ last, thank the God of all, come to a
 “ thorough Sense of my detested Life.
 “ Don't think it too late for me to reclaim,
 “ because I have squandered my whole Fortune.
 “ From thence arises all my Happiness. It is to that single Event I am
 “ indebted for all the Bliss that is to come.

“ I HAVE determined to pass my remaining Days within the solitary Cell of a
 “ Convent, in washing out with my Tears
 “ my former Impieties, and devote my remaining Hours to incessant Contrition for
 “ my past Offences.

“ DON'T deceive yourself in believing
 “ that it is in the Power of Persuasion to
 VOL. II. H “ recall

“ recall me from this Determination ; I am
 “ conscious it is the only Place where Peace
 “ is left for me a Sinner, whither I am going.
 “ MAY the Power which inspires me with
 “ this Thought, protect you ever ! I am,

“ *Your most affectionate Sister,*

“ S A P P L I N .”

THIS Letter coming to the Hands of
 Lady *Worthy*, gave Sir *William* and herself
 vast Pain ; they suffered extremely in the
 Thoughts of her becoming a Roman Catho-
 lick. Lady *Worthy* had scarce at any time
 felt more Affliction on any Account : She
 wrote her the most pressing Letter, entreating
 her to quit that Design, and praying her to
 return to *England*, where she should find in
 her a Sister, and sincere Friend. Sir *William*,
 at the same Time speaking to his Lady, said,
 “ My *Betsy*, assure her, that she shall be
 “ quite Mistress of herself, if she will re-
 “ turn to her native Country. We have,
 “ my Dear, says he, so large a Fortune fallen
 “ to us from your Father, I will with Plea-
 “ sure settle Five Hundred Pounds a Year,
 “ or any Sum, upon her, during Life ; per-
 “ haps that may invite her back.”

“ THOU best of Men,” says Lady *Worthy*,
 speaking those Words with Tears of Ap-
 plause, “ how shall I merit this Goodness
 “ from your Hands ? I am ashamed to be
 “ so much indebted to your generous Dis-
 “ position.”

“ position.” “ Ah! *Betsy*, *Betsy*, you silly
 “ Woman, one Hour of pure Love emana-
 “ ting from your Eyes, is a princely Pay-
 “ ment for all I can do for you, and all the
 “ World,” says he. “ Then, says she,
 “ you shall be truly paid indeed.”

BEFORE the Letter from Lady *Worthy* arrived at *Paris*, Lady *Sapplin* was retired to the Convent of the *English* Nuns, in the Street of *Saint Victor* in that City, where she found, perhaps, as accomplished a Woman as this Island has produced. This is Miss *Fermor*, a Nun in this Monastery. And now, Reader, were you to behold this Lady, you would confess, that a Nunnery was no Confinement: Few Female Figures have so much Beauty, or so much Grace; there is in her Face an Expression of Sweetness and good Sense, which will hardly be equalled in Thousands of her Sex: Her Conversation is the most agreeable that can be imagined; gay with Innocence, sensible with Ease, Politeness mixt with Truth, Complaisance for the Opinions of others, a Preference for her own, fitted to administer Comfort to a Mind so tortured with Distress as Lady *Sapplin*’s.

HERE this Lady past her Time of Probation, being as much as possible in Company with Miss *Fermor*, who left no Argument untried to soothe her Soul into Tranquillity; and now the Hour was come when she intended to take the Veil upon her, and

be for ever secluded from the World, in Peace and Happiness.

AND here we cannot avoid wishing, that some publick Places of Asylum, for those whose Lives have been spent in Scenes of Contradiction to Piety and good Sense, were instituted by the Legislative Power; where Souls tinctured with the Spirit of Devotion, which comes with great Impulse in many Minds, especially those whose Hours have been past in interdicted Delights, towards the running of the last Sand.

To those we believe Retirement would afford Felicity; it would pave the Road to a tranquil Exit for many a Human Creature, who now expires in Pain and Horror. This we pronounce, void of all Inclination to the Roman Catholick Discipline; urged to it from what we have heard bursting from the Bosoms of declining Debauchées in foolish ineffectual Wishes, from the little Knowledge which we pretend to have in Human Nature, and from the inevitable Casualties which Mankind is born to undergo.

WHAT Joy is it for Minds which have lived in one continued Anxiety, dreading the Dawn of every rising Day, lest it should come fraught with new Calamity, to find such Security at last from the Darts of Evil! What a sweet Secession for ruined Maids, whose modest Hearts, after being infamously betrayed, can never animate their Eyes sufficient to behold the Face of Virtue in another; yet whose hard Fate it must be to
be

be doomed to that cursed Life of publick Prostitution, without all Power of hiding themselves in Shades and Tranquillity! Such an Asylum we wish was instituted in this Island; and if we ever bequeath a Donation for a publick Foundation of Charity, we shall endeavour to dispose of it in that Manner, the Care and Well-being of the Female Sex being our constant Object in all our little Undertakings.

THE Day being come, in which Lady *Sappin* was to take the Veil, the Choir of the Church was prepared for that Purpose, and great Numbers of People attended to see the Ceremony.

SHE richly drest, in the most sumptuous Habit which is worn in *Paris* by those who are at large in the World, sat attentive, with the other Nuns, to a Sermon, which was preached to her by a famous Preacher of that Metropolis; in which he observed, “ That perhaps the Disappointment of the
“ good Things in this Life, and not the
“ Spirit of Devotion, was the Cause of this
“ Retirement from the World. It may
“ spring, says he, from the Passion of
“ Love, the Object not being in your
“ Power to possess; it may take its Origin
“ from Chagrin, the World having disap-
“ pointed your Expectations: If either of
“ these should be the Cause of your flying
“ the Converse of Mankind, it is in vain
“ you seek Redress or Consolation within
H 3 “ the

“ the Cloyster: Whatever Passion disturbs
“ you without, will follow your Steps into
“ the Cell; there is no kind Reception for
“ any Heart, but that which comes fully in-
“ spired with the Love of God and true
“ Piety. Think then, ere it be too late, be-
“ fore the irrevocable Act is past, which must
“ exclude your Footsteps for ever from re-
“ turning to the World; examine well your
“ Heart with the severest Eye, lest some
“ Cause, concealed from yourself, urge you
“ to this Separation from Mankind, and
“ carry not this Source of Discontent and
“ Mourning to the Place where you expect
“ Relief from your Distress.”

THIS, and much more, he very emphati-
cally urged to her, but in vain; she re-
nounced the World with a Warmth which
is not easily conceived. The Sisters then
brought her a splendid Crown, and another
of Thorns, which last she snatched with
great Eagerness, and fixed upon her Head,
rejecting the other with Contempt; after
this they took off the Garment which she
wore, and laying her down on a Sort of
Winding-Sheet, sung a Kind of Funeral
Office over her; by this Ceremony signi-
fying, that she was dead to this World.
This being past, she rose, and they drest
her in the Habit of their Order, and
put on the Veil: Then each Nun, saluting
and embracing her with Rapture, wel-
comed her as a Sister into their Order
and Community; this being done, she reti-
red

red with great apparent Joy within the Convent, secluded from the World for ever. The next Day she wrote the following Letter to her Sister.

“ My dear Sister,

“ S A F E from the Evils of this sinful World, retired where nothing but Peace and Happiness abounds; I survey that stormy Ocean, which I have past, with Horror and Delight.

“ A L A S ! how unsubstantial are the Dreams of madding Mortals, eternally in Search of their Destruction ! What have I loved ! I blush to say what Passions once possess'd my sickly Soul ; sensual Earth-born Appetites, fixed on transitory and imperfect Joys. Now every Passion is absorbed in Love of one all-perfect Object, where Human Hearts have never sued in vain, that answers every warmest Hope, and fills our fondest Desires.

“ What cannot Heaven restore, or Vows of Piety obtain ! That Heart, thy Sister's Heart, that throbb'd with stinging Crimes, now beats as easy as the sleeping Babe's : Such Transmutation Heaven has deigned to make ; such Ease succeeds those Pangs I thought incurable till now. This World has nothing worth my Wish ; cured of its Vanities I pour the warm Devotion of my Soul for your continued Bliss, secured myself from all the Injuries of Human

“ Life. May your Days be spent as you
 “ desire; and mine, as they are now, dedi-
 “ cated to my God, the Saviour of Man-
 “ kind, and Acts of purest Piety. I am,

“ *Your affectionate Sister,*

“ S A P P L I N .”

THIS Letter Lady *Worthy* and Sir *William* received with some Pain, on the account of her deserting the Religion she was bred in, and yet not void of all Consolation that she had at last found Peace from all those Woes which they had too much Reason to dread she was destined to undergo.

SIR *William*, by Letter, desired her Banker to collect together a List of her Debts; which was accordingly done, and discharged by him, which Receipt he put into the Hands of his *Betsy*, who saw and received this generous Act with true Sensibility and Acknowledgement to the Performer of it.

C H A P. LXII.

Mr. Samuel, commonly called my Loord Waitwell, figures at Turin, till by an unlucky Accident he is obliged to fly to Rome, and thence returns to England to finish his Days.

MR. Samuel Waitwell having escaped out of *France* with his Mistress, stopt at *Turin*, under the Style and Title of my Lord *Waitwell*. In this City the Spirit of Play is greatly encouraged, and the whole Game truly understood: Here he converted his Diamonds into ready Money, and figured away, being extremely well received amongst the best Company, the Gentry of this City conceiving an *Englishman* like a Bee, which collects Honey for them to devour.

He played much, and with the usual good Luck, till having sunk a great deal of his Money, he attempted a small Undertaking, which is not at all dishonourable when it succeeds, but is the Devil when discovered, called Cheating; which happening to him, he was treated with ignominious Behaviour, and therefore left *Turin* very suddenly. From thence he retired to *Rome*, where this last Action being known by the *English* Gentlemen, he was avoided as a Scandal to his Country. This he bore tolerably well, till having spent his Money, Life became a Burthen to him: He therefore, like a true-

born *Englishman*, came back to his own Country, robbed on the Highway, and was executed at *Tyburn*. Thus ended the Life of *Samuel Waitwell*, who had been a Lord in *France*, and in *Piedmont*, and a Rogue every where. And here we end this Chapter, for the sake of separating him from better Company.



C H A P. LXIII.

*The Gardens of Sir William Worthy described.
His and Lady Worthy's Character. A Poem
on a Wife twelve Years after Matrimony.
The Arrival of Sir Oliver and Lady Hearty.*

DURING the Time which Lady *Sapplin* had been spending great Sums of Money, in every thing but what she ought, Sir *William Worthy* had been decorating and adorning the Seat of his Ancestors; he had planted some Thousand Trees of almost all the Variety of God's Creation, not in the wild and injudicious Manner of a mere Farmer, but in such a Taste that it added Beauty to his Estate: His Hedge-Rows blossomed with Apple and Pear-Trees in the Spring, and supplied his Table with Fruit and excellent Liquors all the Year.

NOTHING was ever more elegantly plann'd than his whole Farm: You wandered from Variety to Variety; Buildings of small Expence,

pence, and much Fancy; Groves inspiring different Tempers of the Mind, from the lucid Summits that wake the Mind to Gaiety, to the Dark-brown or Clair Obscure of Trees crouding their Branches together in the Vale, which possess the Soul with home-felt Contemplation.

ON a Rock, which overlooked a River, high, steep, and craggy, stood a Temple dedicated to *Honour*. The Ascent was difficult which led to it, but the View delightful when you were arrived at the Top, with this Motto,

*Dulce et decorum est
pro Patria mori.*

WITHIN were the Busts of Sir *Thomas More*, *Epaminondas*, and *Socrates*.

THERE was, besides this, another, dedicated to *Conjugal Felicity*, in which Sir *William* had caused to be painted, in one Piece, the Pourtraits of himself and Wife sacrificing at the Altar of *Venus*; *Hymen* being the Priest; the *Loves*, in the Persons of their Children, holding the Offerings, and smiling round; and *Venus* herself, in the Skies, pointing to the Date of their Nuptial Day, with great Expression of Pleasure. This Motto was beneath the Altar:

*Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Supremâ citius solvet Amor die.*

BESIDES

BESIDES these there were many well-fan-
sied Buildings. The Water was elegantly
understood, and designed, winding in noble
Meanders, through Plantations of Trees,
of various-coloured Greens; the Banks smi-
ling with living Turf, and Hillocks of Flowers
all reflected from the translucent Fluid, which
fell in natural Cascades dashing from Rock to
Rock in various Places.

THROUGH the whole there was nothing
little or fantastick: The Grotto was formed
of large Stones alone, intermixed with shining
Spar, which made it appear like Nature, situ-
ated beneath a Hill, through two different
Apertures of which you looked at the Temple
of *Honour* one Way, and over the Lake and
Wood the other: A small Stream fell dripping
by its Side, which ran over various-coloured
Pebbles, shining through the Rill till it
emptied itself into the Expanse of Water
below.

THIS was all of Lady *Worthy's* and Sir
William's Taste, planned by their own Hands,
finished by Degrees, and executed as much
for the sake of giving Bread to the honest
and frugal Labourer, as for the Beauty
which it afforded to the Place, his Family,
and Friends. Such was his Reputation in
his native Land, his and her well-disposed
Charities and happy Life having extended
his Name, that he was beloved by the
Hearts of Thousands, whose Eyes had ne-
ver yet beheld him: Steady to his Country's
Interest, inviolably attached to his King, he
often

often sighed at the present Conduct of Affairs:
“ Alas, poor *Britain!*” stole frequently from
his Lips, followed by these Words, *Hæc
prisca Fides!*

HIS Manner of Living was a Pattern to
be followed by all Human Nature; beloved
by his Friends, adored by his Family: No
Eye beheld him that did not fancy itself the
happier for it; no Life could pass more delect-
ably than his.

It was now the Time of Year when Sir
Oliver Hearty and Lady *Hearty*, the old Baro-
net being dead, Mr. *Thoroughgood* and his Spouse
were coming to pass a Month or two at Sir
William's; when Sir *William* sitting with Lady
Worthy, looking from a Window to the Chil-
dren playing on the Lawn before the House,
said to his *Betsy*, “ My Dear, methinks, when
“ our Guests arrive, may it not be said, that
“ the three happiest married Pairs in *England*
“ are to be found in this House?”

“ I KNOW not, says she, whether that
“ may be said or not, my Love; but this
“ I am convinced may with Truth, that no
“ House has ever held, at one Time, three
“ Men and Women so completely blessed as
“ those who will then possess it.”

“ INDEED, *Betsy*, your Criticism is good.
“ Methinks, says he, I feel Sir *Oliver* and
“ the Company coming.” “ Feel them
“ coming! my Dear, says she: What! your
“ Mind forebodes that they will be here
“ To-night, as you sometimes express your-
“ self? Will you always indulge that
“ Whim?”

158 MATRIMONY,

“ Whim? You’ll be as superstitious as an
 “ old Maid, says she, soon. I sha’n’t dare
 “ to sit cross-legg’d for you without Offence.”
 “ Well, you may laugh, but there never
 “ happened any thing to me of Joy or Sor-
 “ row, that I did not perceive some Pre-
 “ sensation of the Pleasure or the Pain.
 “ Laugh as you will, I must indulge that
 “ Sentiment, says he: And Yesterday, *Betsy*,
 “ I was quite inspired, and turned Poet:
 “ You remember, my Dear, says he, that
 “ there was a certain young Lady, who was
 “ much my Favourite, at Mr. *Thoroughgood*’s:
 “ She was the Subject.” “ Pray let me see
 “ this Poetry, says she.” “ You’ll criticise
 “ it with too much Severity: Promise me the
 “ contrary, and let me withdraw whilst you
 “ read the Lines, and you shall see it,” an-
 “ swered Sir *William*. “ I consent,” says she.
 Then, giving her these Lines, he withdrew.

To the BEST OF WOMEN.

*C*ought by thy Person at Sixteen,
 When Passion lawless reigns,
 Ere riper Reasons intervene,
 To check th’impetuous Love-struck Swain,
 I wore thy gentle Chains.

Thy magick Mien, thy speaking Eye,
 The warm pathetick Kifs,
 Each tender Look, each stolen Sigh,
 The Charms which Lovers only spy,
 Transfus’d exstatick Blifs.

Our

*Our Hands then Hymen smiling bound,
 With Hearts entwining fast;
 The Honey-Moon flew swiftly round;
 Full seven-score Moons since which, I've found
 Each sweeter than the past.*

*By this Fruition yet uncloy'd,
 With equal Warmth I love;
 And what my Passion first enjoy'd,
 As Friend, as Wife, as Mother try'd,
 My Reason bids approve.*

*Yet in thy Breast conceal, my Dear,
 This fond old-fashion'd Love;
 Or with the Gay can I appear?
 The World polite will shun and sneer
 The Thing they can't approve.*

*Nor this let venal Lovers eye;
 They'll say, and give me o'er,
 Those Wives are best which soonest die,
 All Numbers vain that don't supply
 The Heart-tormenting Store.*

“ WAS ever such a Man ! says Lady *Wor-*
 “ *thy*: Indeed, my Dear, you are a Poet,
 “ and the first that ever was inspired with
 “ his first Flight to *Parnassus* by a Woman
 “ who had been twelve Years his Wife.”
 Saying this, she ran into the Grove where he
 was walking, catching him in her Arms, and
 looking with a Look of infinite Sweetness,
 she told him that she had long imagined that
 her

her Heart could receive no additional Joy;
 “ but indeed, and indeed, it has never tasted
 “ so exquisite a Delight as since I have read
 “ these Lines. Will you try all possible
 “ Ways to spoil me? says she, kissing him.
 “ I will yet disappoint you if I can.”

AT this Moment a Servant brought word,
 that Sir *Oliver Hearty* and his Lady, Mr.
 and Mrs. *Thoroughgood*, and Miss *Hearty*,
 were arrived. “ Now, says Sir *William*, what
 “ think you of my Pre-sensations at pre-
 “ sent?” “ Oh! says Lady *Worthy* smiling,
 “ I can believe any thing of so good a Poet.”

THEY then ran to meet them, where
 Friendship urged every Soul to a Union with
 each other, strengthened every Arm in their
 embracing, and pressed every Lip in Rapture
 to that which it met, Sincerity shining from
 their Eyes, such Questions glowing with Plea-
 sure in asking after their Healths, that perhaps
 at that Instant there was no Spectacle under
 Heaven so truly worthy the Attention of a
 Human Creature, as those meeting Friends.

AFTER Supper Sir *William* observed, that
 the Marriage-Act had interfered much in
 its Endeavours to frustrate their being hap-
 pily joined together: “ But, says he, I be-
 “ lieve, though we owe no Obligations to it,
 “ that there are not many Persons made so
 “ happy by it, as we are, who proceeded
 “ upon the old Principle of Love and
 “ Nature. Methinks, says he, it is ex-
 “ tremely contradictory to that just Rule
 “ which actuates all Nature, to make a Law
 “ to

“ to put old People in the Power of deciding of what young People should enjoy;
“ this is, to make those Judges of a Passion which Years have eradicated from their
“ Hearts. Is it not as sensible, continued he, to enact a Law that Spendthrifts should
“ look after our Money, as that old Men and Women, actuated with Avarice and Pride,
“ should dispose arbitrarily of their Sons and Daughters? for this it is at the Bottom.
“ To make a Girl marry an old Fellow she hates, Parents will plague their Children
“ till Life becomes a Burthen to them. And thus they have a Power over their Children,
“ which will terminate in the Ruin of the Virtue, Innocence, and Liberty of many.”

“ SIR *William*, says Mr. *Thoroughgood*, there are more fatal Consequences have
“ attended this Law against Marriage, than perhaps have yet come to your Knowledge;
“ it has given designing People the Power of ruining the Open-hearted and Honest,
“ and bastardizing whole Families to their utter Destruction: Brothers are let loose
“ against Brothers, and Relations against Relations; it has set a-float the Desire of
“ Riches irreclaimable into the open Sea of Intrigue and Injury. Perhaps no other
“ Law could have been devised so fatal to the Remains of that little Probity which
“ yet finds Footing in this Land.

“ THERE is an Affair which has been lately discovered, which shews how fatal
“ this Act has proved to an innocent and
“ virtuous

“ virtuous Family; which single Instance
“ is Reason enough for its Repeal. It is
“ so very singular and poetic, that I have
“ inquired into the Circumstances of the
“ whole, and have put them together on
“ purpose to present the Publick with the
“ Story; to which I have added two others,
“ on purpose to shew how probable it is that
“ this Act of Parliament may prove pernicious to this Kingdom.”

“ PRAY, says Lady *Worthy*, have you brought it with you?”

“ YES, my Lady, says *Thoroughgood*; but it is too long to be read To-night; To-morrow Morning I intend reading it, and take your Opinion.”

“ TO-NIGHT, To-night, says her Ladyship.”

“ UNREASONABLE Woman! says Sir *William*, after a long Journey, to put the poor Man to the Fatigue of reading an Hour or two perhaps. For once, my Dear, I will be the Master; it shall be put off till To-morrow Morning; after Breakfast, in my Temple, sacred to Conjugal Felicity, it shall be read.”

“ SHALL I let him be absolute?” says Lady *Worthy* to the Company: “ This is the first Time he has ever attempted it; it may grow into a Habit: I shall spoil you, says she, (smiling in Sir *William*’s Face) if I indulge you. Well, Mr. *Thoroughgood*, in compassion to you, after so long a Journey, I consent that the Reading
ing

“ing be deferred till To-morrow. Now,
“don’t you think, any of you, that this is
“done in complaisance to Sir *William’s*
“Commands; indeed I insist upon that.
“You shall not command me (kissing him
“with a Smile) you Tyrant, you! Indeed
“he is a Tyrant; he has such an absolute
“Power over me, that I dare not do any one
“thing which I imagine may the least dis-
“please him; and yet, I know not how, I
“cannot say I am influenced by Fear, or
“perceive myself much a Slave. Ladies, I
“hope you are not held in such Subjection
“by your Husbands.” “Indeed we are,”
said Lady *Hearty* and Mrs. *Thoroughgood*.
“What three poor unhappy Women we
“are, here huddled together in one House!”
says Lady *Worthy*.

THE Evening was past with that Pleasure which attends the Meeting of those who sincerely love one another: Every Eye shone with Joy; every Ear heard with Attention; every little Dish at the Table was improved in its Flavour by the true Relish of Friendship, and every Glass of Wine became fit for the Repast of *Homer’s* Deities, by that Flow of mutual Pleasure which mixed in the Cup with all they drank; Decency and Mirth dancing hand-in-hand round the Table during the whole Evening.

SUCH a Sight! three Women without Envy, or Inquiry into one another’s Dresses and Affairs; now and then prating of the little Brats which each had left at home;
one

one wishing to hear how little *Jemmy* did, the other to see *Billy* for a Minute, and steal a Kiss. What strange Effects are the Consequences of a Country Education! Such namby pamby Mothers! How different are the polite Manners of Lady -----'s Rout! Every Woman there is genteelly examining the Dress of her Companions, envying the Jewels of one if they are finer than her own, or hinting they are false Stones; whispering to another in asking, Whether Lady *Betty* ----- does not paint? "Certainly that Complexion cannot be natural." "To be sure, Madam," answers a withered Harridan, who is bursting with Envy at the Sight, "it is not the Colour of Nature; we borrow more than Caps from the *French*." "How awkward is that Cit, just become a Lady!" says her Ladyship: "She's as formal as the Wax-work Figures in *Westminster-Abbey*, and no more animated than a Mummy. What can incline those Fools to mix with Nobility, and be despised? And Lady---- Lady---what d'ye call her, methinks the good Woman, though she has snapp'd a Baronet, would have done well to have staid in the Kitchen, and not brought her Face ready-roasted, piping-hot from the Spit, like a Sirloin of Beef, for the Entertainment of the Company. And that Woman there, says she, who was so long, and so publickly kept by a dozen of Men at least, the Wife of Sir---Sir---"

"you

“ you know his Name; how modest she
“ looks! one would swear she had gone to
“ Church a Virgin, and rose a Maid after
“ the Nuptial Night from the Arms of her
“ Dearee. How is it these Women get
“ that Power of Face? They are hardly
“ distinguishable from us, I protest; in
“ the *Park* I am very often put to it to
“ distinguish my Acquaintance from the
“ Women of the Town. There is Lady
“ ---, Miss ---, Mrs. ---, who look so much
“ like those Women, that it ought to be
“ a knowing Eye that can distinguish
“ them, I assure you, at a little Distance.
“ Methinks this should draw them into
“ Insult and Attacks from the Fellows. I
“ thank Heaven, I have never been at-
“ tacked by any of them.” “ Nor I, says
“ the old Maid, these twenty Years: For-
“ merly, indeed, before they knew my
“ Character, I was once or twice accosted
“ in a rude Manner; but for these last
“ fifteen Years I have passed as unnoticed
“ by those Fellows, as if I had walked in-
“ visible.” “ You are happy, Miss *Jenny*,
“ says my Lady; one constantly runs the
“ Risque of losing one’s Character, when
“ one is followed by one’s Male Acquaint-
“ ance too much, though one is convinced
“ of the Innocence which attends one.”

At this Moment, looking full in Miss
Jenny’s Face, her Ladyship discerned, that
the Lineaments of this Maiden’s Physiog-
nomy were such as might be of Service to
her

her own. She immediately intreated Miss *Jenny* to dine with her the next Day; and thus commenced a Friendship, which is the most likely of all in the World to last, between superior and inferior People; that is, when the Advantage is all of the former Side: For, though her Ladyship was indefinitely ugly, yet Miss *Jenny* being infinitely so, gave her more Pleasure in Conversation, than the Intimacy of a handsome Princess; for nothing delighteth the Heart of a well-bred Woman so much, as thinking herself the most beautiful of the Company.

THUS having impartially given a Pattern of the Rural and City Evenings, for the sake of instructing our Readers, as all Historians should do, we only take the Liberty to say, that Sir *William Worthy*, Sir *Oliver Hearty*, and Mr. *Thoroughgood*, retired each to separate Apartments with their own Spouses, not breaking the Seventh Commandment, even in Idea; such Ignorance reigns in the West of *England* even to this Day.

C H A P. LXIV.

The History of the Twin Brothers, in which is particularly shewn the good Effects of the Marriage-Act in disinheriting Orphans, and letting loose Pride, Avarice, and Ambition, the Prevalency of Cunning over Understanding, and the vicious over the virtuous Passions. Strange Phænomena; a Husband dies through Love of his Wife, and a Father for a Son; an Uncle's Cruelty, and an old Servant's Affection for destitute Children.

THE Morning being come, and the Breakfast past, Lady *Worthy* and Lady *Hearty*, as well as the two Baronets, were impatient to hear Mr. *Thoroughgood's* Story: Mrs. *Thoroughgood* had heard it often before; for this Country Clergyman was so silly a Fellow, that he brought every Page, as he wrote it, to his Spouse to read it to her, and valued her Applause as much as the first Duchess's in *Europe*, and thought her Judgement as good. What strange Fellows your mere Country Parsons are!

WITH this Intent they all walked together to the Temple of Connubial Love; where, being seated, Mr. *Thoroughgood* began to read his Account of what he had promised the Night before, insisting upon the Ladies and Gentlemen giving their Opinions with Freedom on his Performance:

ance: "For, says he, it is an ill-judged
 "Friendship that does not correct its Friend's
 "Mistakes before they are given to the
 "World, and are irrevocable." This they
 all promised him.

"IN the upper Part of *Somersetshire* there
 "is a Family whose Name is *Sterlin*:
 "It has resided in the same Place a great
 "Number of Years, at their Seat called
 "*Sterlin-Hall*, in great Reputation and Es-
 "teem amongst all the genteel Families of
 "that County.

"THE last Gentleman, particularly, of
 "that Name, was beloved by all who ever
 "knew him, and this with the greatest
 "Justice: He was a Friend to all where his
 "Friendship could be extended; he che-
 "rished the industrious Labourer, and re-
 "lieved the Wants of those whose Days of
 "Work were at an end: Every Face smiled
 "on him wherever he appeared, and Tongues
 "of Babes and Old Age implored the Bles-
 "sing of Heaven on him wherever they
 "beheld him.

"HE exerted no Tyranny over his Te-
 "nants by ill-timed Exaction of his Rents,
 "nor prohibited those, whose Estates did
 "not amount to a Qualification, from kill-
 "ing a Hare, Pheasant, or Partridge, where-
 "ever they pleased: He was chearful in the
 "Company of Farmers, his Inferiors, and
 "yet preserved the Superiority of his Birth
 "and Fortune: With Men of Family and
 "Estate

“ Estate he was equal to the highest, in Be-
 “ haviour and Politeness: He prevented all
 “ Law-Suits amongst his Neighbours, de-
 “ tested the Race of Country Attornies, and
 “ lived in strict Friendship with the Clergy-
 “ man of his Parish, paying great Regard to
 “ the Duties of his Religion. No Parish
 “ was so happy as his; of such Use it is,
 “ that the Great should give Example to the
 “ lower Order of People; and such happy
 “ Influence is the Consequence of it.

“ For these Reasons it was no Wonder
 “ he was beloved by all his Tenants and
 “ Neighbours: His Manors were filled with
 “ Game, whilst those Gentlemen of more Ri-
 “ gour had scarce a Hare or a Partridge in
 “ theirs: The Farmers, who had Liberty to
 “ kill the Game, preserved it from Poachers.
 “ Confidence and Good-Nature will always
 “ succeed in gaining the Hearts of *Englilh-*
 “ *men* who are yet uncorrupted.

“ THIS Gentleman, coming to his Estate,
 “ found that his Father, who had been very
 “ liberal in giving great Sums of Money
 “ to his Relations, and hospitable to all
 “ Mankind, had drawn a considerable Debt
 “ upon it: He therefore determined to marry
 “ some Lady of Fortune, which might re-
 “ instate him in the Situation of his An-
 “ cestors, enable him to support the Ho-
 “ nour of his Family, and do as much
 “ Good as those who preceded him in his
 “ Seat. With this Intent he addressed and
 “ married a Maiden Lady of great Fortune,

“ but a little inclining to the Zig-Zag in
“ Soul and Body.

“ BY this Lady he had two Sons at a
“ Birth; the eldest, whose Name was *John*,
“ was a healthy Child during his Growing-
“ up; the other, who was called *Andrew*,
“ was always sickly, requiring the constant
“ Care of his Mother.

“ No young Gentleman in *England* had
“ more manly Beauty than the eldest of
“ these Sons; the most liberal Counte-
“ nance, the most natural Easiness, the
“ finest Shape, the openest Disposition, and
“ a very good Understanding: He resembled
“ his Father in Mind and Body, and was
“ dearly beloved by him.

“ THE second Son, who we have said
“ was called *Andrew*, was very little, and
“ much distorted; he had the Face of a
“ *Portugal Jew*, and one Leg shorter than
“ the other. His Temper was as ill shapen
“ as his Body: Not without Understanding,
“ but so allay'd with Cunning and Ambi-
“ tion, that perhaps few had greater Sub-
“ tilty or Malice than this Youth.

“ ADDED to this, he was his Mother's
“ Darling: And here we cannot avoid ma-
“ king one Remark; which is, that nothing
“ is more common than for the weakest
“ Child of a Family, which has been the
“ constant Care of the Mother, and given
“ her more Pain than all the others, to be
“ the best beloved: Perhaps, his ill Health
“ continually calling on the parental Affec-
“ tion

“ tion for his Preservation, for whose Life
“ she has so often trembled, and whose
“ Eye has so frequently dissolved into Tears
“ on his Account, fearing for his Safety,
“ and influenced by the Yearnings of pa-
“ rental Passion, inseparable from the Ten-
“ derness of a Mother, is the Cause of this
“ Partiality and Fondness: Whereas the
“ Healthy, who pass through Youth without
“ exerting those Emotions in the Parent’s
“ Bosom, who have never awakened the full
“ Powers of parental Affection in any un-
“ common Instances, are less beloved than
“ those who have been their constant Cause
“ of Anxiety, and eternal Care. Whatever
“ be the Cause, or whether this explains
“ it or not, certain it is, that nothing is
“ more common than for Mothers to pre-
“ fer the sickly Child to the Healthy; and
“ the Rake, for the same Reason, to the
“ Discreet and Obedient: The Mind of the
“ Mother suffers Disquietude in the latter
“ Instance, as much as in the former, and
“ prefers the constant Cause of her Pain
“ without knowing the Source.

“ No Body ever contained a more am-
“ bitious Soul than that of *Andrew’s*; when
“ he was grown betwixt Sixteen and Seven-
“ teen, he expressed the greatest Pain in
“ being born after his Brother. Looking
“ upon himself with a discontented Eye,
“ he has been heard to say, Mishapen Body,
“ thou art doom’d to ill Luck, or one Half
“ Hour might have repaid thee for this

“ Deformity, by making thee the eldest ;
 “ whilst the Heir of my Father’s Fortune,
 “ that happier elder Brother, is perfect in
 “ Person, and blest in being first-born. Is
 “ this strict Justice, Nature ? Are thy Fa-
 “ vours impartially bestowed ?

“ THE *Eleusinian* Mysteries, or the Grave,
 “ were not more secret than the Temper
 “ and Designs of *Andrew* ; the Bounty of
 “ Heaven scarce more open than the Heart
 “ and Benevolence of *John*. This last, in
 “ all their growing up together, hid no
 “ Sentiment of his Soul, or Action of his
 “ Life, from his younger Brother ; and *An-*
 “ *drew* imparted none to him, but pervert-
 “ ed every inoffensive Frolick of sportive
 “ Youth to some sinister Intent, and com-
 “ municated them all to his Mother, who
 “ told them again to the Father. These
 “ Tales had no Effect on this Man of Sense ;
 “ He perceived the Partiality of his Wife,
 “ and penetrated the Source from whence they
 “ flowed ; and though he loved his eldest Son
 “ best, yet he so artfully concealed that Pre-
 “ ference by his Behaviour, that the Mother
 “ could not justly charge him with unequal
 “ Love to his Sons.

“ BEING of the same Age, they were
 “ both bred at the same School together,
 “ at *Wells* in *Somersetshire*. *John* was the
 “ Favourite of every Fellow-Scholar, and
 “ *Andrew* the Aversion. In consequence
 “ of this, he was ever disagreeing with
 “ some one or other of the School ; which
 “ Boy

“ Boy was sure to beat him : This his elder
“ Brother was as sure to resent and repay ;
“ and there is Reason to believe, that the
“ Younger has frequently differed with the
“ biggest Boys, on purpose to get his Bro-
“ ther to vindicate his Quarel, and procure
“ him a Beating.

“ HE was continually laying Wagers,
“ that *John* should leap from such a Wall,
“ or over such a Tomb-Stone, with some
“ other of the School ; that he should swim
“ with such a one, and wrestle with ano-
“ ther ; all this with Boys elder than his
“ Brother ; which Wagers the Honour of
“ *John* could not suffer him to refuse. He
“ never mistrusted the latent Mischief of
“ his Brother’s Heart ; but being full of Vi-
“ vacity, and active, he entered into all the
“ Designs which this malicious Being had
“ planned for him, and ran many Risques
“ of his Life, without once conceiving any
“ Apprehension of Danger. Such is the
“ incautious Disposition of Good-Nature,
“ good Health, and great Spirit in Boys.

“ WHENEVER there was any Money sent
“ them from Parents or Relations, *John* in
“ six Hours had lent his to Half the School ;
“ whereas *Andrew* never parted with Six-
“ Pence, hoarding up all ; and when *John*
“ wanted to borrow, he constantly refused
“ him, asserting he had none left.

“ WHENEVER they went from School,
“ at the Time of Holydays, *John* had not
“ a single Shilling, and *Andrew* almost the

“ whole which had been sent him. This
“ Disposition of Keeping, the Mother con-
“ sidered as the most excellent of all Qualities
“ in *Andrew*, and the contrary as the greatest
“ of all Crimes in *John*: And being very
“ parcimonious, she represented *John* as a
“ Spendthrift to her Husband, and *Andrew* as
“ the most meritorious of all her Children:
“ To which Mr. *Sterlin* with a Smile replied,
“ that he thought Avarice the most unpar-
“ donable Vice of Youth, so contradictory
“ to its Nature, and ever criminal in Old
“ Age. For that Reason, my Dear, says he,
“ I have no Pleasure in *Andrew*'s Parcimony:
“ And as *John* never runs in Debt, and as-
“ sures me that he lends to his School-fellows
“ more than Half the Money which he re-
“ ceives, I am better pleased with it than with
“ Hoarding. Aye, says Mrs. *Sterlin*, he will
“ lend this Estate to some one or other when
“ we are dead: I wish he had been born
“ one Half-Hour later. My Dear, says Mr.
“ *Sterlin*, Providence has disposed of Things
“ better than you are able to do it, and I am
“ contented.

“ FROM School they went to the Univer-
“ sity together, and as their Age increased,
“ their native Dispositions grew stronger in
“ each of them. As *Andrew* was often in-
“ disposed, the Tenderness of his Brother
“ was scarce to be paralleled; he neglected
“ no Occasion to give him Pleasure: On the
“ contrary, *Andrew* manifested no Joy in this
“ fraternal Sweetness of Heart, but beheld
“ him

“ him with Pain. Seeing him the hand-
“ somest and most esteemed of all the Uni-
“ versity, he pined in secret at his Fate, and
“ cursed a thousand Times the Moments that
“ passed between the Birth of him and his
“ Brother.

“ WHO knows at last, he cried, but I was
“ first conceived? Then am I the Elder.
“ Curse on the happier Fortune which at-
“ tended him! Being stronger in the Womb,
“ he stopt my Passage, burst into Life; and
“ robbed me of my Right, my Heritage.
“ How then to find the Means to circumvent
“ this first-born Brother, and vindicate my
“ Right of first Conception? Can that be
“ criminal, to take the Place which Nature
“ should have given me? To save thyself,
“ and yet destroy thy Brother, though the
“ Task be difficult, it is not yet impossible.

“ FILLED with the Resolution of getting
“ himself some way or other Heir to the
“ *Sterlin* Estate, he ruminated on ten thou-
“ sand different Methods to bring it into
“ Action; yet none pleased his Imagination:
“ At last, what he in vain expected, the
“ common Revolution of Things brought of
“ its own accord.

“ THERE was at that Time a Widow-
“ Lady in *Oxford*, who had come to that
“ City with her Son, to reside and be near
“ him during his Studies. This Lady had,
“ besides this Child, two Daughters, one of
“ which might have been declared hand-
“ some, though she stood by the Side of the

" Countess of ----- With this young
 " Gentleman, whose Name was *Savory*, the
 " eldest Son of the *Sterlins* contracted an in-
 " timate Acquaintance; they were both Gen-
 " tlemen Commoners of the same College,
 " and much alike in their Dispositions.
 " This young Gentleman had often taken
 " Mr. *Sterlin* to his Mother's to drink Tea,
 " where Miss *Patty*, the eldest, entertained
 " him with a Song, accompanied with the
 " Harpsichord.

" IT seems the Fortunes of these young
 " Ladies were not known, their Education
 " polite, their Persons extremely pleasing,
 " and their Conversation superior to those of
 " superior Qualifications in the Female Sex.

" WITH this young Lady Mr. *Sterlin*
 " having contracted an Intimacy, he soon
 " perceived that he was not easy but in her
 " Company; he thought of her continually
 " without designing it, and had written
 " *Patty Savory, dear Patty Savory*, in twenty
 " Places in every Book which he had read
 " since he was acquainted with her. Besides
 " this, he had made two or three little Poems
 " in her Favour, which were extremely pretty,
 " and the accidental Striking a Bee into her
 " Bosom, which she was afraid of, produced
 " the following Lines *extempore*.

On the accidentally Striking a Bee into the
 Bosom of Miss *Savory*.

*Do thou a Cupid to my Wishes prove,
 Thy Sting his Shaft, and be thy Venom Love.*

Raise

*Raise fond Desires, with tender Kindness mixt ;
 Unfading Faith, Truth as the Centre fixt ;
 Then hum around her Head in sweetest Strains,
 And softly whisper how my Soul complains.*

“ THESE he gave Miss Savory, who received them with no little Joy: Their Souls were in Unison with one another, and echoed to each other’s Touch the sweetest Sounds of Sympathy and Love.

“ NOTWITHSTANDING this Passion was mutual, and Mr. Sterlin had said nothing in Prose which could be construed into Love, unless the Language of the Eyes may be said to be speaking that Passion; his Thoughts were continually employed on Miss Savory. At length he discovered he was in Love; yet he dared not confess this to her. He saw the Path to possessing this amiable Creature entirely shut up: He feared his Father would not comply with his Inclination; and though his Passion became excessive, his Duty would not suffer him to do an Action which might give Pain to the Heart of that Parent whom he loved and revered so sincerely.

“ THIS Resolution of not speaking his Passion to Miss Savory, was by no means corresponding to the frequent Visits he made that young Lady. The Concealment of Love, and being frequently with the Object, are incompatible to the same Heart: The Passion shook his Frame like the hidden Flames of *Vesuvius*, which

“ destroy the Country round, before they
“ burst forth to the open Air, and find a
“ Power of discharging themselves.

“ HE grew pale and restless, he spent whole
“ Hours alone, and talked much to himself.
“ This did not pass unobserved by *Andrew* :
“ He saw his Brother disquieted, and was
“ determined to know the Cause ; which
“ *John*, with all that fraternal Frankness
“ that Hearts like his communicate their Se-
“ crets, discovered to him.

“ I AM, my Brother, says *John*, the
“ most unhappy of all Men breathing ; I
“ love Miss *Savory* to Distraction ; nay,
“ probably, she loves me : But you know
“ I dare not express my Passion to this
“ Lady : My Father expects that I should
“ wed some Woman of Fortune, that you
“ may be better provided for than other-
“ wise you will be. And indeed, says he,
“ (embracing *Andrew*) he is right in this
“ Expectation : Your Case is singular : As
“ we participated the Womb together, me-
“ thinks I would see you equal to me in
“ Wealth, in Happiness, in every thing.
“ There is something more than common
“ Brotherhood in the Case of Twins, who
“ have embraced in the same Womb, and
“ began to exist together. This Moment,
“ *Andrew* conceived, was not to be lost :
“ He saw, if he could persuade his Brother
“ to marry this Lady before he was of Age,
“ that there might be a Way laid open to
“ dispossess him of his Heritage.

“ HE

“ HE therefore replied, with an insinuating
“ Air, Brother, I am extremely sensible of
“ this Affection which you have shewn for me
“ in this Conversation: But why must my
“ Happiness interrupt yours? I am by Na-
“ ture weak and sickly, and probably shall
“ not be long an Inhabitant of this World:
“ Riches would be useless to me; my Con-
“ stitution will not suffer me to enjoy them:
“ Therefore, if your Heart be so truly sub-
“ dued by the Love of this Lady, pursue
“ your own Happiness, tell her your Passion;
“ there may be Ways found out to get the
“ Consent of my Father, who is by no
“ means a Man of an irreconcilable, unre-
“ lenting Heart. On me you may depend
“ in all I can assist you.

“ THIS *John* received with Tears of Gra-
“ titude for the Goodness and Affection of
“ his Brother; when, embracing him, he
“ cried, My dearest Friend! my more than
“ Brother! how generous is this Behaviour
“ to that Affliction and Distress which my
“ Heart has been long labouring under! May
“ I pursue this Passion? Do you believe my
“ Father may be won to consent? Is there
“ Hope that such Happiness is destined for me?

“ THERE is, there is, says *Andrew*. Why,
“ this Passion has made a mere Whiner of
“ you: What is become of all that Courage
“ which you were Master of at School?
“ You are a Lover indeed.

“ ENCOURAGED by these Words, the eld-
“ er Brother confessed his Passion to Miss

“ *Savory*,

“ *Savory*, who received it with an Air that
“ spoke much Satisfaction and mutual Love.
“ After some Time *Andrew* enquired of his
“ Brother how his Declaration was received ?
“ With mutual Ardour, he replied ; we love
“ each other to Distraction. Oh ! my Bro-
“ ther, says he, if my Father should not con-
“ sent to my wedding this Lady, I am, of
“ all Human Creatures, the most miserable ;
“ even she, I believe, will scarce survive it.
“ Did you see with what Fondness she gazes
“ upon me, and listens to all I say ? Yet,
“ alas ! how shall this Overture be made to
“ him ? Why, says *Andrew*, was I in your
“ Situation, I would marry her without his
“ Knowledge ; then you cannot be rendered
“ unhappy : My Father will receive you to
“ his Affection ; I will do all in my Power
“ to persuade him by means of my Mother :
“ You may safely depend on its being made
“ up ; he cannot refuse you ; the continuing
“ his Family depends upon you ; I am too
“ sickly to think of marrying.

“ But, alas ! says young *Sterlin*, I am
“ not yet of Age, and consequently cannot
“ dispose of myself ; nor is Miss *Savory* any
“ more than I am. I know, though her Mo-
“ ther would gladly see her Daughter wed-
“ ded to me, that she would not connive at
“ a secret Match, contrary to, or unknow-
“ ing my Father’s Inclinations ; you can-
“ not conceive, says he, how honourable
“ the Principles of that Woman appear in
“ all she says and does.

“ To

“ To this *Andrew* replied, That a Consent
“ might be feigned as coming from his
“ Father: I myself, says he, will write it,
“ and avow that it is my Father’s Hand.
“ Brothers ought to run any Risque to
“ serve Brothers, and make them happy.
“ At which Words the Elder embraced
“ him, crying, My dear Brother, how shall
“ I repay this Affection for me? Though I
“ should dare to risque my Father’s Displea-
“ sure by marrying this young Lady, yet I
“ can never suffer you to endanger your
“ Welfare; that very Consideration would
“ keep me from doing it; or I should be
“ miserable in every Way.

“ NOTWITHSTANDING this, *Andrew* con-
“ tinued persuading his Brother to marry
“ Miss *Savory*. My Father, says he, cannot
“ be long angry: We shall be both culpable
“ alike; make yourself happy. Perhaps, says
“ he, you may be sacrificed to my Mother’s
“ Inclinations: You know there is in the
“ Neighbourhood a young Lady of great
“ Fortune, and very disagreeable in Soul and
“ Body; as my Mother is inclining to Avarice,
“ you may be sold to this young Woman:
“ Only think what Pain must be the
“ Consequence of being divided from this
“ Angelick Creature, to be tied to that Being
“ which scarce deserves the Appellation of
“ Human in Soul and Body.

“ OH! my Brother, says the Elder, say
“ no more of that; my Blood thrills at the
“ Thought: Yet how can I dare to act in
“ this

“ this Affair without Consent of the best
“ of Parents ? One Year makes me of Age,
“ and then I can chuse for myself : And
“ Half that Time will oblige you to marry
“ Miss *Croffgrain*, (which was the Name of
“ the Lady just mentioned) says *Andrew* :
“ My Mother has told me that she is en-
“ deavouring to make the Match for my
“ Sake ; her Fortune is to be given to me,
“ it seems. Now, Brother, continued he,
“ I should have little Pleasure in the En-
“ joyment of that which must make you
“ miserable. Marry this Lady, and put
“ yourself from the Power of being ren-
“ dered eternally wretched.

“ DURING the Time that young *Sterlin*
“ was debating with himself, whether he
“ should follow the Dictates of Love, and
“ the Persuasion of his Brother, Mrs. *Savory*
“ the Mother was taken ill of a Disease,
“ which soon finished her Life.

“ THE Grief which he knew his dear *Pat-ty*
“ must suffer on this Account, brought
“ him immediately to the House, where he
“ used every Art to give her Consolation :
“ He was constantly with her ; but an Af-
“ fliction dwelling upon her Heart, beyond
“ what was common in the Loss of Parents,
“ he chid her with great Tendernefs for the
“ Indulgence of a Grief exceeding what
“ Duty demands. Miss *Patty*, says he, you
“ have indeed lost the best of Mothers ; but
“ you have lost no more than many others
“ have done before. Oh ! Mr. *Sterlin*,
“ says

“ says she, (the Tear stealing down her wan
“ Cheek) I have lost my All (the last Word
“ attended with a Sigh) : Though my Bro-
“ ther is the best of Men, yet depending on
“ a Brother’s Love is a Situation which natu-
“ rally brings much Anxiety, too much to
“ permit my Heart to be at Ease.

“ Is that the Cause of my *Patty*’s Sorrow?
“ says young *Sterlin* : Is my lovely Maid left
“ to a Brother’s Care ? I am glad of it ;
“ nothing can give me greater Joy.

“ AND can Mr. *Sterlin* rejoice in my
“ Misery ? says she, weeping. No, my
“ dearest *Patty*, says he, taking her in his
“ Arms, I rejoice in the Power which I
“ shall have in relieving you from your Pain,
“ and bind a grateful Heart to my Happi-
“ ness for Years to come. Indeed, indeed,
“ says she, there is no Occasion for that, to
“ make my Soul entirely yours : My greatest
“ Anxiety arose from the Apprehensions
“ which my Mind suffered, lest---lest---She
“ could not speak it out ; when, seizing her
“ Hand, he cried, Can you conceive me so
“ degenerate a Creature to love you less,
“ because you deserve it more ? Can my
“ dearest *Patty* believe I will withdraw the
“ Inclination of making her happy, because
“ it is now more effectually in my Power
“ to render her so ? How can you think so
“ ungenerously of me ? (Still pressing her
“ Hand, and looking in her Face with
“ Tears of Joy) I will dissipate this Anguish,
“ says he, and make myself happy beyond
“ the

“ the Power of Fate to change it. You will
“ not refuse to make me blest at this
“ Moment, when you so sensibly feel the
“ Pain of being in a dependent State; you
“ will have the Tenderness to relieve my
“ Heart from Suspence, from that Sensation
“ which affects your own so nearly.

“ THIS Circumstance of Miss *Savory's*
“ being left without a Fortune, operated
“ so strongly on the generous Heart of
“ young *Sterlin*, that he was now determined
“ to run all Risque of his Father's Dis-
“ pleasure, rather than not put this lovely
“ Creature out of Pain.

“ HE therefore again consulted his Bro-
“ ther, and told him every Circumstance
“ of his *Patty's* Distress and Situation;
“ when *Andrew* with much Art praised the
“ generous Disposition of his Brother, and
“ added, that unless the Marriage was soon
“ completed, it was probable that, from
“ what he had heard from his Mother, he
“ would be obliged to displease their Parents
“ doubly, in refusing Miss *Crossgrain*, who
“ will be proposed to you, and in marrying
“ Miss *Savory*; whereas, added he, if you
“ marry her before this Proposition, you
“ would avoid one half of the Fault which
“ may be imputed to you, that of Dis-
“ obedience. *Andrew* therefore told him,
“ We may easily obtain a Licence, by
“ asserting that you are more than of Age,
“ especially as I will feign a Consent under
“ my Father's Hand, and declare that it

“ came

“ came from him ; and we shall easily get a
“ Parson to marry you : Young *Savory* will
“ be charmed to give his Consent, and give
“ his Sister away.

“ To this young *Sterlin* had but two
“ Objections, which were, forging the Con-
“ sent of his Father, and telling a Lye, in
“ saying that he was of Age ; he could
“ have suffered Martyrdom with more Re-
“ solution. Says he, Brother, I shall betray
“ myself, my Face will give my Words
“ the Lye ; I cannot use my Parent’s Name,
“ my Father’s, so unjustly, to forge it to a
“ Falshood.

“ *Andrew* laughed at all this, and told
“ him he forgot himself : It is I am to
“ transact this Part ; what have you to an-
“ swer for what I do ?

“ THIS did not satisfy the Scruples of
“ young *Sterlin* ; yet *Andrew* still plied him
“ with the Image of Miss *Crossgrain*, and
“ rallied him on his own Figure : What !
“ said he, you intend that the *Sterlins* shall
“ all be of my Make, a poor distorted
“ Race of miserable Beings, made up of
“ Cough, Disease, and Crookedness ! Your
“ Children will probably be of that Stamp,
“ if you marry that Woman ; when my
“ Father will detest the Sight of such a
“ puny Race, and being convinced of his
“ Folly in having joined you to such a
“ Woman, pass the latter Part of his Life
“ in the Pain of repenting for his Weak-
“ ness.

“ WHEREAS

“ WHEREAS those Children which you
“ will have by Miss *Savory*, being all
“ strong, beautiful, and healthy, will win
“ every Moment on his Affections, and
“ impart that Promise, so delicious to a
“ Father’s Eye and Imagination, of having
“ a long Train of Posterity carried on
“ through a beautiful Race of Beings, as
“ the *Sterlins* have hitherto been, my *Æsop*
“ Figure excepted.

“ BUT, says young *Sterlin*, such a Mar-
“ riage would not be effectual; my Father
“ may treat the Clergyman in a manner I
“ should not chuse to have him treated.
“ Though I would myself suffer any Pain to
“ be possessed of my dearest *Patty*, yet it is
“ extremely hard, that the Innocent should
“ suffer for the Guilty, and he be punished
“ for a Crime of which I am only culpable.
“ Heaven forbid that my Happiness should
“ bring Misery to another!

“ *Andrew*, however, got the better of
“ this Sentiment by Time and Persuasion,
“ assisted by the Power of Love, which
“ saps the Foundation of every Resolution,
“ and subdues the Soul of all whom he truly
“ attacks.

“ HE filled his Brother’s Imagination
“ with the hideous Image of Miss *Cross-*
“ *grain*, and persuaded him, with all the
“ Insinuation of Hypocrisy, to secure him-
“ self from being eternally made mise-
“ rable: You may marry now; my Father
“ need not know any thing of it till you
“ are

“ are more than of Age; and if you
“ should be desired to wed that disagree-
“ able Creature before that Time, you may
“ discover your prior Engagement: You
“ must remember what my Father has
“ often said, that in his Opinion the Mar-
“ riage Ceremony once performed, no Law
“ had a Right to annul it; at least, he said,
“ I should think myself culpable of the
“ greatest Crime, if I separated my Child
“ from the Person whom he had cohabited
“ with after the Ceremony, and under the
“ Belief of Matrimony.

“ PERSUASION to the Possession of our
“ Desires, and Fears of being tied to the
“ Object of our Aversion, what Heart can
“ resist? Young *Sterlin* was prevailed on to
“ transact the whole Affair in the Manner
“ his Brother had devised; the last con-
“ ducting the whole, counterfeiting the
“ Father's Consent, and asserting his Bro-
“ ther was more than of Age. The Letter
“ which he had written as coming from
“ his Father, which was shewn to the
“ Clergyman, I have obtained a Copy of,
“ and have inserted in this Place:

“ *My dear Son,*

“ **T**HOUGH it would give me great
“ Pleasure to hear that you had taken
“ a Resolution not to marry the young
“ Lady whom you tell me you are so pas-
“ sionately fond of, particularly as you are
“ yet too young, your Studies unfinished
“ at

“ at the University, and the Lady’s Fortune
 “ so very small; yet, as you assure me
 “ that your whole Happiness depends upon
 “ it, and as your Brother joins in the Re-
 “ quest, my Heart is perhaps too indulgent,
 “ in this Respect, to refuse you your Re-
 “ quest.

“ You will remember, my dear Child,
 “ that you will be obliged, by this Means,
 “ to live on much less than if this young
 “ Lady brought you a Fortune; and consi-
 “ der whether, after the Moments of Dal-
 “ liance are at an end, you can be content
 “ with that Competency which Œconomy
 “ can only make such, which is all I can
 “ afford you till I am no more. Will Love
 “ palliate the Inconveniencies which attend
 “ a small Income, and make such a Life
 “ agreeable? May not this create some se-
 “ cret Wishes for my Death, which may yet
 “ not be so disguised as to escape my Percep-
 “ tion, and thus render us both unhappy?
 “ Reflect on these Things; and then, if
 “ your Duty to me, and Love to this Lady,
 “ can be preserved under the above Circum-
 “ stances, make yourself unhappy, and of
 “ Consequence me, who am,

“ *Your most affectionate Father,*

Sterlin-Hall.

“ JOHN STERLIN.”

“ THUS young *Sterlin* was married to
 “ Miss *Savory*, her Brother giving her
 “ away. Nothing of this transpired du-
 “ ring

“ ring the Time before young *Sterlin* came
 “ of Age: Ten Thousand Times he em-
 “ braced his Brother *Andrew*, and told him,
 “ that to him he was indebted for all his
 “ Happiness. You know not, says he,
 “ how amiable that lovely Creature is, with
 “ whom I am married: Her Person is the
 “ least of her Excellencies: Such an Under-
 “ standing, with so sweet a Disposition,
 “ Heaven has never before united in one
 “ Human Creature.

“ AND now, *John* being of Age, it was
 “ that *Andrew* thought it necessary that his
 “ Father should be acquainted with the Mar-
 “ riage of his elder Brother; he therefore
 “ pretended to be more indisposed than usual,
 “ and went into the Country to recover his
 “ Health, leaving his Brother at *Oxford*.

“ To his Mother he first declared the Se-
 “ cret of his Brother's Marriage, who re-
 “ ceived it like a Token of Death; for she
 “ had really intended that he should marry
 “ Miss *Crossgrain*, and sacrifice Beauty, Sense,
 “ and Good-Nature to Deformity, on pur-
 “ pose that her Fortune might provide for
 “ her Favourite *Andrew*.

“ THIS first Sensation passing off, she
 “ immediately disclosed the Affair to Mr.
 “ *Sterlin*, not scrupling to add all the In-
 “ vectives with which disappointed Wo-
 “ man, in the pure Spirit of Ill-Nature,
 “ can illustrate her Aversion. The Fa-
 “ ther, whose Heart was pure Benevo-
 “ lence, said he was extremely sorry for
 “ it:

“ it: But, my Dear, says he, we must not
 “ totally reject the poor Lad for this mistaken
 “ Action: Beauty has Powers which may
 “ easily subdue a Heart like his, and For-
 “ giveness becomes Human Nature, particu-
 “ larly Parents; who stand so much in Need
 “ of Pardon, for Faults of a superior Kind.
 “ You may talk of Beauty and its Powers,
 “ and forgive him, says the Mother, if you
 “ will, but I shall not. However, at length
 “ she was somewhat softened by *Andrew's*
 “ Persuasion; the eldest Son intreated the
 “ Forgiveness of his Parents in a Letter
 “ which reconciled his Father's Heart en-
 “ tirely; and his Wife wrote one to Mrs.
 “ *Sterlin*, which I have inserted from the pe-
 “ culiar Spirit of good Sense, which seems
 “ to run through it.

To Mrs. Sterlin.

“ *Madam,*
 “ **T**HE only Pain which I am capable of
 “ tasting, whilst I am blessed in Mr.
 “ *Sterlin's* Love, is, that what makes me the
 “ happiest of Women should have created
 “ him your Displeasure.
 “ I AM truly sensible how little I merited
 “ his Esteem, and yet I had not Resolution
 “ sufficient to make me renounce the Bliss
 “ of being united to all I love. Believe me,
 “ Madam, if true Passion can atone for Want
 “ of Fortune, and the Pleasure of being
 “ adored and served by me, make amends
 “ for the Loss of Magnificence; his Happi-
 “ ness.

“ nefs will be as complete as those who pafs
“ their Days in the greatest Splendour.

“ NOTHING can add to my Bliss so much
“ as a Power of manifesting how much my
“ Desire is to prove that Duty I owe the
“ Parents of him I love. If you should deny
“ me this Felicity, let me intreat you to
“ pardon my dear Husband ; take him back
“ to those parental Affections which no Son
“ ever better deserved ; nor let him suffer
“ for what I am chiefly the Cause.

“ I WILL hope that he shall be restored
“ to your Favour : I would even hope that
“ the Day may come, when you, Madam,
“ may not entirely disapprove the Liberty I
“ now take of subscribing myself,

“ *Your most dutiful and obedient Daughter,*
Oxford.

“ PAT. STERLIN.

“ THIS Letter, though it made no Impres-
“ sion on the Mother's Heart, was very sen-
“ sibly received by the Father : He said that
“ Woman could not be destitute of good
“ Sense, Good-Nature, and good Manners,
“ who could write in that Manner ; and
“ as to her Person, all the World unite in
“ agreeing, that she is extremely handsome,
“ says he.

“ THIS then determined the Father to
“ take a Journey to *Oxford* to see his Son,
“ and to be reconciled to him. He saw the
“ Errors which proceed from Love in a fa-
“ vourable Light, and had a Heart suscep-
“ tible

“ tible of the most refined Touches of that
“ Passion: Though his Wife was rather the
“ Object of the Desire of mending his
“ Fortune than that of Tenderneſs, yet
“ Good-Nature had kept him from all
“ ill Behaviour, and Honour from other
“ Pursuits, where the Heart might have
“ found more Allurements and Delight.
“ Theſe Deficiencies in Life, he had proved,
“ were but badly atoned for by Opulence;
“ he therefore beheld his Son’s Behaviour in
“ a favourable Light, and could not openly
“ condemn in him that which in his own
“ Soul he ſecretly approved.

“ Mr. *Sterlin* ſet out on his Journey for
“ *Oxford*, without letting his youngelt Son
“ know where he was going, or informing
“ his eldeſt that he was coming to viſit him.

“ ARRIVING at *Oxford*, he ſoon found
“ the Habitation of Mr. *Savory*, with whom
“ his Son and his Wife were at that Time;
“ when aſking of a Servant at the Door,
“ if Mr. *Sterlin* was at home, and being
“ told Yes, he deſired to ſee him. The Foot-
“ man entering with a Meſſage to his
“ Maſter, that a Gentleman deſired to ſee
“ Mr. *Sterlin*, he bid the Servant aſk the
“ Gentleman to walk in. At this Moment
“ there were in the Parlour, Mr. *Savory* and
“ his unmarried Siſter, Mr. *Sterlin* and his
“ Wife: The laſt was playing on the Harpſi-
“ chord, and ſinging a new Song; her Huſ-
“ band ſtanding by her in Admiration; and
“ with a gentle Tap on the Cheek, he ſaid,
“ juſt

“ just as the Gentleman entered, *Patty*, thou
“ art certainly the prettiest Ballad-Singer in
“ *Europe* ; at which Words, stooping to give
“ her a Kiss, the Door opened ; and turning
“ his Eyes that Way, he saw his Father :
“ That very Moment, starting from the Place
“ he stood in, he rushed into his Father’s
“ Arms, crying out, My Father !---My Son !
“ says the Father, embracing him ; and then
“ not another Word found Utterance from
“ either of their Lips, their Tears choaked
“ their Passage.

“ ALL were much alarmed by this un-
“ expected Visit, particularly Mrs. *Sterlin*,
“ who rose from her Seat, and fell on her
“ Knees to the Father of her Husband ; at the
“ same Time taking hold on the Skirt of his
“ Coat, and looking up to his Face with the
“ Tenderness of a *Magdalene* from the Pencil
“ of *Guido*. She could not seize his Hand,
“ because that was engaged in embracing his
“ Son to his Bosom, the Tears running down
“ in Silence from the Eyes of the Parent and
“ Child.

“ AT length she broke Silence, Will
“ you, Sir, pardon my dear Mr. *Sterlin* ?
“ Will you receive him again into your pa-
“ rental Affection ? Shall he be permitted
“ to call you Father ? Shall I be honoured
“ with the Name of your Daughter ? she
“ said. At which Words, the Father
“ looking to the Place from whence the
“ Voice came, and to which he had not
“ before attended, withdrew his Arms from

“ embracing his Son; and turning to the
“ Lady on her Knees, he stooped to raise
“ her up, asking if she was the Wife of
“ his Son? I am, Sir, says she, that happy
“ Being. And a happy Being you shall be,
“ says the Father: Yes, I will forgive him
“ and you. When; taking her to his Arms,
“ he cried, Here I acknowledge you my
“ Child from my Soul; being strongly
“ struck with her Beauty, the best Advocate
“ in Nature for the Foibles of Love. When,
“ looking on her with Attention, he said,
“ smiling, If I had been a Bachelor, I
“ think I should have loved you myself
“ (at the same Time kissing her with Affec-
“ tion): May every earthly Joy attend you
“ both! What I can do to make you happy,
“ you may depend on it, shall be my future
“ Pursuit and Pleasure. The Son and his
“ Lady then fell on their Knees, and the
“ Father gave them that Blessing in Words
“ which he ever after endeavoured to accom-
“ plish by his Behaviour.

“ HE then paid his Compliments to Mr.
“ Savory, and very politely said, he hoped
“ that this Union in their Families would
“ be a Happiness to both; when, turning
“ to his Daughter, and taking her Hand
“ with much polite Tendernefs, he said,
“ with all the Air of the best Good-Nature,
“ If I had imagined you had been so very
“ amiable, I should not have postponed
“ my Journey to this City so long. Which
“ Compliment she received with a truly
“ heart-

“ heart-felt Joy, smiling, blushing, and re-
“ turning it with the most respectful Cur-
“ tesy; the Son crying, My Father!
“ choaked with Tears of Joy.

“ THE old Gentleman tarried a Week
“ with his Children, and hourly loved the
“ young Lady more and more: He was en-
“ charmed with her Singing and Playing, the
“ Politeness of her Behaviour, the complaisant
“ Air she gave to all that her Duty could pos-
“ sibly do for him. She caught his Inclination
“ from his Eyes, and forestalled his Desires,
“ by providing him with what he liked,
“ which she drew from him in Conversation
“ without his knowing it. All these Things
“ made the Father enamoured of his Daugh-
“ ter; he returned to his Seat in Raptures,
“ and continual Praise of his Son’s Choice.

“ BEFORE he left the University, his Son
“ and he had agreed on what should be his
“ Part of the Estate, and determined on re-
“ pairing a Manor-House, which was two
“ Miles distant from his own, not elegant,
“ but commodious and pleasantly situated.

“ THIS, my Son, says the Father, will
“ be more pleasing to my Daughter, than
“ living with a Mother-in-Law: She will
“ be Mistress of her own House, though
“ smaller than mine: And then you may
“ play the Fool, be fond, and love one
“ another, as well as you will; which elderly
“ Women, who have never been handsome,
“ look upon with a malicious Eye, and
“ which would be displeasing to your

“ Mother. I am only afraid I shall love
 “ this Girl too well, says he, taking her
 “ Hand, and smiling. I shall plague you
 “ with my Company, Hussy. You will not
 “ turn me out of Doors, I hope ; will you ?
 “ Yes I will, says she. For what Reason,
 “ pray, says the Father ? For the Sake of
 “ embracing you, and giving you a welcome
 “ Kiss every Time you come : I shall want
 “ a Pretext for that Behaviour, but on these
 “ Occasions. Very well ; I perceive you
 “ know your Man already : I shall be cajoled
 “ out of every thing, I foresee that, says
 “ the Father.

“ THE Manor-House being repaired, this
 “ Couple, their Brother and Sister *Savory*
 “ accompanying them, went into the Coun-
 “ try, where the Father received them with
 “ great Joy ; the Mother could not avoid
 “ being decent on this Occasion ; and *Andrew*
 “ feigned a Satisfaction, which appeared
 “ surprising to his Father, who knew his Dis-
 “ position : He fancied him metamorphosed
 “ in Soul, and rejoiced at his being pleased
 “ with his new Sister.

“ No Couple was ever happier than this,
 “ no Father had ever more Delight in a
 “ Daughter than this good Man. Their Pro-
 “ geny was as beautiful as ever came from the
 “ Hands of Nature, on which the Grandfa-
 “ ther doated, and even the Grandmother
 “ allowed they were fine Children.

“ THUS past the Time in the most com-
 “ plete Happiness. The Grandfather visited
 “ the

“ the Son every Day, or was visited by him
“ and his Family : He was often heard to
“ say, that he was the happiest Man alive,
“ and to his Daughter, You have made me
“ the happiest Grandfather upon Earth :
“ Half his Conversation was repeating what
“ his Grandchildren had said, to those that
“ visited him. *Andrew* himself pretended
“ to be extremely fond of his Brother’s
“ Family. During this Time the Father
“ had never been acquainted that his Son
“ was not of Age when he was married, and
“ the Son himself had never conceived that
“ his Brother would make an ill Use of that
“ Transaction. At length the Small-Pox
“ attacked the eldest Child, who recovered
“ from the Disease which infected the others.
“ During this Time, this lovely Woman
“ never deserted the Bed of her Children,
“ though she had never passed that fatal Dis-
“ order : No Persuasions of her Husband
“ could keep her from their Attendance, so
“ affectionately she loved them.

“ At length she fell ill of the same Dis-
“ ease, and expired. Who, alas ! can ex-
“ press the Anguish which this unhappy
“ Husband felt on this Account ? All that
“ Bloom which covered his Cheeks faded to
“ a deadly Pale, all the Joy that revelled at
“ his Heart, forsook that Abode. He could
“ not bear to hear the Name of his little
“ Girl pronounced, because she was called
“ *Patty*, after her Mamma : And when he
“ sat at Table with his Children, he would

“ turn his Eyes from one to the other, and
“ then to the Place where that lovely Woman
“ used to sit; and sighing from his Soul, the
“ Tears would steal down his Face secretly
“ and silently; nor did he ever dare to enter
“ the Room where she expired.

“ His Father would often say, My Son,
“ remember you are a Man, and how ne-
“ cessary it is that you live for these poor
“ Children; when the same Weakness ta-
“ king hold of him also, he felt his Powers
“ of Persuasion were very badly able to
“ resist the Grief which attacked his Child
“ on this Account. Says he, My Son,
“ my Life is wrapt in yours; those Chil-
“ dren want you; I want you; defend them
“ from Injury; keep me from Sorrow;
“ keep my poor grey Hairs from Sorrow,
“ at these last declining Hours of Life.
“ Let my last Sun set in Peace, though not
“ in Pleasure, since my -----, he would not
“ say *Patty*, through Fear of disquieting his
“ Son. Alas! Sir, says the Son, those for
“ whom I should live, for ever remind me of
“ what I have lost. Those shining Eyes,
“ those blooming Countenances, those ele-
“ gant Shapes, are all derived from her I
“ loved; she speaks in every Soul, and her
“ Image is for ever before me. My Eyes,
“ closed in Sleep, cannot exclude her from
“ my Imagination; and all my waking Hours
“ are past, where she is united with every
“ Object round. Philosophy in vain has
“ attempted to drive her from my Bosom; I
“ find

“ find my Heart preserves her Idea, in spite
 “ of Resolution, and is every Moment break-
 “ ing with Despair.

“ INDEED he survived but a few Months after
 “ the Death of his dear *Patty*, pining away
 “ in Grief, insensibly: Judge of his former
 “ Happiness by the Pain he felt at her Loss.

“ THIS Affliction so sensibly touched the
 “ Soul of his Father, that he scarce enjoyed
 “ a Moment's Repose; he was always with
 “ the Children, and loved them amazingly,
 “ frequently weeping for their Loss. At last
 “ Death put an End to his Life; his Wife
 “ was dead before; and he left them to the
 “ Care of his Son *Andrew*. My Son, says
 “ he before he died, to you I leave the Care
 “ of these helpless Orphans; they are your's
 “ by Nature, let that speak in their Behalf.
 “ You perhaps know not what Joy it will give
 “ you to provide for these beautiful Children:
 “ It will not be difficult to conceive they are
 “ your own: Time and their Affection may
 “ easily induce you to this Belief. Increase
 “ the Estate by your Frugality, and save
 “ from its Revenues that which will be
 “ sufficient to pay the two younger that
 “ Fortune which I have left them. You are
 “ amply provided for by mine and your
 “ Mother's Care; may the God of All bless
 “ you as you provide for them!

“ To this *Andrew* answered with that
 “ hypocritic Smile which accompanies the
 “ Heart of those who have deceived the
 “ World, and are just going to reap the

“ Advantage of it ; and the Father expired
“ in that Tranquillity which attends the
“ last Minutes of virtuous Men.

“ No sooner was his Father dead, than
“ *Andrew* claimed his Right to the Estate :
“ He said the Children were all Bastards ;
“ that his Brother was married before he was
“ at Age, and without the Consent of his Father ;
“ and for that Reason he was Heir to
“ the *Sterlin* Estate. Says he, These Children
“ must be sent away ; they have no Right
“ here ; I shall maintain no Brother's Bastards.

“ THIS was soon spread over the whole
“ County, when an old Servant, who had
“ long lived in their Grandfather's Family,
“ and loved their Father as his own Child,
“ whom he had borne a thousand Times in
“ his Arms, and had frequently visited to see
“ these Children, whom he loved also, came
“ to expostulate with the Uncle.

“ THIS Man had purchased a Lease of
“ three Lives, on an Estate of Fourscore
“ Pounds a Year, from Mr. *Sterlin* ; on
“ which he lived, and had saved a good deal
“ of Ready Money on it. He was of great
“ Integrity, and had a Sense of Honour and
“ Humanity not to be found in every Lord
“ in *England*, and as good an Understanding
“ as need conduct a Man through the World ;
“ perhaps equal to that of some of those
“ Ministers which have assisted in bringing
“ this Kingdom to its present flourishing
“ Condition in Power, Morals, Literature
“ and Religion !

“ AT

“ AT his coming to *Sterlin-Hall* he asked
“ after the young Family, and Mr. *Andrew*.
“ Says he, I am come to zee my young Lord
“ zince the Death of his Grandfather, (pre-
“ tending to know nothing of what was done
“ by the Uncle): Methinks I should be glad
“ to zee him.

“ You are mistaken, says the Servant;
“ my Master is your Lord now. Your
“ Master my Lord! says Farmer *Meanwell*:
“ Why, is not young 'Squire *John* the eldest
“ Brother's Zon? Whins! what, be the
“ Laws changed? I thought the eldest Bro-
“ ther's Zon had always been the Heir of the
“ Estate: This zeemeth cruel strange to me.

“ THIS short Conversation being finished,
“ Farmer *Meanwell* was introduced by the
“ Servant to his Master.

“ MASTER, your Zarvant, says the Farmer:
“ I am a come to zee my young Lord; but
“ your Zarvant telleth me you be the Heir of
“ the Estate. How is't, good now? Why,
“ I always thought the eldest Brother's Chil-
“ dren inherited the Estate, and not the
“ younger Brother.

“ BASTARDS don't inherit any Estates,
“ be whose they will, says Mr. *Sterlin* with
“ no very pleasing Pronunciation.

“ BASTARDS! replied the Farmer, God
“ blefs my Zoul! Why, I have heard my
“ old Master call her Daughter, and you,
“ Sir, Zizter, a thousand Times. Why,
“ the Oman never pass'd for being worse
“ than she should be, during her Life.

" Why all the World thought her the best
 " Oman in it; to my Mind, she zeem'd
 " a clever Zort of a Lady as ever I zee'd.
 " Why she was married to Mr. *John Sterlin*,
 " was not she? Why, I have heard you
 " were at the Wedding, Zir; you know, be
 " zure, if they were married or not.

" THEY were married, says Mr. *Sterlin*;
 " but it was before her Husband was of Age,
 " and without my Father's Consent.

" WHINS! says the Farmer, but my old
 " Master agreed to it within fix Months
 " after, and loved her as a Child of his
 " own. Have not I zeed 'en doat upon
 " her? Why zure there's no need of mar-
 " rying one Oman twice. But, Mazter,
 " when you knew all this, why didn't you
 " tell your Father of it? Methinks, it doth
 " not look well, that you zould conceal
 " this Story zo long; the World will be
 " buzy with your Character. He Cod, Zir,
 " poor as Iz am, I would not have your
 " Estate upon zuch Terms. I would
 " rather be turned out a-door naked, with
 " the bare Blezzing of God upon me, than
 " have *Sterlin-Hall*, and all your Fortune,
 " upon zuch Conditions. But be zure you
 " only joke; you don't mean to keep the
 " Fatherless and Motherless from their
 " Estates; I know you'll give it to them az
 " soon az the eldest is of Age.

" NOT I indeed, says he; I hope to have
 " Children of my own: What the Law has
 " given me, I shall preserve. What makes
 " any

“ any thing our own but the Laws? There-
 “ fore pray no more of this Conversation, or
 “ I shall remember it when you may add a
 “ third Life on your Estate.

“ He Cod, Zir, says the Farmer, I’ll zee
 “ Justice done to these three poor Children,
 “ or I’ll zpend my whole Farm. Why
 “ zertain the Laws can never be in your
 “ Favour; they won’t null Marriages that
 “ have been acknowledged in this Manner.
 “ Master, I’ll try’t with you. Iz have a got
 “ all Iz have in the Zarvice of the Vamily,
 “ and I’ll zpend all Iz have in the Zarvice of
 “ the Vamily: The Fatherless and Mother-
 “ less are the Care of Heaven, and I’ll try
 “ this Matter with you; therefore don’t be
 “ angry, for I’ll do’t, cost all Iz have.

“ To this the other answer’d, The Chil-
 “ dren shall be To-morrow turn’d out of
 “ Door, when you may take them if you
 “ will; I shall maintain no Brother’s Ba-
 “ stards, let the Parish support them. At
 “ which Words he turn’d upon his Heel,
 “ and walked off. Yez, Mazter, so the
 “ Parish shall, when I have no Bread to
 “ give them. Poor Babes! says the Farmer,
 “ will no one stand your Friends but I?
 “ Must zuch lovely Creatures be hurried
 “ out of their own Dwelling, by an Uncle
 “ who hath no Right to it, and be re-
 “ ceived into my poor Houze? I have
 “ no Children of my own: My Wife
 “ nurz’d your Father, she will do the zame
 “ by you, I know it; and I’m zure the
 “ Blez-

“ Blezzing of Heaven will attend my De-
“ zigns. Where be they? says the Farmer :
“ I doubt not of zeeing them all happy yet
“ at *Sterlin-Hall*. At which Words he was
“ shewn where they were, by a Servant who
“ paid them no Regard, in Complaisance to
“ his Master’s Behaviour ; saying slightly,
“ There they are. You Villain ! says the
“ Farmer, do you treat them in this Man-
“ ner too ? (Clinching his Fist at him, and
“ with Difficulty refraining from striking
“ him) Must zuch Rogues az you inzult
“ their Distress ? When he came into the
“ Room, he burst into Tears, and kissed
“ them tenderly. There was only one Maid-
“ Servant, who had never quitted them since
“ her Lady’s Death : This poor Creature
“ had been their Companion and Friend,
“ lamenting constantly the unhappy Fate of
“ these most lovely Orphans.

“ THIS Woman the Farmer took with
“ him also to his own House, to wait on
“ the Children, where they now remain,
“ and are as well taken Care of as his
“ Circumstances will permit. He honours
“ them as his Master’s Children, and the
“ Eldest as his young Lord. His Wife
“ doats upon them to Excess. Their Uncle
“ *Savory* is also dead ; and as he died with-
“ out Children, these, being esteemed as
“ Bastards, cannot inherit that Part of his
“ Estate which should have devolved to
“ them by his Death : However, the Aunt
“ has promised to support the Chancery-
“ Suit

“ Suit which is begun on this Affair: The
“ Farmer takes the Conduct of it upon
“ himself, and can prove the whole Story
“ as I have here related it: What will be the
“ Event of it, Time must discover.

“ THUS, Ladies, says Mr. *Thoroughgood*,
“ you see, by the special Favour of Heaven,
“ those lovely Creatures are only defended
“ from being supported by the Parish.”

“ IF Brothers, says Sir *William*, insnare
“ Brothers in this Manner, what is to be
“ expected from more distant Relations? who
“ will often, from the Nature of Things, have
“ it in their Power to ruin the Posterity of
“ the Innocent by Craft and Circumvention;
“ at least, this Law has thrown a Temptation
“ in their Way, unknown before.”

“ UNHAPPY Infants! says Lady *Worthy*;
“ though I knew not their Parents, one of
“ them shall be my Care, if they are deprived
“ of their Fortunes by the Law.” “ And
“ another mine,” says Lady *Oliver*. “ And
“ the third shall be mine,” says Mrs. *Tho-*
roughgood. “ With all our Hearts,” said the
three Husbands, much applauding their La-
dies generous and humane Souls.

“ WELL, says Mr. *Thoroughgood*, I have
“ found Reward enough for writing this
“ Story, in the Effects it has produced on
“ your Hearts, Ladies.” “ Indeed, said
“ the whole Company, it is an interesting
“ Account.” “ But methinks, says my
“ Lady *Hearty*, you promised us another.”
“ All Women are alike, you see, Sir *William*,
“ says

“ says Sir *Oliver*. Lady *Worthy* would have
“ persuaded him to read last Night after his
“ Journey: And my good Dame is a very un-
“ fair Sportswoman; she is for running the
“ Hare, which has given us so much Plea-
“ sure, quite down, and not preserving him
“ for another Chace.”

“ I ASK your Pardon, my Dear, says Lady
“ *Hearty*; indeed, I own, I was too much
“ pleased with the Account, to think of any
“ one but myself. Mr. *Thoroughgood* will
“ pardon me: I will wait, though with some
“ Impatience, till he shall please to give us
“ what remains.”

“ AFTER Dinner, says Sir *William*; in the
“ mean while, you shall see my new Altera-
“ tions, my Plantations and Buildings.”

THEY then took a Circuit in the Park and
Gardens; after which retiring to Dinner,
they gave us an Opportunity of retiring from
the Reader, and closing this Chapter.

CHAP. LXV.

The History of Miss Sally Standish. The excellent Effects of Tyranny in Parents, as particularly enforced by the Marriage Act. A Specimen of a Miser's and an Attorney's Love. A Flight into London, and a Pursuit. A London Rider introduced into this History: The particular Method of beginning a Journey observed by these Kind of Gentlemen. A Blunder of old Standish, which drives a Gentleman out of the Window, and a Lady into a decent Fit of Anger; together with a Sketch of mine Host at the George at Hounslow.

THE Dinner being ended, Mr. Thoroughgood was again pressed to favour the Ladies with the remaining Stories which he had written; which, however, was over-ruled by the two Baronets till after Tea; when Mr. Thoroughgood began the second Story as follows.

“ IN a Village not far from *Dorchester*
 “ I lived an Attorney, who had two Sons
 “ and an only Daughter: She was hand-
 “ some; and that brought her many Ad-
 “ mirers: Her Father was supposed to be
 “ able to give her Two Thousand Pounds
 “ down, and as much more at his Death.
 “ Amongst the Number who beheld her
 “ with favourable Eyes, there was an old
 “ Batchelor extremely rich for one of that
 “ Part of the World; He was as avaricious
 “ as

“ as wealthy, and denied himself almost
“ every thing which puts the Life of the
“ Rich superior to that of the Poor: He
“ had no Idea of Pleasure, but that of
“ possessing what he could not enjoy, which
“ is a Kind of Poverty but little different
“ from real Want. The Hand that cannot
“ touch it, and the Heart which will not,
“ are hardly distinguishable in their Effects
“ and Practice.

“ THIS Man, whose Name was *Smallwood*,
“ had a mind to have Heirs to his Estate,
“ and had conceived as great an Affection
“ for Miss *Sally Standish*, (for that was her
“ Name) as he could for any thing but his
“ Money, and had proposed himself to her
“ Father, as willing to take his Daughter
“ with a small Fortune in hand, if he would
“ settle her handsomely after his Death. Old
“ *Standish* loved Money as well as 'Squire
“ *Smallwood*: He laughed at all Marriages
“ of Love, and could not conceive what it
“ meant: He had been a Tyrant of a Husband
“ to a good Wife, who was now no
“ more, and continued the same Disposition
“ to his Daughter, whom he held in the
“ greatest Subjection, yet loved her as well as
“ he could love any thing that would not
“ yield Money. He therefore acquainted his
“ Daughter with the 'Squire's Offer, and
“ bid her receive him with Complaisance, as
“ a Person whom she was to marry.

“ NOTHING is so detestable to young
“ People, whose Dispositions are right in
“ Nature, as Avarice; and when it is joined
“ with

“ with a disagreeable Person, and Age, it
“ is next to impossible, that any Considera-
“ tion can make it agreeable to Youth.

“ HOWEVER, 'Squire *Smallwood* having
“ put on a clean Cheat over his Shirt, and
“ a Pair of clean Sleeves, (for it was the
“ Middle of the Week, and Frugality con-
“ tinually advised him to change Shirts but
“ once in seven Days) his Wig was pow-
“ dered, and a new Curl put to the Bottom
“ of it. Dressed in his best Clothes he came
“ to make his first Visit to Miss *Standish*.
“ Whatever he was deficient in tender Ex-
“ pressions, he made ample Amends for in
“ talking of his Estates, not forgetting one
“ Acre which belonged to either of them, in
“ his Conversation. During this Time, he
“ cast several tender Looks on the young
“ Lady, and let fly three or four waggish
“ Jokes, which, though very arch, we shall
“ omit in this Narration. At last, after
“ having squeezed the young Lady by the
“ Hand, and laughing like a Horse that
“ neighs, he took Leave for the first Time.
“ If the Heart of this young Lady had not
“ been prepossessed in favour of another, she
“ could not have avoided detesting this
“ wretched Being, whose famished Face
“ was more hideous than an Apparition to
“ the Eyes of Youth and Loveliness.

“ IT happened, however, at the same
“ Time, that there lived a young Gentle-
“ man in the Father's House, who was his
“ Clerk, and whose Time was almost ex-
“ pired. This young Man the young Lady
“ had

“ had long loved; and he had made Pretensions of being equally enamoured with her :
“ His Heart, notwithstanding this, was not the most tender ; and his Honour was exactly of the Attorney Standard, which is ever ready to be weighed against Gold, and pretty sure to be out-balanced.

“ THIS Amour was utterly unknown to the Father. At Night, therefore, when the usual Opportunity of being together was come, the young Lady disclosed to Mr. *Wright* (this was his Name) the Affair of her new Lover, and the Horror she was in, lest her Father should oblige her to marry old *Smallwood*. Good Heavens! says she, to be inclosed in the Arms of that shocking Creature, appears to me to be more miserable than Banishment or Death. How shall I avoid it ? Tell me, Mr. *Wright*, how shall I fly this detested Man ? *Wright* told her he would marry her with all his Heart : But, says he, my dear *Sally*, the Marriage will be of no Consequence ; and perhaps it will be extremely difficult to get a Parson who will do that Office, as you want two Years of being of Age. You have no Security, says he, but flying from your Father with me, who, perhaps, as you are his favourite Child, may be glad to be reconciled, and thus consent to the making me eternally happy.---This Resolution they intended taking, if the Father could not be prevailed on to desist from obliging her to marry 'Squire *Smallwood*.

“ THE

“ THE next Day the Lover came again :
“ Every Moment made him more and more
“ odious to her Eyes ; his Kisses were like
“ the icy Touch of Death, and his Breath as
“ suffocating and poisonous as the Exhalation
“ of the ancient *Avernus* in *Italy*. In reality,
“ he became so detestable to her Thoughts,
“ that she could not suffer the Idea of being
“ wedded to that Man for Life.

“ SHE therefore determined to reveal this
“ Resolution to her Father, though she knew
“ his fiery Temper and Impetuosity ; and,
“ if she could not prevail on him to suffer
“ her to refuse this horrid Man, to fly from
“ him with Mr. *Wright*, whatever might be
“ her Fate.

“ ONE Day she opened the Affair to her
“ Father, begging him to hear her with Pa-
“ tience : She laid before him the Difference
“ of Age between her and Mr. *Smallwood*,
“ his disagreeable Person, his shocking A-
“ varice, and all that could be reasonably urged
“ against him.

“ To which the old Man answered, with
“ an Oath, that unless she married him, she
“ should never inherit a Groat of his Fortune ;
“ and you cannot marry another yet a-while
“ by the Laws ; and therefore, says he, I insist
“ upon it that you give him your Consent.
“ What is Age, Ugliness, and Avarice, when
“ he will settle you a Jointure of Five Hun-
“ dred Pounds *per Annum* ?

“ To this she made no Reply : She knew
“ his Passions were as impetuous as the
“ Hurricanes of *Jamaica*, and bore no Op-
“ position :

“ position : The Cataracts of the *Nile* are
“ not less easily stopt than his Resolutions.
“ She therefore determined to fly with Mr.
“ *Wright*, who was ready to leave the House,
“ his Clerkship being expired. — This young
“ Man, though he would gladly have married
“ her with a Fortune, yet he was determined
“ not to do it without : He therefore thought
“ this the shortest Way to come at both,
“ and knew that he should have Possession of
“ her Person at least, though nothing more
“ should be the Consequence of it.

“ THE Time was therefore appointed
“ when they should fly together ; but before
“ they left her Father’s House, she obliged
“ *Wright* to invoke every Power of Heaven
“ to the Truth of his Resolution of marrying
“ her the Day she came of Age. This he
“ affirmed by every Kind of Asseveration.
“ The Time being come when the Father was
“ gone to collect the Rents of a Gentleman
“ whose Steward he was, this Couple took
“ the Opportunity of leaving his House, and
“ going post in a Chaise together to *London*.

“ IT is but of little Consequence to men-
“ tion the Rage her Father was in at the
“ Discovery of his Daughter’s Elopement :
“ He swore ten thousand Oaths, that he
“ would shoot both *Wright* and her ; and
“ as it was but that Morning they left his
“ House, he was determined to pursue them,
“ and be the Death of both where-ever he
“ found them. It seems, his Daughter had
“ left a Letter for her Father, which he
“ found at his coming home.

“ *Honoured*

“ *Honoured Sir,*

“ **T**HE Man whom you would oblige me
“ to marry, is so thoroughly odious
“ to my Apprehensions, that I could with
“ more Pleasure have gone to my Execution,
“ than to the Altar with him.

“ PRAY, Sir, consider what Sum of Mo-
“ ney can be a Recompence equal to the
“ being obliged to pass one’s Days with the
“ Person we detest. Indeed, this Detesta-
“ tion is not founded in Whim, but in real
“ Reason. The Man with whom you would
“ have united me, is void of common De-
“ cency: He denies himself the common
“ Necessaries of Life; would he have granted
“ them to me? He is old, treble my Age:
“ With what Ease or Satisfaction could I
“ have passed my Time with him, from the
“ Hour of my Marriage to the Day of his
“ or my Death? Indeed, Sir, the Condition
“ of being his Wife appeared so terrible to
“ me, that I have taken the Resolution to
“ save myself from it, by flying your House.
“ Though this may appear very culpable in
“ your Eyes, I am determined, in all other
“ Things, to be

“ *Your very dutiful Daughter, till Death,*

“ SARAH STANDISH.”

“ THIS Letter he read, and swore over a
“ hundred Times: He then sent Word to the
“ ’Squire *Smallwood*, and desired him to fa-
“ vour him with his Company immediately.

“ THE

“ THE 'Squire came at the Summons ;
“ but being told the Reason of his being
“ sent for, he said, that Travelling was
“ expensive ; that probably she had already
“ been in Bed with *Wright* ; that for his
“ Part, if she had tarried, he would have
“ married her, but he would not pursue
“ her at any Expence ; another young Wo-
“ man would do as well for him as she.
“ This Manner of answering, though it
“ should have given the Father a Demon-
“ stration of the Truth of what his Daugh-
“ ter had said, and a Detestation of *Small-*
“ *wood*, had quite a different Effect on
“ him : He cursed her a thousand Times for
“ having missed this Opportunity of ma-
“ king her Fortune, as it is generally called,
“ when a beautiful young Girl, with a small
“ Portion, blooming as the Month of *May*,
“ delicious as the ripened Grape, and fragrant
“ as the Isles that bear the Spices of the *East*,
“ is condemned to the icy Arms of a Man
“ hoary as Winter, blighting as the East
“ Wind, and avaricious as the Grave.

“ INDEED this Attorney had been ac-
“ customed to see and consider all Ob-
“ jects but as so much Money : Every beau-
“ tiful Plantation of Trees he conceived
“ only as Timber that would yield so
“ much : He had nothing of the Painter in
“ his Soul, and had never distinguished
“ what characterises the Difference between
“ an Oak, an Ash, or an Elm, only that
“ one was sold at so much the Foot less
“ than the other ; always esteeming those
“ Trees

“ Trees the most beautiful which yielded the
 “ most Money. The Verdure of the spread-
 “ ing Lawn, the waving Corn, the bleating
 “ Animals, the falling River, the extensive
 “ Prospect, had all no other Charms in his
 “ Eye, but the Value which they could an-
 “ nually produce : And when he had heard
 “ some Gentlemen talk of riding ten Miles
 “ to see a Prospect, he was always astonished
 “ to find what Delight Men could have in
 “ viewing a Country that was not their own.
 “ They talk of the Beauty of Nature, says
 “ he ; but I see no Beauty in any thing that is
 “ not my own ; it rather gives me Pain when
 “ I see a rich Country, and cannot say to
 “ myself that I have an Estate in it.

“ NOTWITHSTANDING the 'Squire would
 “ not assist him in his Pursuit, he was deter-
 “ mined to follow them himself : He con-
 “ cluded they would not travel post all
 “ Night, but that, riding Night and Day, he
 “ should overtake them before they reached
 “ *London* : He therefore armed himself with
 “ Pistols and a Hanger, took his own Horses
 “ to *Blandford*, and thence rode post after
 “ them. Before he left this Town, he found
 “ at what Inn they took post ; and then en-
 “ quiring at what House they would change
 “ Horses at the next Town, he pursued
 “ them, still finding that they continued
 “ their Journey Night and Day.

“ THIS Discovery disconcerted him a lit-
 “ tle ; however, his Rage was so highly in-
 “ flamed against his Daughter, that he was
 “ deter-

“ determined to continue his Pursuit to *London*;
“ but as it grew late, he determined to
“ tarry at *Hounslow*, if he did, or did not,
“ find them there.

“ Now this was on a *Sunday Night*, when
“ the Gentlemen Shopmen of *London* are
“ generally regaling themselves at their Masters
“ Expence in the Country.

“ It happened at that very Evening,
“ that *Jack Goodfellow*, a Rider to Mr.
“ *Buckram*, a very eminent Haberdasher of
“ Small-Wares in the City, was actually at
“ the *George* at *Hounslow*: He had come
“ thither to begin his Journey for the
“ Western Parts of *England*, and sell every
“ thing which all the Nations of this World
“ produce. These Gentlemen are all Men
“ of Pleasure: The necessary Requisites for
“ this important Employ are, primarily, to
“ have a strong Head to bear Liquor, a
“ strong Voice to sing what is called a
“ good Song, and a strong Countenance,
“ which can affirm, without changing Colour,
“ that their Masters are the greatest
“ Men in the Trade, and are either the
“ Importers or Makers of all they sell.
“ These Gentlemen are the Oracles of the
“ Country Shopkeepers; they are acquainted
“ intimately with all the Ministers of
“ State, know when the King of *Prussia*
“ will pay the *Silesia* Loan to an Hour,
“ when the King of the *Romans* will be
“ settled, and all the Intrigues of the Court
“ of *France*, to an Iota; which last they
“ never fail of cursing to the Pit of Hell,
“ concluding that whoever wears an Inch
“ of

“ of their Manufactures, is an Enemy to his
“ Country; at the same time selling all that
“ it produces, if required.

“ NOTHING is so common as for these
“ Gentlemen to metamorphose the Face of
“ the whole World; they make *Berlin* a Sea-
“ Port for the *Prussian East-India* Company's
“ Ships, and place *Venice* in the Middle of
“ the Continent. *Egypt* travels into *America*,
“ and the River *Oroonoko* runs through the dry
“ Deserts of *Arabia*, at their Word. And if
“ any Gentleman remarks their Mistake, like
“ the Mock-Doctor in the Farce, who has
“ transposed the Heart and the Liver, he
“ cries, Sir, these Things might be so in
“ Books formerly, but our Ministers have
“ thought fit to alter all that at present: I
“ am sure my Lord Duke of -----, and Earl
“ of -----, told me so at *White's* last time I
“ dined with them. In short, he is considered
“ by all those who know nothing, in the
“ Country, as a Person of the greatest Mo-
“ ment, and deepest Knowledge; and by all
“ who have common Sense, as the most im-
“ pertinent and ignorant of Coxcombs.

“ Honest *Jack* then was a Man of Taste
“ and Pleasure. It seems he and three Gents
“ of this Order, in Imitation of the Great,
“ kept a Wench quadrupartite between them,
“ each being on a Journey nine Months
“ at different Times of the Year; by
“ which it so happened, that one being
“ only in *London* at a Time, each had his
“ three Months Rotation and Possession of
“ this Lady, who was transferred to an-
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“ other at his coming back, even more easily
 “ than *East-India* Stock, not so much as the
 “ Name being changed in the Books, only
 “ by simple Hand-Delivery, like a Breeding
 “ Mare, or other Quadruped.

“ THIS Traveller then had brought the
 “ Fiddle of his Heart in a Post-Chaise with
 “ him to *Hounslow*, to pass the Evening, the
 “ last he could enjoy for nine Months; and
 “ as he was a Lover of that Kind of Musick,
 “ he was determin'd to have a Tune or two
 “ that Night, to take Leave of his Instrument.

“ IN plain *English*, Mr. *Goodfellow* and Miss
 “ *Charlotte* being arrived at *Hounslow*, and
 “ having supped together, were retired to one
 “ Chamber, mine Host of the *George* being
 “ too well-bred a Man to demand the Certi-
 “ ficate of Marriage of those who have the
 “ Goodness to sleep in the same Bed at his
 “ House.

“ NOT more than an Hour after this,
 “ arrived Mr. *Standish*, chagrined with his
 “ Daughter's Flight, with the Fatigue of his
 “ Journey, and his ill Success of not over-
 “ taking the Fugitives: He was determin'd
 “ therefore to kill them both, where-ever he
 “ found them. At his alighting at the *George*,
 “ his first Question was, Whether there was
 “ a young Gentleman and Lady who had
 “ come thither in a Post-Chaise that Evening?
 “ to which the Chamber-Maid (it seems the
 “ Landlord was gone to Bed) answered, there
 “ was. Did they tarry any Time here? says
 “ *Standish*. Yes, says the Girl, they are gone
 “ to Bed together about an Hour since.

“ MR.

“ MR. *Standish*, at hearing these Words,
“ being in the greatest Rage internally, im-
“ mediately concluded that this Couple could
“ be no other than *Wright* and his Daughter :
“ He therefore determined to take Vengeance
“ upon both of them, and asked in what
“ Chamber they lay ; for, says he, I must ab-
“ solutely speak with the Gentleman directly,
“ and am come hither on purpose. The
“ Chamber-Maid therefore, mounting the
“ Stair-Case, shewed him the Door : There,
“ Sir, the Gentleman and Lady are in that
“ Room, says she.

“ AT this Time Mr. *Goodfellow* was softly
“ wrapped in the Embraces of Sleep, more
“ particularly at this Moment than another,
“ for the same Reason that Sir *Charles Easy*,
“ in *The Careless Husband*, is taking a Nap. It
“ happened also that he was then visited by a
“ terrifying Dream, which was no less than that
“ his Master had discovered that he had often
“ robbed his Money-Drawer, and defrauded
“ him considerably in other Ways, for which
“ he was pursuing him with Officers.

“ MR. *Standish* then coming at this Instant
“ to the Door, turned the Lock, and to his
“ great Dissatisfaction found it was thoroughly
“ fastened, so that he could not enter without
“ Violence: He therefore attempted to force the
“ Door ; at which Time Mr. *Goodfellow* awa-
“ king with the Noise, just heard the Person
“ without answer to the Servant, who was
“ complaining of his Ill-Manners: The Dog,
“ says he, has robbed me of----- At which
“ Words he leapt from Miss *Charlotte*, and

“ without staying to hear the rest, or taking
“ so much as one parting Kiss, he ran to the
“ Window, threw up the Sash, and made a
“ bold Leap into the Yard, concluding from
“ the Words he had heard, and the Dream
“ he was awaked from, that it could be no
“ other Person than his Master, who was
“ come to apprehend him.

“ No sooner was this Gentleman gone
“ through the Window, than Mr. *Standish*
“ was entered at the Door, when, drawing
“ a Pistol from his Pocket, he ran to the
“ Bed-Side, where, to his great Surprise, he
“ found all his blooming Expectations lost,
“ and that the Bed did not contain his
“ Daughter, but a Lady altogether unknown
“ to him; he therefore asked her ten thousand
“ Pardons for his Mistake, assured her that
“ he meant no ill Design, and told her the
“ Affair of his Daughter.

“ AND, pray, Sir, says Miss *Charlotte*,
“ because your Daughter is turned Bunter,
“ and has run away with a Fellow, do you
“ conceive there are no modest Women in
“ the World? Must your Insolence, in pre-
“ tence to look after your Wench, authorise
“ you to break into the Chamber, where a
“ Gentleman and his Lady are in Bed to-
“ gether? Cannot the Modest sleep in Peace,
“ because your Daughter is a Whore? Sir,
“ your unparalleled Barbarity has made my
“ Husband leap through the Window: He
“ thought it was Fire, being suddenly waked
“ from his Sleep; and God knows what
“ may be the Consequence of it.

“ T.

“ To this the Attorney answered, as meek
“ as *Moses*, that he was extremely sorry for his
“ rash Proceedings; which was indeed very
“ true, being terribly afraid of a Prosecu-
“ tion; and withdrew, not a little discon-
“ certed. The Lady dressed herself, and
“ going into the Court, she called upon
“ Mr. *Goodfellow*, and told him it was a
“ Country Madman in Pursuit of his run-
“ away Daughter, and not Fire. It seems
“ Mr. *Goodfellow* had received no other
“ Mischief by this Leap, than being horribly
“ terrified, and up to the Knees in rotten
“ Dung, which however had kindly re-
“ ceived him as softly as the Bear did
“ *Hudibras* in his Fall.

“ WHEN hearing the Voice of his *Charlotte*,
“ which never before so truly sounded lik
“ the Voice of the Charmer to his Ears,
“ he left the Hayloft into which he was
“ crept, and came all stinking to the Arms
“ of his sweet Lady; when, after washing
“ himself, and swearing Vengeance on the
“ Attorney, he again withdrew to his Bed
“ and his *Charlotte*, where we shall leave them
“ to sleep if they can.

“ MR. *Standish*, thinking it prudent, with-
“ drew without further Search, having suc-
“ ceeded so ill in this first, not a little ter-
“ rified with the Consequences of this Mis-
“ take; and Mr. *Goodfellow* was glad to
“ find him gone the next Morning, be-
“ cause he knew the Affair would not
“ well bear the publick Examination; how-
“ ever, he swore Vengeance and Destruction

“ where-ever he should meet him, and to pursue him to the World’s End for Satisfaction, meaning perhaps the Land’s End, to which he was proceeding to take Orders; for these Gentlemen, as has been already shewn, are great Adepts in Geography.

“ THE Landlord also joined in this Declaration, swearing, if he had known the least Hint of the Matter, he would have rose and threshed the Dog within an Inch of his Life: Damn him! says he, to disturb an honest Gentleman and his Lady in the Middle of the Night, in looking after his B--- of a Daughter!---(Though mine Host had seen Miss *Charlotte* at his House with every one of her Keepers more than once.)
 “ ---If I knew his Name, I would not take the Law of him, but ride ten Miles to do myself Justice on his Bones: These unmannerly Dogs think they may treat a Publican as they please: A Gentleman is always known by his Behaviour. Upon which Mr. *Goodfellow* calling for a Negus, mine Host of the *George* and he took it off together, swearing a Vengeance on the Attorney, which neither of them intended to take.

“ Now it seems, during this Affair in the Night, my Landlady had waked mine Host, and desired him to rise and see what was the Matter. No, no, psnah! let them alone, says he: What the Devil does the Fellow bring his Whore here for? Some Quarrel about her, I suppose. As they are probably both my Guests, let them decide it themselves: What have I to interfere in other
 “ Gen-

“ Gentlemen’s Quarrels, and spoil the Bu-
“ nefs of my House ? On which he turned
“ round, and slept as soundly as a Marmote
“ in Winter, or as if there had not been a
“ Mouse stirring in the Inn.

“ THE Negus being finished, Mr. *Goodfel-*
“ *low*, with much tender Expression, commit-
“ ted his *Charlotte* to the Stage-Coach, recom-
“ mending her to the Care of a Gentleman
“ who was going to *London*. He then mounted
“ on his Bags, which were already mounted
“ on his Saddle ; when, covering them with
“ his Great-Coat from the prying Eyes of
“ Gentlemen out of Business, and cocking his
“ Gold-laced Hat, he proceeded on his Geld-
“ ing, whose Tail and Head were nicely cock’d
“ up also : Indeed the Beast was a Beast of
“ great Delicacy, and had a Tendernefs in his
“ Fore Feet, not to be found in many Human
“ Hearts ; which made him walk much like
“ those Ladies who affect to shew all the World
“ they are accustom’d to a Coach, by their gin-
“ gerly Stepping. On he goes, with a Folio of
“ Patterns, and another of Falshoods, to sell
“ all the Commodities that have hitherto been
“ made in the Universe, and find Lies and
“ Conversation for his Customers.

THUS having freed the Inn of its Company,
and made a clear House, we beg our Readers
Patience till we rest ourselves a little in it.
Alas ! our Genius, though as fleet as another,
is not able to follow Mr. *Standish* Post, with-
out taking some Refreshment, which we ac-
cordingly take the Liberty to do in this Place,
and thus close the Chapter.

C H A P. LXVI.

Mr. Standish takes himself away by Night, and proceeds to London. A very fruitless Search in Quest of his Daughter. A Sample of two Letters, neither very polite or long. Another, of a quite contrary Nature. A Resolution of leaving the World by one Person, prevented by another's coming into it. Miss Standish in Keeping; very different Behaviour, at two different Times, of that Lady to her Destroyer. Her Progress through the various Stages of a Kept Mistress, till her Death.

“ **M**R. Standish proceeded to London, where having searched in vain a whole Week, he returned again to his own House; having neither seen or heard of his Daughter, after she arrived at that great City: He therefore determined never more to acknowledge her for a Child, and gave her up to the wide World and Destruction, with a Resolution to think no more of her.

“ Two Months pass'd without Miss Standish having the least Impression made on her Chastity. She had resisted all the Attacks and Wiles of Mr. Wright, who thought that if he could once prevail on her to grant him the last Favour, and she should prove pregnant, her Father would give him the two thousand Pounds, and his Consent, to save her Character; both which he would have gladly received, having but little of the latter of his own; but he did not chuse to divide them.

“ THE

“ THE common Methods of Oaths, Vows,
 “ &c. having failed, he agreed with one of
 “ his Comrades to go to *Vauxhall*, which was
 “ then opened; and desired he would get
 “ another Lady to keep Miss *Standish* Com-
 “ pany: No Matter if it be one of the Town,
 “ provided she can disguise herself for that
 “ Evening, says he.

“ THIS then was settled, and a Box be-
 “ spoke: The other Gentleman appearing to
 “ entertain the Company, the Gentlemen
 “ and the other Lady indulged themselves in
 “ Champagne, Miss *Standish* refusing it; at
 “ which her Female Companion laughed at
 “ her, saying it was Lady's Liquor, and no
 “ stronger than Small Beer: You may drink
 “ a Hog'shead, Madam, says she, without
 “ the least Influence or Effect.

“ PERSUADED to repeat her Draughts by
 “ this unsuspected Woman, she drank till
 “ she became absolutely intoxicated; when
 “ leaving the Place with the Company, not
 “ knowing where she went, they all four re-
 “ tired to a Bagnio; and that Evening ac-
 “ complished what all the Persuasions of the
 “ World would not have effectuated without
 “ that delusive Liquor.

“ ALAS! such is the Condition of frail
 “ Human Nature, this Favour, once obtained
 “ by Force or Art, is ever after easily
 “ repeated by the Person beloved. She no
 “ longer refused his Embrace, and soon found
 “ the Consequences of it. This gave her
 “ great Pain; she beheld her lost Condition

“ with infinite Contrition, and a Dejection
“ little short of Despair seized upon her Soul.

“ *WRIGHT* persuaded her to acquaint
“ her Father in what Condition she was: He
“ will then consent to our marrying, says he,
“ which you know cannot be done without
“ that.

“ AH! Mr. *Wright*, says she, how shall I
“ disclose to a Parent the Situation I am in?
“ Can you conceive it possible for a Daughter
“ to tell a Father she has brought Disgrace
“ upon herself and him? I can with more
“ Ease finish this Life, which promises no-
“ thing but Misery, said she sighing. Per-
“ haps, if you write to him, and ask his Con-
“ sent to marry me, he may grant that, tho’
“ he may give me no Fortune: You will
“ preserve me from Infamy, I am sure, if he
“ yields to your Request.

“ IN this the poor Girl was much decei-
“ ved: He had already enjoyed, before Mar-
“ riage, all that he desired or could possess
“ after, except her Fortune, and was not one
“ of those whose Sense of Honour would
“ greatly urge him to Gratitude, or Repara-
“ tion of Injury: However, he promised to
“ write to her Father, and know his Deter-
“ mination.

“ AT this Part of the Account, Lady
“ *Hearty* sighing, turned her Eyes to Sir
“ *Oliver*, and secretly stole a Kiss; blessing
“ herself for having met with a Man of so
“ different a Behaviour. All the Company
“ perceived the Kiss, and penetrated the
“ Reason; not one Lip or Motion, however,
“ giving

“ giving the least Sign or Suspicion that they
 “ suggested the Cause of it.

“ THE Letter was as follows :

“ S I R,
 “ **T**HIS is to acquaint you, that I am
 “ ready to marry your Daughter, pro-
 “ vided you will advance her Two Thousand
 “ Pounds on the Day of Marriage, and Two
 “ more at your Death; if not, you must even
 “ take her back, and give her to the 'Squire.
 “ I presume there is an Heir ready gotten to
 “ his Hands. I am

“ Your humble Servant,

“ HENRY WRIGHT.

“ THIS Letter he wrote, and imagined with
 “ it to frighten the Father : But he was mis-
 “ taken; old *Standish* was now ten times more
 “ irritated against him and her than before,
 “ and answered in the following Manner.

“ You Rascal!
 “ **Y**OU have already made my Daughter
 “ a Whore, and now you expect I will
 “ give you Money to make her your Wife;
 “ but, by Heavens! I would rather hear of
 “ her being on the Streets of *London*, than
 “ married to so vile a Fellow as I know you
 “ to be.

“ SAMUEL STANDISH.

“ THIS Letter he shewed to Miss *Standish*,
 “ who now beheld her miserable Condition
 “ with a Sense which none can know who
 “ never

“ never tasted that Calamity, nor ever con-
“ ceive the least Idea of, who have not
“ conversed with those unhappy Beings in
“ London, who have passed through a Trial
“ ten times more penal than the Ordeal.

“ *WRIGHT*, perceiving her in this
“ Condition, swore a thousand Times he
“ would marry her if it was possible. Says
“ he, My dear *Sally*, you know the Laws
“ prohibit me from that Happiness : How-
“ ever, it is only delayed ; the Time will
“ come, and this shall make no Alteration
“ in my Love. In which he spoke very true ;
“ for all that was originally of that Passion,
“ was totally extinct in him ; and he safely
“ vowed eternal Truth, and Promise of
“ Marriage, when the Laws would not per-
“ mit him to put those Vows in Execution.

“ SAYS he, My Dear, I will go into the
“ Country to fetch some Money to serve you
“ during your Lying-in ; and then wait till
“ you are of Age, when we will be married.

“ HE then left this unhappy Creature,
“ with very little Money, in a Lodging not
“ too well provided with what was necessary,
“ the Woman who kept the House being in
“ a Sort of Necessity herself : By this means
“ she was obliged to pay her at the End of
“ every Week.

“ SHE wrote to Mr. *Wright*, but to no
“ purpose ; he never answered her Letters.
“ Her Money being all exhausted, and the
“ Hour of her Lying-in at hand, she beheld
“ herself as the most miserable of all Beings :
“ Life, and the Shame which she felt within,
“ were

“ were become so terrible to her Apprehensions, that she determined to finish her Days, and thus hide her Head from Reproach for ever.

“ If this Law had never been made against Marriage, says she, I should have been still virtuous, though poor; and what is Poverty compared to what I now feel for my lost Character and Reputation, even at this Moment, when I know the Stings of both at one Instant? I am undone! There is no Resource for me, Wretch! she cried. She therefore determined to write another Letter to Mr. *Wright*, to tell him her Resolution, and to destroy herself if he did not immediately come to her Assistance.

“ Mr. *Wright*,

“ **T**OO late I perceive that I am totally undone, and deserted by him from whom alone I expected and deserve Relief. Believe me, unless you return to sustain me in the approaching Hour of Pain, I must, I cannot avoid putting an End to that Being which you have rendered at present the most miserable. You, who know my Soul, can you suppose that I dare to face the Day-Light, after this fallen State, unless you are present, and avow to the World that I am yours? Make haste to my Redress, which unless you do, I here take my everlasting Farewell of a faithless Man, and of the World.

“ *I am still, alas! too much yours,*

“ SARAH STANDISH.

“ SHE intended waiting the Event of this
“ Letter, which, if it was not answer’d in
“ a certain limited Time, she determined to
“ finish that Being, before she should bring
“ a Child at once to Life, Wretchedness,
“ and Infamy.

“ THIS, however, she was prevented in;
“ the Time being not yet lapsed which she
“ had determined to tarry, when she was
“ seized with Labour, and delivered of a
“ very fine Boy. During this Time of her
“ Confinement, she was obliged to pledge
“ many of her Clothes for her Sustenance;
“ the Woman with whom she lodged, being
“ employed in the transacting the Affair,
“ always defrauding her in some Part of
“ what they produced.

“ NOTHING can express the Misery she
“ felt at her Heart, deserted by *Wright*, no
“ Friend to fly to, no Parent to receive her,
“ no Asylum for ruin’d Innocence, no Mo-
“ ney to sustain her. Her Soul sunk to De-
“ spair with conscious Shame; and now no
“ longer preserving her Resolution to destroy
“ herself, the Child of which she was deli-
“ vered, having brought a new Sense of
“ Tenderness into the World along with it;
“ she was compell’d to live for that very
“ Being, which she wish’d to have extin-
“ guished with herself before she saw it; such
“ different Sensations come into our Souls
“ with our Progeny. She could not bear
“ the Thoughts of deserting that helpless
“ Infant to the Mercies of the World.

“ DURING the Time of her Lying-in, the
“ Girl who had been with her at *Vauxhall*,
“ the

“ the fatal Night of her Undoing, came to
“ see her; a Liberty which she had some-
“ times taken : Indeed, tho’ she was a Girl
“ of the Town, she was not one of the most
“ abandoned ; and, though not possessed of
“ all that Delicacy of Soul which Miss
“ *Standish* knew, yet of Sensibility enough to
“ hate the Life she was engaged in.

“ THIS Girl, as she was now in Keeping,
“ and in Abundance of all Things, finding
“ the Distress Miss *Standish* was reduced to,
“ generously supported her in her Afflictions,
“ and persuaded her to send the Child to the
“ *Foundling Hospital* ; which, alas ! she was
“ with much Reluctance prevailed on to do.

“ SHE looked down upon it at its going
“ away, saying, Unhappy Babe ! born in
“ Misery, deserted by thy Parents, whom
“ thou never must know ! Alas ! thou goest
“ to live on Charity, unconnected, unsup-
“ ported by those who should watch thy In-
“ fant Steps, and lead thee into Life. May
“ thy Fate yet be better than that of her who
“ bore thee ! She then kissed her Child with
“ great Tenderness, and weeping over it,
“ she was with Difficulty prevailed on to
“ sever it from her Bosom : However, it was
“ carried to the Hospital, and the fortunate
“ Ball was drawn in its Favour.

“ AFTER this she heard no more of
“ *Wright*. She then determined to wait on
“ some Lady ; but, alas ! such is the Force
“ of Truth in virtuous Minds, when she
“ was asked, with whom she lived last ? how
“ long she had been in *London* ? and what
“ Part

“ Part of the Country she came from? she
 “ blushed, and betrayed that Sensation which
 “ she felt within, which being always con-
 “ strued into a Loss of Chastity by the Kind-
 “ hearted of her own Sex, was sufficient
 “ Reason to expel her from all Service of
 “ that Sort: So unpitying are Women to
 “ that Frailty which is the most natural of
 “ all to Human Kind.

“ FINDING it impossible to succeed in this
 “ Way, she was recommended by the same
 “ Kept Mistress to her Millener; who,
 “ being engaged in the honourable Profession
 “ of Procuring for her intimate Friends, had
 “ gotten rich, whilst others, who had not
 “ joined this latter Trade to that of making
 “ Caps, had starved in their Employment.

“ THIS Lady living in one of the Streets
 “ of *Covent-Garden*, had her Shop much
 “ frequented by Gentlemen, and always filled
 “ with pretty Wenches; much such another
 “ Place for the Choice of beautiful Girls,
 “ as the Repository is for Horses; where
 “ each may be seen, bought, and warranted
 “ sound, from the Hands of the Keeper.

“ To this Millener Miss *Stanish* was re-
 “ commended. Her Clothes had been re-
 “ deemed by the Kept Mistress, whose Heart
 “ was ten times more open to the Sufferings
 “ of her Fellow-Creatures, than Thousands
 “ of those whose Fortunes have been made
 “ by Marriage, and whose Ill-Humour only
 “ preserved them from Ruin. Such is the
 “ Fate of Beauty and Good-Nature: That
 “ happy Combination, so amiable in itself,
 “ alas!

“ alas! too frequently makes the Possessors
“ miserable by the Excellencies which they
“ inherit, joined with the Inhumanity of
“ Men, who have lost, or never felt, a Sense
“ of Honour becoming their Species.

“ AMONGST those who visited the old
“ Lady’s House, there was an old Letcher,
“ a Bencher, who frequently came to look
“ over the Girls, and had often taken a Dam-
“ sel from that Shop. He was one of those
“ whose Appetite demanded Variety, and
“ whose whole Joy consisted in having some-
“ thing totally new. He considered Miss
“ *Standish* in that Light, a fresh Virgin; and,
“ as she was really very handsome, was
“ willing to give a good Price; which he
“ hinted to the good Woman of the Shop.

“ THIS Gentleman’s Intentions being
“ known, this pious Woman, who never
“ missed a Sermon or Lecture at the Meet-
“ ing-House which she belonged to, was de-
“ termined to exert every Talent to procure
“ this Favour for her Friend, whom she had
“ so often served. Indeed he had preserved
“ a long and close Intimacy with her in her
“ Youth, and assisted her in her first going
“ into Business. Ever since that Time she
“ imagined she never could serve him suffi-
“ ciently; so much her Sense of Gratitude
“ operated, to the Ruin of the Innocent,
“ and gratifying the Criminal.

“ To effect this her Custom was, when-
“ ever any Girl was pitched on in her Shop
“ by this or any other Gentleman who paid
“ generously, (for she had a marvellous

“ Good-

“ Good-Will towards gratifying every one’s
 “ Desires who behaved like a Gentleman,
 “ as she called it) to select that young Crea-
 “ ture from the rest, make her the Favou-
 “ rite, and invite her to drink Tea with the
 “ Enamorato in her Dining-Room.

“ After this she constantly harangued on
 “ the amiable Qualities of the Man who
 “ was just gone. What a Pity it was that
 “ he had sworn so solemnly never to marry !
 “ In this Manner she treated Miss *Standish*.
 “ It is a thousand Pities, says she, Miss
 “ *Sally*: He loves you to Distraction: Yet,
 “ says she, I don’t see there is so much in
 “ Marriage either. Who lives more gen-
 “ teelly than Miss *Fanny* -----, Miss *Lucy*
 “ ----- ? They ride in their Chariots, whilst
 “ Wives go on Foot ; and dress better than
 “ Half the married Women of Quality in
 “ *England*. Who leads the Fashion so much
 “ as Miss *M*----- ? Her Hats, her Hoops,
 “ her Sacks, her Colours, her every Thing
 “ is the standing Mode. I would rather
 “ have her Custom than that of a Duchess :
 “ For my part I know no Life so agreeable
 “ as that of a Kept Mistress. A Wife is the
 “ Slave of a Husband, and a Man the Slave
 “ of a Kept Mistress ; there is the Difference.
 “ And what Woman in her Senses would he-
 “ sitate one Minute, to determine which she
 “ would prefer ?

“ INDEED, says she, the Act of Parlia-
 “ ment against Marriage tends much to
 “ promote this Spirit of Intrigue and Keep-
 “ ing : And a good Act it is, Heavens bless
 “ those

“ those that made it ! I find, since that, rich
“ People marry their ugly Daughters to the
“ Nobility and Gentry, who keep Girls,
“ and don’t care Six-Pence for the Person
“ of those they espouse. This is a National
“ Good : The Money, which the ugly
“ Wife brings, goes to support the beautiful
“ Mistress ; and thus two are provided for
“ instead of one. And Trade flourishes, I
“ am sure ; Thank God, I have never had
“ so good Custom as since that Act was
“ made. And I am sure I would rather be
“ the Mistress than the Wife, if fine Clothes,
“ fine Jewels, fine Coaches, and Love, can
“ make a Woman happy ; and to be sure
“ those who made that Act, knew what they
“ were doing at that Time. Indeed, *Sally*,
“ says she, I wish you well, and should be
“ glad to see you well settled. The old
“ Gentleman (he is not so old neither) doats
“ upon you. I believe he would give you
“ more than I shall say : I would have you
“ think of it : Go, get to your Business ; I
“ cannot avoid wishing you well : I have
“ always had a peculiar Love for you ever
“ since you came to me.

“ By this Means and a certain Head-
“ Maid which she kept in her House, as
“ Masters of Duck-Poots do a Decoy-Duck,
“ to quack and prattle all the others to their
“ Destruction, this old Procurefs had ne-
“ ver failed seducing the Girls of her Shop,
“ who had been liked by those Men who
“ frequented it.

“ SHE

“ SHE had more Difficulty in prevailing
“ on this young Lady, than any other she
“ had ever ruined. However, the old Man
“ promising that he would settle fifty Pounds
“ a Year upon her, the Mistress joining in
“ the Praises of a Settlement, the Happiness
“ of an Independency, and the sweet Dis-
“ position of the old Gentleman; she at last,
“ with not much less Reluctance than going
“ to an Execution, was sacrificed to the
“ Lust of that old Monster, whom every
“ Hour made her detest more and more, till
“ at length he became absolutely intolerable
“ to her Sight.

“ BEING thus far advanced in Life, Miss
“ *Standish* had soon lost all that Simplicity
“ and Air of Innocence, which was so de-
“ lightful in her originally; and really looked
“ almost as impudent as any first-rate Wo-
“ man of Quality walking the *Park*.

“ It seems *Wright* had retired to the
“ Country, with Intent to follow his Pro-
“ fession; but had unhappily miscarried in
“ his Business; the Country People being
“ so totally ignorant, in the Knowledge of
“ the polite World, as to imagine a Man a
“ worse Creature for having ruined an inno-
“ cent Girl, and therefore had declined
“ employing him.

“ THIS drove him to *London* to seek his
“ Bread; where having found that Miss
“ *Standish* was in good Keeping, he had the
“ Impudence to seek Relief from her whom
“ he had deserted in the utmost Distress.

“ HE

“ HE had learnt the Name by which she
“ was known at present, and where she
“ lodged, and thus went directly to her
“ Lodgings, asked to see her, and was in-
“ troduced to her Company. Imagine what
“ Amazement seized her when she saw the
“ Face of *Wright*!

“ AFTER a Moment's Pause, she said, Are
“ you, inhuman Wretch! still living? And
“ dare you approach her whom you have
“ ruin'd! eternally undone? Hence from
“ my Sight, Monster! and prove all the Mi-
“ sery I have known on thy Account.

“ HE attempted to expostulate, but in vain;
“ she drove him from her Presence, and bid
“ him never more approach her Doors.

“ A FEW Hours after this, her Keeper
“ came to cuddle away the Evening, and
“ exhibit the most contemptible Sight and
“ Character in this World; an old Fel-
“ low, hoary and wrinkled, dallying in
“ Lust with Youth and Beauty.

“ CHICKEN, says the old Man, I have re-
“ ceived a Letter from an old Friend, desi-
“ ring me to look after one *Wright* of your
“ Country. It seems he knew what County
“ she came from, though he knew no more.
“ Do you know any thing of him, says he?

“ WHAT *Wright*? says she, suspecting the
“ old Man had discovered her former Amour:
“ There are many in *Dorsetshire*.

“ I DON'T know what *Wright*, Chicken,
“ says the old Bencher, (patting her Cheek
“ and leering libidiously;) it is one who
“ has run away from the Country in Debt,
“ and

“ and an old Friend of mine desires me to
“ get him arrested: It seems he has defrauded
“ him. Yes, says Miss *Standish*, (Rage still
“ possessing all her Soul) I know him, he is
“ a Villain; get him confined in Jail, he
“ deserves all Kinds of Punishment.

“ AND will Chicken be pleased, if I get
“ him thrown into Jail? says the old Fellow,
“ playing with her Bosom, and grinning like
“ a Satyr in her Face. Yes, says she, every
“ one should be pleased with seeing Villains
“ receive the Punishment they merit; no-
“ thing will give me greater Joy.

“ ENCOURAGED by this Speech, old *Slo-*
“ *comb* (for that was his Name) imagined
“ he should greatly add to the Happiness
“ of his Mistress, if he could arrest *Wright*,
“ which he soon effected, and posted away
“ on Wings of Joy, to tell his Chicken
“ what he had done.

“ WHEN entering the Room, he cried,
“ there, Chicken, 'tis done! He is in Jail;
“ the Rascal had not a Farthing to buy him
“ Bread; he will suffer now.

“ AND have you sent my *Wright* to Jail?
“ says she.

“ YES indeed, Chicken, he is gone; I
“ knew it would please you.

“ IMPOTENT old Monster! says she, Why
“ had not you told me once more your De-
“ sign, before you put it in Execution? Fly
“ this Moment, and release him from that
“ hideous Place, or never more behold this
“ Face. Fly and release him from those
“ Horrors which he feels.

“ Why,

“ WHY, Chicken, I thought it would
“ delight you to have him there.

“ YOUR Thoughts will never penetrate
“ the Heart of Woman. Wou’d you con-
“ fine to all the Horrors of a Jail, a Man
“ who never has offended you, without con-
“ sulting twice? Fly and release him in-
“ stantly: You should have asked a thou-
“ sand Times, and still remained irresolute.

“ OLD *Slocomb* could not conceive the
“ Cause of this Change in her. She imme-
“ diately ordered a Coach, and without
“ one Moment’s Delay hurried away to the
“ Fleet; when, demanding to see one Mr.
“ *Wright*, who had that Day been confined
“ a Prisoner, she threw herself into his Arms,
“ pressing him to her Bosom, dissolving into
“ Tears and Tendernefs. Alas! she had
“ driven him from her Presence, and Re-
“ sentment induced her to believe she had
“ exiled him from her Heart; but she de-
“ ceived herself, this Suffering of his awa-
“ kened every latent Spark of Love, and
“ kindled all that Passion up a-new: So much
“ are Women in general more faithful to
“ their Vows and Love than Men.

“ SHE immediately sent for the Attorney,
“ discharged the Debt, set him at Liberty,
“ and bid him see her the next Day. She
“ then returned to the Company of *Slocomb*
“ without letting him know what she had
“ done; and endeavoured even to laugh
“ away that Behaviour which she had shewn
“ in regard to *Wright*. The old Man was
“ doatingly fond of her, and rejoicing to
“ see

“ see her return in Good-Humour, fumbled
 “ away the Night, and thought himself happy
 “ to have escaped so well.

“ *WRIGHT* having thus renewed his
 “ Acquaintance with Miss *Standish*, the Cor-
 “ respondence rested not there: *Love* had his
 “ Share of their Conversation, and she re-
 “ ceived him to her Arms with as much De-
 “ light, as she did *Slocumb* with Detestation.

“ AT last her Keeper died, and left her
 “ Fifty Pounds a Year Annuity. This was
 “ nothing to one who had lived so long in
 “ Expence, and maintained *Wright*.

“ SHE was after this, at different Times,
 “ kept by a *Jew*, a young Merchant, a Cap-
 “ tain of a Man of War, an Officer in the
 “ Guards, a Member of Parliament, a Lord,
 “ and an *East-India* Director; till, being too
 “ much hackney'd, she list'd in the Troop
 “ of the Porter at *Shakespear's Head*, and was
 “ obliged to receive all Comers. At last she
 “ was infected with that Disease so fatal to
 “ Gallantry and Beauty; at which Time she
 “ sold her Annuity.

“ FROM this she recovered, and was re-
 “ duced to ply the Streets, and solicit drun-
 “ ken Husbands, 'Prentice-Boys, and strag-
 “ gling Attornies Clerks to give her a Glas
 “ of Wine, till being once more infected
 “ with that horrible Disorder, and not having
 “ wherewithal to be cured in her Lodgings,
 “ she was sent into *St. Thomas's Hospital*.

“ DURING the latter Part of her Transac-
 “ tions, *Wright* had never deserted her: He
 “ was not one of those into whose Composi-
 “ tion

“ tion Gratitude did not enter at all ; on
“ whom no Obligation operated longer than
“ he who receives is feeling the Effect of it.
“ Though he had behaved with much Inhu-
“ manity at first, he never forgot her relea-
“ sing him from Jail ; that last Obligation re-
“ mained : He therefore never deserted her
“ in her Distress, and had written as a Hack-
“ ney Writer, on purpose to get her some
“ little Sustenance for some Time.

“ EVER since the Day of her leaving her
“ Father she had gone by different Names,
“ never making use of her own ; and as the
“ old Man had never heard any thing of
“ her, he concluded she was dead.

“ IT happened, that at last some Business
“ brought him to *London* with a Neighbour,
“ who had a Son, a Surgeon, that attended
“ *St. Thomas's Hospital* : Thither they went
“ together to see his Son, who desired them
“ to walk over the Hospital, and see the
“ different Wards, amongst which they en-
“ tered into those which are kept for Saliva-
“ tions.

“ WHEN they came into one of these
“ Wards, they perceived one Bed was sur-
“ rounded by People who seemed in some
“ Hurry, which drew the Attention of
“ *Standish* to look into it more particularly ;
“ when his Daughter looking up beheld her
“ Father's Face ; and being just in the Mo-
“ ment of dying, she had but the Power of
“ saying, “ My Father ! ” and with these
“ Words expired in the Arms of *Wright*,
“ who was then supporting her in the Bed.

“ Hardened as the Heart of *Standish* had
 “ hitherto been, he was greatly touched by
 “ this unexpected Incident, and withdrew
 “ with much Profusion of Tears.

“ THUS ended the Life of *Sally Standish*,
 “ endowed with much Beauty, much Sense,
 “ and much native Modesty; who might
 “ have graced the Table of a Peer, and
 “ would have been happy with *Wright*, had
 “ not this Law prevented their being united
 “ together.

“ UNHAPPY Girl! says Lady *Worthy* and
 “ Lady *Oliver*, is it not hard that young
 “ Creatures shou’d be condemned a Prey to
 “ Man? What Pity it is, there are not severer
 “ Laws to prevent such pernicious Purposes!

“ WELL, says Sir *William* and Sir *Oliver*,
 “ we shall live, I hope, to see one Law ab-
 “ rogated, or there is great Danger of an
 “ End to Religion and Virtue. It is im-
 “ possible that the common People will reve-
 “ rence their Teachers when they know them
 “ open to penal Laws, and held in Dis-
 “ esteem, from which they are exempted;
 “ and Virtue can never support itself, when
 “ the Attacks on it are increased, and the
 “ Defence lessened.

“ MR. *Thoroughgood*, I believe, is sufficiently
 “ tired with Reading; we will therefore, in
 “ Commiseration to him, leave the remaining
 “ Part till another Time, and after having
 “ taken a Walk, retire to sup.

“ YOU see, Ladies, says Lady *Worthy*,
 “ how dangerous it is to indulge a Husband;
 “ he is become as arbitrary as the best of them
 “ already,

“ already, and gives his Orders as peremptory as a Sultan. Alas! we have nothing to do but obey.”

THE Reading being finished, they all amused themselves with a Walk, and spent this Evening as the former, which if our Readers have forgotten, they may turn back to Page 184 of this Volume, and thereby save us the Trouble of writing it again.



C H A P. LXVII.

To shew the Author's Knowledge in dividing his Chapters for no Reason, and his Vanity in imitating the famous Author of the De l'Esprit de Loix.

THE next Day after Breakfast, it being extremely hot, Sir *William* proposed to Mr. *Thoroughgood* the finishing his Account of those Mischiefs which arise from this Law made against clandestine Marriages, in his Grotto; to which all the Company agreed.

ACCORDINGLY they retired thither, and Mr. *Thoroughgood* began what shall be found in the next Chapter; for we are determined to imitate all good Writers, particularly the Author of *De l'Esprit de Loix*, and shew the World that we know how to divide our Chapters for no Reason at all, as well as he, and other illustrious Writers.

C H A P. LXVIII.

The Lulworth History. The Metamorphosis of a Maid-Servant into a Mistress: Her Imitation of the Patriarchs, and procuring a Son to her Husband: Fondness for her Son-in-Law, in preventing him first from marrying with her he loves, and promoting his running away with her after each has been previously married to another. An Escape of a Husband from his own Wife, and a Wife from her own Husband. A learned Debate, Whether it be better to pursue the getting in a Harvest, or the getting back a Wife: A judicious Resolution. Mr. Lulworth and Mrs. Humphrys find a Satisfaction in each other, which neither of them found before, either he in his Lady, or she in her Lord.

THE Company being seated, and the Ladies as attentive as an old Maid to a Death-Watch, which clicks, poor harmless Insect! at her Bed's Head; Mr. *Thoroughgood* asked if the Company were acquainted with the *Lulworths* of *Wiltshire*: Some said Yes, and some the contrary. "Well, says he, "it is of no Consequence."

"THE last Gentleman of this Name had
 " one Son: His Wife, by whom he had
 " this Child, died when he was ten Years
 " old. The Father had lived a gay Life,
 " and married when he was elderly: How-
 " ever,

“ ever, not contented with seventy Years,
“ one Wife, and one Son, he was coaxed in-
“ to a second Marriage by a favourite Maid-
“ Servant, who pretended to love the Child
“ to a most extravagant Degree; and being
“ well skilled in the Art of Insinuation, the
“ Faculties of the old Gentleman being a
“ little weaken’d by Age and former Gaieties,
“ she prevailed on him to marry her. This
“ Alteration of her Condition did not a bit
“ slacken the Affection which she pretended
“ to have for her now Son-in-Law: She
“ even caressed him more than before.

“ SHE was however very unhappy in one
“ Thing, which was in not breeding soon after
“ Marriage: Yet of so good a Disposition
“ was this Woman to find a second Heir to
“ the Estate, and please her good Man, that she
“ condescended to have that supplied by an-
“ other which was deficient in her Husband;
“ and, in Imitation of the Patriarchs of old,
“ went to Bed to the Handman, because her
“ Consort was stricken in Years. This lucky
“ Expedient supplied a second Son, to the
“ old Gentleman’s no little Joy. Notwith-
“ standing this, she continued her Fondness
“ to the Father and eldest Son, and gained
“ such an Ascendant over the old Man, that
“ at his Death he made her Guardian to his
“ Heir, (who was then Sixteen) and left her
“ Four Thousand Pounds in Money, besides
“ what he gave to her Child, which was all
“ he could give away, the Estate being set-
“ tled in that Manner.

M 3

“ THIS

“ THIS Sum by no means pleased her;
 “ it was unequal to the supporting her in
 “ the Way she had lately lived; she there-
 “ fore cast about how to make something
 “ out of the Person who was her Ward, and
 “ supply that by Art which was deficient in
 “ the old Gentleman’s Will.

“ IN the Neighbourhood were two Gen-
 “ tlemen of good Families, but very un-
 “ equal Riches. The Gentleman of the
 “ greatest Fortune had a Daughter, who,
 “ though her Body was not as ugly as *Caliban*
 “ in the *Tempest*, yet it was haunted by a
 “ Soul of as little Tendernefs and Delicacy,
 “ as was that of that Being’s. The Daugh-
 “ ter of the other Gentleman, whose Fortune
 “ was but small, was as well shaped as the
 “ Statue of the *Medicean Venus*, of as fine
 “ Complexion as the *Leda* of *Corregio*, with
 “ a Sweetnefs of Expression that would have
 “ made *Guido* paint no other Face, if he had
 “ been alive; and a Mind and Education
 “ corresponding to it.

“ CAN you bear all this, Mrs. *Thorough-*
 “ *good*? says Lady *Worthy*: Is not this a
 “ little too extravagant and pathetick for
 “ simple Description? Not at all, my Lady,
 “ says she; I always distinguish between the
 “ Writer and the Husband, and never mind
 “ how much he praises Beauty in his Wri-
 “ tings; I have his Heart, and have no Ap-
 “ prehensions of losing it.

“ It is well imagined in you, says Lady
 “ *Oliver*: I believe more Wives have ren-
 “ dered

“ dered themselves unhappy by want of noble Sentiments, than by any other Means.
“ I am convinced that Generosity and liberal Behaviour in Women is the best Preservative of Love and Fidelity in their Husbands.

“ THERE you are certainly right, Ladies,” replied all the Husbands; when Mr. *Thoroughgood* proceeded, well pleased with his Wife’s Reply.

“ IT would be no difficult Matter to divine which would have been naturally the Object of young *Lulworth*’s Affection. Against this the Mother-in-Law was to guard, knowing that something might be obtained from the first, by making a good Bargain; but the other Gentleman had little to give, and therefore was by no means the Object which the Widow looked on with a favourable Eye.

“ BESIDES, she had great Hopes, if she could by any means prevail on the Heir of the Estate to marry Miss *Hatchet*, which was the Name of the richest of the two Families, that he might never have an Heir, as she was sickly, and thus the whole *Lulworth* Estate devolve to her Son.

“ AT the same time she was planning this, she saw young *Lulworth* began to feel some Passion for Miss *Bellamour*, which was the other Lady whom we have mentioned, and therefore knew that no Time was to be lost; for, though he could not marry these two Years without her Consent, she was convinced, the more he

“ loved her, the greater would be the Diffi-
“ culty to dissuade him from espousing that
“ Lady, and to persuade him to marry the
“ other.

“ SHE discovered that he made frequent
“ Visits to Mr. *Bellamour's*, and when he
“ talked of the young Lady, she always
“ joined in her Praises, and even extolled her
“ Beauty more than the young Gentleman
“ himself. Mrs. *Lulworth*, to take off all
“ Suspicion of having any Disinclination to
“ Mr. *Lulworth's* addressing Miss *Bellamour*,
“ visited that Family more than ever, and
“ improved the Acquaintance with the Mo-
“ ther of this Lady into great Intimacy.

“ AT the same Time there lived in the ad-
“ joining Parish a Gentleman, or rather Gen-
“ tleman-Farmer, of Five Hundred a Year,
“ of about forty-five Years old, who was much
“ smitten with the Charms of Miss *Bellamour*.

“ THIS Gentleman would have been con-
“ sidered as a very good Match for this young
“ Lady by her Parents, had not they enter-
“ tained secret Hopes of her being married
“ to Mr. *Lulworth*; this had prevented their
“ giving him a positive Answer, either
“ in favour of his Desires, or Denial of
“ them.

“ IN this manner Matters stood at Mr.
“ *Bellamour's*. At the same Time 'Squire
“ *Hatchet* was looking about how to make
“ his Daughter Mistress of *Lulworth-Place*;
“ he had therefore made a Kind of a Friend-
“ ship with that favourite Servant to whom
“ old

“ old Mr. *Lulworth* had been so vastly obliged in getting him a second Son ; and
“ notwithstanding which Kindness, he had
“ the Ingratitude not to leave him a Shilling
“ in his Will. In this Manner it often happens, that the most conspicuous Favours
“ are unrewarded. However, there were
“ particular Friends of Mr. *Lulworth*’s, who
“ used to vindicate this his Behaviour, in
“ protesting that the old Gentleman was entirely ignorant of the Kindness which was
“ done him by this Man, or Things would
“ have been otherwise ordered.

“ WHATEVER was deficient in the Master’s Will, the Mistress made up by her
“ Goodness, and ever since that Time had
“ considered Mr. *Thomas* as her Bosom Friend,
“ consulting him very closely on all Matters
“ of Consequence relating to her Person and
“ Affairs, still avoiding all Thoughts of marrying him, as many silly Widows have
“ done, and thus converted a very Pains-taking and industrious Servant into an
“ idle and imperious Husband.

“ To this Gentleman-Servant ‘Squire
“ *Hatchet*, knowing his Importance, and
“ that young *Lulworth* could not marry
“ without his Mother’s Consent, had made
“ a Kind of an Overture of his Design,
“ who imparted the Secret to Mrs. *Lulworth*,
“ which was the very Thing she wanted to be
“ proposed.

“ It seems he had told Mr. *Thomas* that
“ he would give Ten Thousand Pounds with

“ his Daughter ; and knowing, as has been
 “ already said, Mr. *Thomas*’s Power with his
 “ Mistress, he had offered to remunerate
 “ him handsomely, if the Marriage between
 “ Mr. *Lulworth* and Miss *Hatchet* could be
 “ brought to take Effect.

“ THINGS being in this Situation, the
 “ Widow visiting at Mr. *Bellamour*’s one
 “ Day, the Lady of the Family turned the
 “ Conversation to Mr. *Lulworth*’s marrying,
 “ that it was Pity he did not think of a Wife.

“ WHY, says the Widow, I should be
 “ glad he was married, and would have
 “ urged it to him before now : But, alas !
 “ poor young Gentleman---Madam, I must
 “ say no more ; it is too great a Secret to be
 “ trusted to any one.

“ THIS naturally inflamed Mrs. *Lulworth*’s
 “ Curiosity to know what it was ; for she
 “ differed from all her Sex, and loved a Se-
 “ cret to her Heart. After ten thousand
 “ Promises of never suffering it to pass her
 “ Lips, Mrs. *Lulworth*, still demanding the
 “ strongest Assurances of Secrecy, told her
 “ that it was impossible Mr. *Lulworth* could
 “ ever have any Children ; for * * * * *

“ * * * * *
 “ all which being whispered, we hope to
 “ have succeeded in penning a Whisper as
 “ well as the celebrated Mr. *Bays*.

“ THIS Piece of Intelligence Mrs. *Bell-*
 “ *amour* communicated to her Husband ; at
 “ the same time adding, that Mr. *Hum-*
 “ *phrys* (the other Lover) was a very good
 “ Match

“ Match for her Daughter ; that Happiness
“ was not always the Companion of Riches ;
“ that Five Hundred a Year, and a good
“ Husband, was in her Opinion sufficient for
“ any Woman or Family ; which Mr. *Bell-*
“ *amour* agreeing to, they dropt all Thoughts
“ of Mr. *Lulworth*, and gave Mr. *Humphrys*
“ a positive Answer in his Favour.

“ Now it seems Miss *Bellamour* had con-
“ ceived some beginning Passion for young
“ *Lulworth*, who was formed to please Wo-
“ man, and would gladly have received his
“ Addresses ; however, these having never
“ been proposed, and their Parents suggesting
“ they never would, she listened to their Ad-
“ vice, and receiv’d Mr. *Humphrys* as a Lover.

“ ONE Day the Widow *Lulworth*, who
“ had still preserved an Ascendant over the
“ Son-in-Law, talking of his marrying, he
“ told her he could like Miss *Bellamour* very
“ well for a Wife. And why don’t you
“ address her, Sir ? says she. Do you like I
“ should, Madam ? says the Son. Yes in-
“ deed, says the Widow ; she is very pretty,
“ and you have Estate sufficient to make you
“ happy, without a Fortune on her Part.

“ SHE therefore persuaded him to ask
“ Leave of her Father to address her, not
“ in the least doubting, but that the Mo-
“ ther, notwithstanding her Vows of Se-
“ crecy, had communicated the whole Af-
“ fair to her Husband : This, says she, you
“ may do by Letter, and thus save your-
“ self the Pain of being refused to your
“ Face,

“ Face, if she is already engaged to Mr.
“ *Humphrys*; and if she is not, you will
“ have their Answer under her Father’s
“ Hand, in case of any future Accident.

“ MR. *Lulworth*, in consequence of this ma-
“ terial Advice, wrote a Letter to Mr. *Bella-*
“ *mour*; and, in consequence of the Secret
“ before imparted, received a Refusal; which
“ the Widow had perfectly foreseen from the
“ Knowledge which she had in Woman.

“ SHE therefore pretended to be in great
“ Rage, for this Treatment of her Son whilst
“ his Mind was all in Tumult with the Slight
“ of a Refusal; at which Times People are
“ led to almost any thing, and easily transfer-
“ red from one Passion to another.

“ SHE therefore told him, that she thought
“ his Refusal very extraordinary, and ex-
“ tremely affronting. Was I Mr. *Lulworth*,
“ says she, I would shew the *Bellamours* that
“ I could be received where *Humphrys* did not
“ dare to shew his Face: For my part, I don’t
“ perceive there is so much Difference be-
“ tween Miss *Hatchet* and Miss *Bellamour* in
“ Person; and surely their Fortunes are by
“ no means to be compared together. I would
“ advise you, Sir, says she, to address that
“ Lady immediately, and convince them
“ how much you are superior to *Humphrys*
“ in the Consideration of those who are
“ vastly above the *Bellamours*.

“ FIRED by this Persuasion of his Mo-
“ ther-in-Law, and Resentment of his Re-
“ fusals, he determined to make his Ad-
“ dresses

“ dresses to Miss *Hatchet*; but not in so
“ much Hurry, as to prevent his Mother
“ from making a Bargain, by means of Mr.
“ *Thomas*, that Four of the Ten Thousand
“ Pounds should be secretly given to her,
“ and the other Six as a Fortune with the
“ Daughter.

“ MATTERS being thus adjusted, Mr.
“ *Lulworth*, through mere Pique in missing
“ Miss *Bellamour*, married Miss *Hatchet*, and
“ even before Affairs were settled between
“ Mr. *Humphrys* and Miss *Bellamour*.

“ MR. *Lulworth* being thus disposed of
“ according to his Mother-in-Law's Design,
“ he brought his Lady to *Lulworth-Place*,
“ and the Widow retired to a House not far
“ distant; still taking Mr. *Thomas* along
“ with her, protesting that he was become
“ so useful, that she knew not what to do
“ without him.

“ AND now the new-married Lady began
“ to shew the Perfections of her internal Self;
“ she interfered in all her Husband's Plea-
“ sures, kept eternal Quarrels with the Ser-
“ vants, affronted all those Gentlemen who
“ visited at the House, and almost starved
“ every one but herself.

“ IF we delighted in abusive Altercation,
“ we could here exhibit as entertaining
“ Scenes as are to be found in any Comedy
“ upon the Stage, including Farce to the
“ Bargain; decorating our Dialogue with
“ Words not to be found in the Lady's
“ Calling; and yet such as she had steep
“ out

“ out of her Profession on purpose to make
“ use of, and shew her Skill in the Lan-
“ guages.

“ THIS Behaviour did not fail of pro-
“ ducing a thorough Detestation of his
“ Wife in the Mind of Mr. *Lulworth*; her
“ Presence grew intolerable to his Eyes,
“ and his Passion for Mrs. *Humphrys* be-
“ came ten times greater than before. It
“ seems this last Lady had by no means
“ met with the Man who was agreeable to
“ her Temper; he was morose and absolute,
“ and too much of the Farmer to please
“ her, who was by Nature the complete
“ Gentlewoman; he exacted her Attendance
“ in Things not suited to her delicate Dis-
“ position, and had a Roughness in all his
“ Manners, which was quite incompatible
“ with her Temper.

“ NOTHING being to be had agreeable
“ at Home, Mr. *Lulworth* was very fre-
“ quently at his Mother's-in-Law, always
“ imprecating Curses on the Day he mar-
“ ried, and vowing how much he loved
“ Mrs. *Humphrys*.

“ THIS put a Thought into that good
“ Widow's Head, that if she begot an In-
“ timacy with Mrs. *Humphrys*, possibly some-
“ thing might turn out from it, in her or
“ her Son's Favour.

“ ACCORDINGLY she soon made an Ac-
“ quaintance with that Lady, who return-
“ ing the Visit, met Mr. *Lulworth* at his
“ Mother's: These Visits being repeated
“ pretty

“ pretty often, the Wife of this Gentle-
“ man added the Bliss of Jealousy to that
“ of her other Delights; and Mr. *Humphrys*
“ was not quite easy, having been incited to
“ Discontent by an anonymous Letter, which
“ Mr. *Lulworth*’s Lady had sent him.

“ THIS exasperated the Disagreement in
“ both Houses, and increased the Passion
“ which those two had conceived for one
“ another.

“ IT came at last to that Degree, that
“ Mr. *Lulworth* proposed to Mrs. *Humphrys*
“ to fly with him to some distant Part of
“ the World: Let us, says he, quit this
“ execrable Place, and let the Devil, or my
“ Wife, which is worse, take your jealous-
“ pated Husband.

“ THIS she refused at first; but as she
“ was determined never to forsake Mrs.
“ *Lulworth*’s Acquaintance; which, in fact,
“ was rather that of the Son than his
“ Mother; the Manner of living with her
“ Husband became so horribly disagreeable,
“ that she at length consented to leave that
“ Part of the World, and seek Happiness
“ with Mr. *Lulworth* where-ever he pleased.
“ Things being thus settled, this Pair of
“ amorous Fugitives finding a favourable
“ Opportunity to leave their Abodes, he
“ quitted his Spouse, and she her Husband,
“ without so much as staying to take Leave,
“ or one Good-day, Deary.

“ THEY took the Route for *Dover*, the
“ best accustomed Port of *England* for the
“ Exportation

“ Exportation of run-away Wives, Cut-
“ throats, Thieves, Sharpers, Gamblers,
“ late Members of Parliament after a new
“ Election, bankrupt Merchants, plunder-
“ ing Jews, returned *French* Lacqueys, Cooks,
“ Friseurs, and Tooth-Drawers, who have
“ found no Market at *London*; travelling
“ Lords and 'Squires, for the Honour of
“ *England*; and *English* Horses for the *French*
“ King's Service.

“ BEING arrived at this Place, Mr. *Lul-*
“ *worth* did not tarry to enter his Commo-
“ dity regularly at the Custom-House, but
“ by a Fee, given *à propos*, got his Baggage
“ lightly examined; and immediately hired
“ a Vessel to carry him to *Dunkirk*, thinking
“ the Road to *Paris* too common, and ima-
“ gining that *Humphrys*, if he followed him,
“ would take that Way.

“ HOWEVER, he needed not to have given
“ himself any Trouble on that Account:
“ It was in Harvest Time, when this Escape
“ happened; and Mr. *Humphrys* kept great
“ Part of his Estate in Hand. He there-
“ fore, leaning on a Pitch-Fork, debated with
“ himself a few Minutes, whether he should
“ quit his Harvest and follow his Wife,
“ or desert his Wife and follow his Har-
“ vest. He prudently considered that there
“ was nothing to be had in recovering
“ her, but what he had possessed already;
“ and that the Present which a good
“ Woman can bestow on her Husband,
“ may be communicated at a Distance,
“ and

“ and will thrive as well without her Presence
“ as with it; that on the contrary, unless a
“ Harvest be well got in, the Loss would be
“ very considerable; that to get rid of a Wife,
“ was to be freed from no small Expence;
“ and to get in good Corn, putting Money
“ in his Pocket. Thus, like *Jupiter* weigh-
“ ing the Worth of Things in the Scales of
“ his Intellects, and balancing between a
“ Wife run abroad and a Harvest not got
“ home, he gave up his Lady, and stuck to
“ the Wheaten Mow.

“ Thus far the Schemes of the Widow
“ *Lulworth* took place; she was however
“ much afraid, lest the World should imagine
“ her to have had a Concern in this Escape;
“ and visited Mr. *Lulworth's* Lady, protest-
“ ing her Innocence, as she did to Mr. *Hum-*
“ *phrys*, and the great Pain she was under,
“ that she should ever have suffered them to
“ meet at her House together: You cannot
“ think how it has troubled me, says she.
“ Mrs. *Lulworth* told her Mother, she cared
“ not if her Husband went to the Devil;
“ that she had never been the better for his
“ Company these twelve Months past; she
“ was as easy without him as with him, and
“ would not give Six-pence to have him
“ back again; that she could now live her
“ own Way, and he interrupted by no
“ Husband alive; and hoped he would ne-
“ ver set his Foot in *England* more.

“ Mr. *Humphrys* was not without his
“ Consolation too, in the lessening his Ex-
“ pences;

“ pences; he perceived there was much
“ Money saved in losing his Wife; that
“ Mercers, Milleners, and Mantua-makers
“ Bills were now unknown at his House,
“ and the Expence of a One-horse Chair
“ entirely saved: Therefore he began to
“ think Mr. *Lulworth* the Loser, who had
“ gotten his Wife, and he the Gainer, that
“ had lost her: And having one Son, he
“ cared not Six-pence for the Disgrace which
“ many People imagine attends the wearing
“ Horns, which make a Man no otherways
“ a Beast than those in the *Revelations*, in
“ Vision only.

“ MRS. *Lulworth* had no Progeny; it
“ seems she was of the Cat-kind, and given
“ to Scratching in her Amours, and Mr.
“ *Lulworth* of the Dove in his Disposition,
“ all billing; by which it happened that those
“ two would no more breed together than the
“ Rabbit and Duck of Monsieur *De Reaumur*,
“ or a Tyger and a Lamb.

“ FROM *Dunkirk* Mr. *Lulworth* and his
“ Companion retired to *Brussels*; where be-
“ ing extremely well received, (Mrs. *Hum-*
“ *phrys* speaking *French* very well) and totally
“ unknown, they lived as Man and Wife,
“ and had several Children in the Breach of
“ the Seventh Commandment.

“ THUS the Widow succeeded in her
“ Schemes, and her Son's Children are like
“ to inherit the *Lulworth* Estate: The whole
“ Family of those which are born of Mrs.
“ *Humphrys* will find some Provision in
“ this Instance; the Father, granting them
“ Leaves

“ Leases of three Lives, on as much as he
“ possibly can of his Estate, and living with
“ Economy, has saved some Money, which
“ he has placed in the *French Funds*, with
“ a Design to provide for his favourite Fe-
“ male Friend and her Children, and still
“ intending to marry her, if *Humphrys* and
“ his own Wife shall die before them.”

THERE ended Mr. *Thoroughgood*, when the Ladies observed the Folly of leaving Children more in the Hands of Guardians by a new Law than heretofore, and prompting all the evil Dispositions of the Human Heart into Action, which lay sleeping before.

“ FOR, says Lady *Worthy*, though these
“ pernicious Actions have been done, before
“ this Act took place, in some Degree;
“ yet, as at present the Ward is so much
“ more in the Guardian’s Hand, and young
“ Persons so easily deluded, I should not
“ wonder if Half the Trustees in *England*
“ sell those who are committed to their
“ Care.

“ How happy would this Pair, who fled
“ together, have lived, if they had been
“ wedded, for the only true Reason for which
“ People should be united together, because
“ they love each other! They would then
“ have done Honour to that Country, of
“ which they are now the Disgrace: And
“ without this Power the Mother-in-Law
“ would scarce have undertook to have traf-
“ ficked in the Commerce of a Son com-
“ mitted to her Care.

“ WELL,

“ WELL, Mr. *Thoroughgood*, I much approve of your Manner of writing your Histories, said Sir *William* and Sir *Oliver*: And whilst you were reading them, a Thought came into my Head, whimsical enough,” says Sir *William*. “ What was it, pray?” says Lady *Hearty*.

“ IT was, says he, that the preceding Parts of our Lives, added to these Accounts, might furnish out a Novel not undiverting, and certainly useful; as by that Means a great many Evils, naturally attending, might be brought to View, which now lie unobserved by most People.”

“ A HISTORY, which I by no means desire to behold, says Lady *Hearty*. I am not quite so fond of my Life, to wish to see it in Print, and shiver again at the Recital of what gave me so much Pain in the Transaction.”

“ INDEED, says Lady *Worthy*, I should laugh at many Incidents at present, which yielded me much Pain in their Time of passing; particularly, Sir *William*, says she, that Scene which passed at Mr. *Thoroughgood*’s, when you first came thither: I believe we both look’d silly enough after our Swooning.”

“ WELL, says Sir *William*, I imagine you may rest in Peace: Few People will think your Lives worth reading; and much fewer, worth writing.”

“ THAT may possibly be true, says Lady *Worthy*; yet, in the Name of all these
“ Ladies,

“ Ladies, I insist on these Histories being
 “ printed, and that I have the Direction to
 “ whom they shall be dedicated.”

“ WITH all my Heart, says Mr. *Thoroughgood* : To whom, pray, would your
 “ Ladyship have them addressed ?”

“ To the Honourable C-----s T-----d,
 “ says she, made more noble by his eloquent
 “ Defence of Virtue, Innocence, and Beauty,
 “ than all the Royal Blood of *Europe* could
 “ give him, or a Pedigree traced from the
 “ Creation. That young Men should be the
 “ Protectors of Female Honour in this man-
 “ ner, and Fathers sleep over and neglect their
 “ Daughters Ruin, is something very supri-
 “ sing. The fairest Female, and first in
 “ Family and Fortune, of this Kingdom,
 “ should generously present him with her
 “ Person and Estate, to shew that *English*
 “ Women are sensible of the Regard he has
 “ shewn their Liberties and Happiness.”

“ WE join your Ladyship with all our
 “ Hearts,” said the other Ladies; and the
 Gentlemen approved their Resolution. Mr.
Thoroughgood is accordingly to address these
 little Histories to that Gentleman, in hopes
 that he will receive with Good-Will that
 which tends to exemplify what he foresaw,
 and said, would be the fatal Consequences of
 this Law against clandestine Marriages. And
 here we end this Chapter.

C H A P. LXIX.

A Recapitulation of the several Parts of this true History, with a small Insinuation.

BESIDES these Instances, which we have here brought, of the pernicious Effects which may be consequential of this Law, there are innumerable others which may happen, something like these, diversified a thousand Ways.

THE Liberty of Youth seems by this fairly brought to an End; for though the Face of the Act only says, that Children and Wards shall be in the Hands of their Parents and Guardians till Twenty-one, yet such is the Nature of the Law, and such is Human Nature itself, that some way or other the Parent and Guardian can accomplish all their Designs on their Children and Wards.

PRIDE and Avarice will determine all People, who are rich, to marry their Daughters to Men of Quality and Fortune; and nothing is more easy, than by Flattery, by Terror, or by Persuasion, to bring every one of them to espouse whom their Parents please, especially when they are prohibited from marrying whom they like.

BEFORE this Act, Parents had no more Power over the Affections of their Children, than what was right in Nature; they could only reason with them, and not lay the

the Chains of Slavery on their Minds; that Passion which Nature has planted in Youth to effectuate an Union of the Sexes, is as unintelligible to People advanced in Life, as Musick to the Statue at *Charing-Cross*.

THE Objects and Pursuits are changed; the soft and soothing Passions which accompany the Hours of Youth and Love, are derided by those who have long possessed them, and one total Oblivion erased the happiest Moments of their Life! Who, that has felt the Sensations which true Passion affords, would exchange it for an Universe of Riches? and a Law that encourages the Union of Wealth bids fairest to bring Misery to Mortals in all Conditions; the Poor will be yet poorer; and the Rich, chained to those they detest, will never taste the Joys which Wealth would otherwise afford them. What are the splendid Coach, the Pomp of Equipage, the Parade of Dress, the Table of Dainties, the Tumult of Routs, the Suspence and Anxiety of Intrigue, compared to the Joy of loving and being beloved? The gracious Smile, the Heart-felt Tendernefs, the Look of Affection, the Repose in those we love, impart more solid Consolation than all other Acquirements on Earth can give without them.

WHOEVER then would divert Mankind from following the Dictates of most refined and uncontaminated Nature, is an Enemy to the Race of Man; and he that thinks it can be effectuated without universal Mis-
chief,

chief, is a Stranger to the Ways of Providence; the most unvariable Rule of which is, that nothing contradictory to its original Laws shall ever be accomplished, either of a Physical or Moral Nature, without bringing Ruin on that People which has instituted it.

IF a Mechanick should invert all the Principles which compose the Knowledge of that Science; if he should assign the Wheels to be the Principle of Motion, the Spring to run round and be moved, the Weight to vibrate and regulate, and the Pendulum to urge, would not all Mankind deride such a Machine and Mechanick, because it is impossible it can perform its Office?

IF an Architect, who had a weak Employer, should undertake to build him a House, where all the common Rules of Building were inverted, the Proportions as they rise still growing bigger, till the Parts beneath sink under the Weight above:

WHO would not say, that in the first of these Instances Ignorance was the Cause of it, and no good Machine could be the Product of the Hands of so ill an instructed Mechanick?

IN the second we must allow, that the Architect, if he understood his Art, was actuated with no honest Principles; that he meant to ruin his Master by his intended Blunders, buy the Land, and then build on it himself.

A MAN who knows so little of the Springs of Human Actions, and Human Happiness,
as

as to subject all the Movements of the Heart, in the Old and Young, to the pernicious Powers which arise from Money, is extremely ignorant of what makes the Happiness and Welfare of a Nation; he is the Mechanick we have first mentioned.

IN the mean time, he who has thus augmented the Influence of Gold, tied Children as Slaves to the Will of their Parents in this Article, and did all in his Power to bring together two Mountains of *Peru*, and all this with Design, is the Architect which we have last mentioned.

FROM which of these two Causes the Marriage-Act has been produced, we leave others to judge: Does not either of them seem Reason enough for our painting the Consequences, and expressing our Hopes that the Law may be abrogated?

WHAT we have done in this Novel, was no more than to give, as it were, a Chart, to shew the Rocks, Shoals, Eddies, and Currents of this Law; and though, with many other Adventurers, we may be said to have failed in search of undiscovered Countries, yet we take the Liberty to say, that, from the Knowledge we have in Human Nature, we dare to pronounce that the Consequences will be such as we have shewn; and that though we may not have assigned the very Tracks which lead to all these Mischiefs, yet we have sufficiently shewn the Truth of their existing.

IN this we imitate *Columbus*, who, though from actual Knowledge and Examination of the Globe, he was able to prove that there was another Part of this Earth still undiscovered, yet could not give an exact Map of the Land, nor know the Winds which would blow to conduct him to it; and yet he knew that such Parts must exist, and Variety of Winds would waft him to the Discovery.

WE therefore think a more acceptable Piece of Service cannot be done our Country, than thus laying down what will be the probable Consequences of this Law, to defend the Royal Prerogative, and preserve the Freedom of all; to save the Bloom of Beauty from the Chains of Avarice and Pride, the Clergy of the Land from Contempt and Contumely, and our Religion in consequence from Dishonour; for the Slight of the Divine naturally draws Neglect on his Ministration; and thus the strongest Security and Bond for Probity and Confidence in Man, is absolutely annihilated.

WILL it not be worth the while for every Man of this Nation to examine, first, Whether this Law ought to exist in any Shape in a Country constituted like ours? Whether more Mischief than Good is not to be expected from it in any way of planning? And, lastly, Whether, as it is now pass'd, it may not be very prejudicial and pernicious to the Happiness of all Kinds of People?

THIS we have endeavoured to do; and in each Instance we think the Story is told without

without Acrimony ; we shall therefore take the Liberty to say, that we could have conducted the whole with much more Bitterness, and given a more stinging Finishing to every separate Story ; but we chuse to decline that Method, and only take this Occasion to say that we have trodden the Paths of Good-Nature, and deviated sometimes from the most natural, on purpose to give way to that Impulse which inclines us to soften the whole, rather than inflame it.

CRITICKS of a certain Kind may be apt to imagine that Miss *Barter* does not appear to be influenced by this Act at all in the Choice of her Husband : A little farther Reflection will set that in another Light : Those who cannot dispose of themselves, are by no means in a Situation of judging of what they should have ; the Desire of being free from Parents, and ranging openly in the World, will make young People, who are held in Thralldom, marry whatever may be proposed to them : And in this Situation she was when Lord *Sapplin* proposed his marrying her ; and we intended to shew the Consequence of false Ambition in the Heads of mercantile Men of low Extraction.

HAD she married the Man who loved her, she might have been as happy as such a Disposition could have been ; but as the whole Affair was transacted through pure Interest on one Side, and a false Love of Honour on the other, nothing could be expected otherwise than it has happened : Riches produce

no real Pleasure or Happiness, when one Party does not know the different Situations and Sensations which attend the Want of it : And though Love and Poverty are but bad In-mates in the same House, yet two People without that Passion, though with the Wealth of the *Indies*, will hourly grow more odious to one another ; the being tied to what we do not love, soon degenerates into being tied to what we hate.

WAS it possible that a Law could be framed, which could compel those to love who are wedded together ; or was there any Law which could make People happy without loving one another who are married ; there could be no Objection to this.

PARENTS may prevail over the Actions of their Children, and oblige them to give their Hands where they refuse their Hearts ; the very Pain which the Solicitation imparts, of those who have a natural Authority over their Children, though not an absolute one, will often drive them to marry what they dislike, to avoid that eternal Din of urging them to it : The Plague of a present Pain often hurries Mankind, for the sake of avoiding it, into something which is really worse, and is only chosen because it is distant.

Is there any Law which ought to exist, which tends to destroy the Bliss which should be consequential of the Nuptial Rite ? Or can any Possession atone for the Deprivation of that Felicity ?

How

How ridiculous is the Union of two great Fortunes in the Views of real Happiness? Will twice Two Hundred Thousand Pounds make a Couple happier than the tenth Part of the Money? Will he that drinks from the great River of the *Amazons*, slake his Thirst sooner than he who drinks from the Brook which bubbles at his Feet? If these Things can add Happiness to Human Minds, and Increase of Wealth communicate Increase of Felicity, even then should not the Legislative Power have been used to prevent such a Union, because these Ideas of Felicity are founded on a Basis destructive to the Community which each Individual makes a Part of. If the Person of great Riches be a parsimonious Man, his Desire of them is generally to exercise the despotick Inclinations of his Heart over those who have an equal Right to Freedom with himself in this Kingdom. It is a Pride discordant to the Nature of this Government, and the Happiness of All, and should therefore be restrained. If it happen that Pleasure and Gaming be his Pursuit, it is still more ridiculous to give a Man of Quality a Power of spending the Property of others, who has already, or will hereafter, spend too much of his own. The good Works of Charity, which arise from the Union of Riches, we imagine will scarce be urged as an Argument against what we have said. In neither of these can mutual Happiness be found: Wealth added to Wealth makes no Connubial Joy; it either augments

Ambition and arbitrary Views, or increases Dissipation and Extravagance: In each Instance the Felicity which should attend an Union of Persons, is more effectually prevented, as the ruling Passion, being increased from the Power of pursuing it, renders each Man more eager in following one or the other, and of consequence less attentive to that which brought him the Means of acting in that manner: The Wife is neglected, and Gratitude is never known to exist in those Bosoms.

A MAN therefore who knew Human Nature, loved his Country, and endeavoured to preserve the true Equipoise of this Government, would have made a Law diametrically opposite to this, and prohibited People of very great Fortunes from uniting together, for the sake of universal Happiness and publick Good.

LET us examine this very Instance of Lady *Saplin*. The worst Thing which could have happened, excepting that which did, was, that she might have married *Samuel Waitwell*, when he was a Servant in her Father's House; and even in this Case, she would have probably been happier than she was in the other; even in supposing that the Parents had been reconciled, and *Waitwell* had spent the Money, the Commission of Adultery would have been omitted in the Affair, a Crime of no trivial Consequence in a State, whatever Cuckolds may imagine, who thrive beneath their Makers; or the
Persons

Persons who dignify them with Horns, Honours, and Riches, may conceive.

NOTHING can increase the Practice of Adultery so much as being wedded to what we hate; and nothing brings that Custom so universally into Fashion, as submitting Children absolutely to the Will of their Parents, in that Respect, for any Time: Generally speaking, vicious Passions will prompt the Rich to continue to dispose of their Daughters before that Age is lapsed when they can determine for themselves; and though they cannot force them to marry during any Age, they may render Life so vastly disagreeable, that they would rather wed any Thing, and any Person, to escape from the present Persecution, which there is no other Way of avoiding. The reigning Vices of Old Age, Pride and Avarice, are vastly increased by the Power which this Law gives to Parents. Old *Barter* and his Wife are an Instance how much it governs them: And yet what National Advantage could arise to this People, in supposing Lord *Sapplin* had behaved discreetly; or what Disgrace to it, in supposing she had married *Samuel Waitwell*; or even to *Barter* himself? The Child of those who were once Servants would have been married to one of their Father's and Mother's Condition, and his Riches have descended to one who was as good as himself: The Money would have remained amongst them, or been dissipated in the Nation; and no greater Good can arise from one than the other.

It is ridiculous to ennoble a Family for Wealth alone, or to imagine, because a Female has a large Fortune, she becomes the Rank of Nobility; or that Riches can communicate those Honours and Esteem which arise truly from generous and noble Actions: It is ridiculous, we mean, in the Eyes of a Legislative Mind, who ought to influence by other Motives, and dignify for other Reasons, though private Interest and peculiar Views may lead to that Conduct. Would *Eliza* have been happy, if she had married Sir *Roger Ramble*? or could she have supported Life in Company with such a Person? Is there a Heart which would not have sorrowed at such an unequal Union? And give us Leave to say, that all Parents, imagining that Years impart Wisdom, which have only altered Tastes, are extremely apt to be arbitrary in their Determinations, and dress, in the Furs which become the Ice of Old Age, the glowing Blood of Youth.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, we allow running away to avoid Marriage is by no means a laudable Pursuit, though we have chosen in this Instance to turn it to the Happiness of the Lady, with Design to instruct those who must be in the same Circumstances hereafter, that there is a Path which leads to Security without flying with them they love; and that, though every thing is not preferable to a pretended Union of discordant Hearts, yet there is one Way more eligible than that
of

of being tormented into Marriage with what they hate.

IN fact, it is plainly seen, from Principles established in Nature, that such a Disposition as Lady *Sapplin's* could have been rendered greatly happy by no Law, though she was made miserable by this: And the delicate and refined Soul of *Eliza* stood in need of none, and must have been made wretched by it. The visionary Happiness of the first was extinct as soon as lighted; and, though she could be prevented from running away with a Servant before Marriage, she could not after. Must not those be strange Heads indeed, who imagine a Law which suppresses unequal Marriages, and may occasion unequal Adulteries, can be right in Nature, or beneficial to publick Society? and must not those Heads be yet much more miraculously perverted, who do not conceive that this Law may probably have sad Consequences?

It has been the universal Maxim of all Nations, that Virtue is the Support of Government, and the Source of Happiness; not only in the Transactions which pass between Kingdom and Kingdom, between Man and Man, but between the Sexes also.

HAS not this Law then, in the Instance of Miss *Lloyd*, added another prevailing Art of Seducing, to those who would ruin the Young, Virtuous and Innocent? And, though it may be urged, that all who are thus seduced know the Consequence of a Marriage in this Manner, yet it must be

allowed that a Marriage, transacted in this Way, is a much more seducing Method than was before known, where no such Rite could have been passed without being binding: In consequence of which, is not that Institution which softens the Paths to Ruin, and makes criminal and virtuous Actions so nearly resemble one another, extremely ill judged, and founded in the Ignorance of Human Nature, or perhaps an Inclination to confound indiscriminately Vice and Virtue?

THE young Lady in love with an artful Man is easily persuaded that no Human Power has a Right to change what has been hitherto considered as sacred. The Desire within prompts her continually to this Belief; and those who have the greatest Knowledge of our Actions, and the Springs from which they are put in Motion, will readily accede to the Insufficiency of Reason, with respect to the opposing the Impulses of Love and Passion. Nature or Custom has bequeathed to the Assistance of Reason the Passion of Shame, to support it in its combating the Influence of unlawful Love. But has not this new Act a Tendency to extirpate that Coadjutor, by placing a false Power of ineffectual Marriage, to cheat and seduce the Mind into its own Destruction?

HAPPY is that Nation, where the Laws attempt to eradicate the Notions of publick and private Virtue! happy the Virgins in that Realm where their Protectors give them into the Hands of their Destroyers! It is a
Law

Law for the breeding Wolves and slaughtering Lambs ; and a long List of ruined Virgins by means of this Act will undoubtedly be as acceptable to its Abettors as a Number of scalped Christians to an *Indian* Chief, or Wolves Heads sent by *Llewellyn* Prince of *Wales* to the ancient Kings of *Britain*.

If by this Method the Marriage-Rite become a Delusion to ruin Innocence, an ineffectual Bond which is rejected under these Circumstances at Pleasure, will it not throw a Contempt upon it at all Times? Will not the Ideas of its being a sacred Institution be annihilated, and common Minds be less induced to sustain and cherish those they are united to, and that Progeny which is the Effect of it? The Manner in which Objects are considered makes their whole Import to the Behaviour of Mankind ; the Woman who thinks Matrimony a sacred Rite, will be less likely to be tempted to Adultery, than she who conceives it as a common Bargain and Contract. This will receive a Husband as a Horse, which she has purchased to carry her through the World, and which she may quit for another, if she can meet one more sure-footed, with better Paces, or more Beauty : And Men part with their Wives, as easily as with a Cow that does not afford a good Pail of Milk. Was there ever a Nation, which imagined that the Obligations to Virtue should be lessened in the Minds of its Inhabitants, that had either Understanding, Probity, or Love of its Country, remaining?

WE

WE have brought a 'Squire from *Wales*, to shew how Friends and Relations should behave in such Circumstances; and yet there may be more Women seduced than will find Men of Courage to support their Cause, and make their Seducers their Husbands; and the Streets of *London* swarm yet more with ruined Girls, whilst those who deceived them laugh at the Crimes and Destruction which they have produced.

Is not this Law the most singular of its Kind, that ever was enacted amongst any People? Did any Nation, where Government has hitherto been established, ever render their Priests obnoxious to Pains and Penalties, from which the Laity has been excused? The very Betrayer of the Clergyman and the Virgin, this sacred to Religion, and that to Virtue, stands disculpated from the very Crime for which the Priest is doomed to what *Socrates* thought worse than Death, and *Cato* slew himself to avoid, Banishment from his native Land; and what *Lucretia* stabbed herself to shun, perpetual Infamy. Can Religion be more severely wounded, and Men induced more readily to despise that Institution which should direct and govern all their Lives? The Hearers of Sermons will receive much Influence on their Minds from the Admonition of those who are open to a Punishment from which they are excused; a preaching Slave will have great Power over Mens Actions; a transported Parson will be a standing Joke and Sarcasm of an insolent Peasant,
who

who shall refuse his Tythes, or quarrel with his Rector; the Presbyterian laughs at this Disgrace spread on the Ministers of our Religion, and the sly Quaker smiles inwardly at the Consequences of this Law.

It may be said that Divines, knowing the Consequences of this Act, are inexcusable if they offend; but is it not equally criminal to tempt these Men to their Undoing? If it be criminal to marry till Twenty-one, let that Restraint be placed alike on all the Parties concerned, and not the least culpable be the only Person punished. Can there be wanting Clergymen, who may be tempted by Distress to Acts of this kind, when so many are in necessitous Circumstances in this Isle?

BECAUSE Men are by Nature prone to Sin, is therefore the Devil a good Being, who eternally solicits and prompts them to it? The Art of governing well is not by Terror or penal Influence alone, but by making Laws into which the least possible Temptations to unjustifiable Actions should enter, and Justice be equally and universally distributed amongst all Ranks of Men; both which, are they not violated in the Nature of this Act?

METHINKS also the very Reason for which this Law was more particularly said to be passed, and the salutary Effects which it would cause, is at the Bottom a Mistake.

MAY it not with Reason admit some Doubt, whether Wards being put so much
in

in the Hands of their Guardians by this new Law, is not a more ready Way of marrying the Youth of both Sexes to those who are beneath them in Rank and Fortune, than their own ill Judgements, or rash Passions? Is private Interest a less prevailing Motive with a Guardian, to divide the Fortune of the Person intrusted to his Care, and to wed her to an infamous Man, than her own Inclinations? Will Men in general prefer the Happiness of others at the Neglect of their own Interest?

It is almost certain the contrary is the Truth: Whoever would seek to secure to himself any Part of the Fortune of her who is committed to his Charge, would most assuredly apply to one whose Principles of Probity were suspicious; a virtuous Man would scarce yield to such a Proposal, and a cunning Head scarce apply to him. Thus the Danger is as great, that she will be married to a Man of inferior Birth and Fortune, as before the Act; and much greater, that she will be married to a Person of bad Character. No young Girl is designedly active in getting a bad Husband, though she may to get a Husband; and not one in ten active in getting any at all. Perhaps the Person who may think of marrying a Fortune, is by no means of bad Character, and may have every Requisite, but Money, to make her happy. But in the present State of Things, considering how much Riches are the Pursuit
of

of all Men, and how effectually the possessing them effaces the Reproach by which they are obtained; it is ten to one that the Guardian will be active in procuring a Husband for his Ward; that the Person so procured will be of infamous Character; and the young Lady lose great Part of her Fortune, by means of a Combination between her Suitor and her Guardian.

WEIGH the Disposition of Guardians against the Folly of Youth, the Circumstances of one Case against those of the other; and then see if it is not probable that more *Sukey Brightleys* will be ruined hereafter by Guardians, than have hitherto been undone by Love and unequal Marriage.

THUS this Law offers but little Expectation of Redress, in this very Instance, which it was professedly designed to be serviceable. Has it not opened a more effectual Road to the very Fault which it was intended to obviate, and placed Youth out of their own Power, subjecting them to the Inclinations of those where Virtue is less likely to be found than in younger Hearts? And though the Force of one Passion may be restrained in the Young, yet that of the other is increased in the Old; and the Ward more likely to be ruined under the Conduct of the latter than the first; as Avarice, or the Love of Money, is more certain of prevailing in the Guardian, than the Love of a worthless Object in the Ward.

THE

THE Difference of Government and Difference in Education of the Youth of a Nation, may make one Law useful in one Country, which is altogether useless in another.

IN *France* it may be right, for the sake of sustaining Families, that Children should be restrained from Wedlock, till they are of a certain Age; I do not enter into a Disquisition of that Kind. But this I must remark, that the Major, whether Man or Woman, who marries a Minor, is punished with Death, and the Priest only sent to the Gallies. If the Law be right in itself, is it not rendered unjust by a partial Consideration, and the greatest Offender dismissed without the least Suffering?

THE Education of young Females in that Country, is totally distinct from this of *England*; the first secluded from the World within the Walls of a Convent, beyond the Reach of Seduction; the latter brought into Life very early, loose to the wide World. A young Lady of Condition in *France* is scarce in Company with a Man till she leaves the Convent to be married; the latter, almost as often as she pleases, open to the Temptation of Youth, Beauty, and Flattery.

DOES it not seem that the very Nature of our Education should have been sufficient Reason to have prevented this Law, unless it be urged in its Favour, that on the account

count of this Manner of educating young Ladies, and the easy Access of young Men to them, it was thought fit to be enacted. If this be a Reason, it is just the same Kind with that which prefers lost Honour, ruined Innocence, and Infamy, to inferior Marriage, Virtue, and Reputation; a bad Exchange for those who feel it, and no great Compliment to the Understanding or Heart of the Favourers of the Law.

WHAT can more naturally happen, than such an Interview as that between young Mr. *Hearty* and Miss *Thoroughgood*? And what less likely to be the Consequence of it, considering the Depravity of Youth, than his Constancy and Truth of Passion? Though this be the Road of right Nature, yet few young Men at present have Virtue or Resolution enough to wed those they have seduced; and the World has unjustly and cruelly thrown a Sarcastm on those who do.

YET we hope, notwithstanding the Law against Duelling, that some Brother, Friend, or Relation, will take ample Vengeance on every Seducer, and by that Custom intimidate the Base-spirited and Coward, who may think he stands secured by the Law, from the Violation or Seduction of the most deserving of their Species.

Is not this the first Instance upon Earth, in which Beauty, Virtue, Innocence, and Truth, have been seemingly condemned to a more probable Ruin than Ugliness, Ill-Nature,

Nature, Guilt, and Falshood? The first are the Pursuit of all the Artful, as the very Excellencies they are favoured with from Heaven are the Cause of their being pursued; the latter defend themselves by their native Fortifications, which are above mentioned.

Is not the Obligation great, which the dissolute young Men owe to the Promoter of this Law, who has added this capital Machine of prohibited Marriage to their Artillery of Lust? He deserves as much Reward from them, as those humane Heads who are eternally contriving new and more expeditious Methods to destroy Mankind.

YET let us be permitted to say, for one *Hearty* there will be twenty *Wrights*; and for one, where Happiness will succeed such an Interview, there will be an hundred like *Sally Standish*, destined by it to Infamy, Disease, and Death.

How many Snares will be laid for the Open-hearted and Honest, to circumvent them by artful Relations, to induce them to illegal Marriages, and thus possess their Estates! Though perhaps Brothers may seldom happen to attempt such nefarious Actions, in the Manner we have drawn it in the Instance of the *Sterlins*, to make it more striking; yet will it often happen, from the Machinations of others, and the most deserving Women, the most promising and beauteous Children, be deprived of Bread by those who should have been their Protectors.

How

How admirable is the Art or Excellence in preventing unequal Marriages, at the Hazard of the Loss and Ruin of a whole Family by other Means! Is that Man or Woman so certainly undone, who preserve their Estates to themselves, though they add nothing to it, as he who marrying, or fancying that he marries, what he loves, leaves the most deserving Family in utter Ruin and Disgrace?

WHAT Elopements are to be expected, when Marriages may be made for the Advantages of Mothers-in-Law in secret, when those who love each other, and would have been happy together, are purposely kept asunder for the private Interest of those who have effected it, and afterwards encouraged to be intimate for the sake of completing the Scheme which they have so effectually begun?

It remains then to decide, Whether any Law, which does not obviate the very Evil for which it was intended, that may increase the Number of ruined Virgins, propagate Adulteries, bring Religion into Disgrace, be productive of unhappy Marriages, and transfer Estates to those who have no natural Right to them, should be continued or not.

If it should still remain a standing Law of any Kingdom, will it not appear that Design, rather than Inattention, has been the Cause of it; and that the same Views which have been so successfully carried on enter still into this, and make a Part of that great Circle
which

which has been the Round too long successfully trod?

To bring a National Clergy into Disgrace, is the most effectual Auxiliary which can be added to the present general Corruption, and the most prevalent Method of spreading its Influence universally: The Authority of those who denounce Pains and Penalties against Crimes which must be communicated to all the lower Classes before they can be subdued totally to Slavery, must be extirpated for that Intent. The Mind thoroughly tinctured in Vice, is ready for the Bribe which ruins its Country; and not till that Time can that Design be truly accomplished. Riches must be thrown into the Hands of a Few, whose Power ever increases as Corruption spreads; Venality and that being inseparable; which Effect can never be so speedily, nor so securely generated, as by this Law.

THE Men of Pleasure must be indulged in the Ruin of Beauty, Innocence, and Virtue, totally absorbed in Debauch, and not checked by Law from every vicious Indulgence; or perhaps Opposition may come from that Quarter: For which Reason, it may be suggested, the Seducer incurs no Penalty by this Law. A People universally debauched is certainly undone. These Things, added to other Designs which have been lately attempted, would incline those who knew not the Promoter to believe, that Ignorance

norance of Human Nature is not the Cause of this Law.

THE *General Naturalization-Bill*, which would have brought so many People dependent on those who granted them that Privilege, who can have no natural Attachment to this Country, would have increased a Force to subdue the Natives; for *English* will not make Slaves of *English* openly, and by Arms; the Armies of *Britain* love their Country too well to perpetrate such Intentions, though they may possibly be seduced to it by Artifices which they cannot discover.

THE *Jew-Bill*, setting aside all religious Views, to introduce a Set of People who detest you as Christians, whose Articles of Faith speak of no future State, whose Minds are uninfluenced by Hopes and Fears of another World, and consequently not withheld from criminal Actions with that Restraint which binds a Christian Nation; a Race, whose Lives and Characters are, and have been, the most infamous and detestable of all the Nations upon Earth, in all Places where they have resided; would not these spread Dishonesty and Fraud yet farther amongst us, and hold Riches in their Hands for those who have, and ever will be ready to supply the Great with Money for their private Interest, and the publick Ruin?

THESE, with the Encouragements given to separate Companies in particular Trades to enrich themselves, and impoverish the People;

People; together with the Coinage of Paper into Money to screen the Diminution of our National Cash from the inattentive Eye, and supply Ministerial Emergencies, make the Parts of one whole System.

Who then, that surveys these Things, would not be inclined to imagine, that they made the Parts of one Whole, that has no true Tendency to promote the *British* Honour and publick Welfare? Who, I mean, that is not convinced of that Uprightness with which all Things are managed by those at the Helm of publick Affairs?

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